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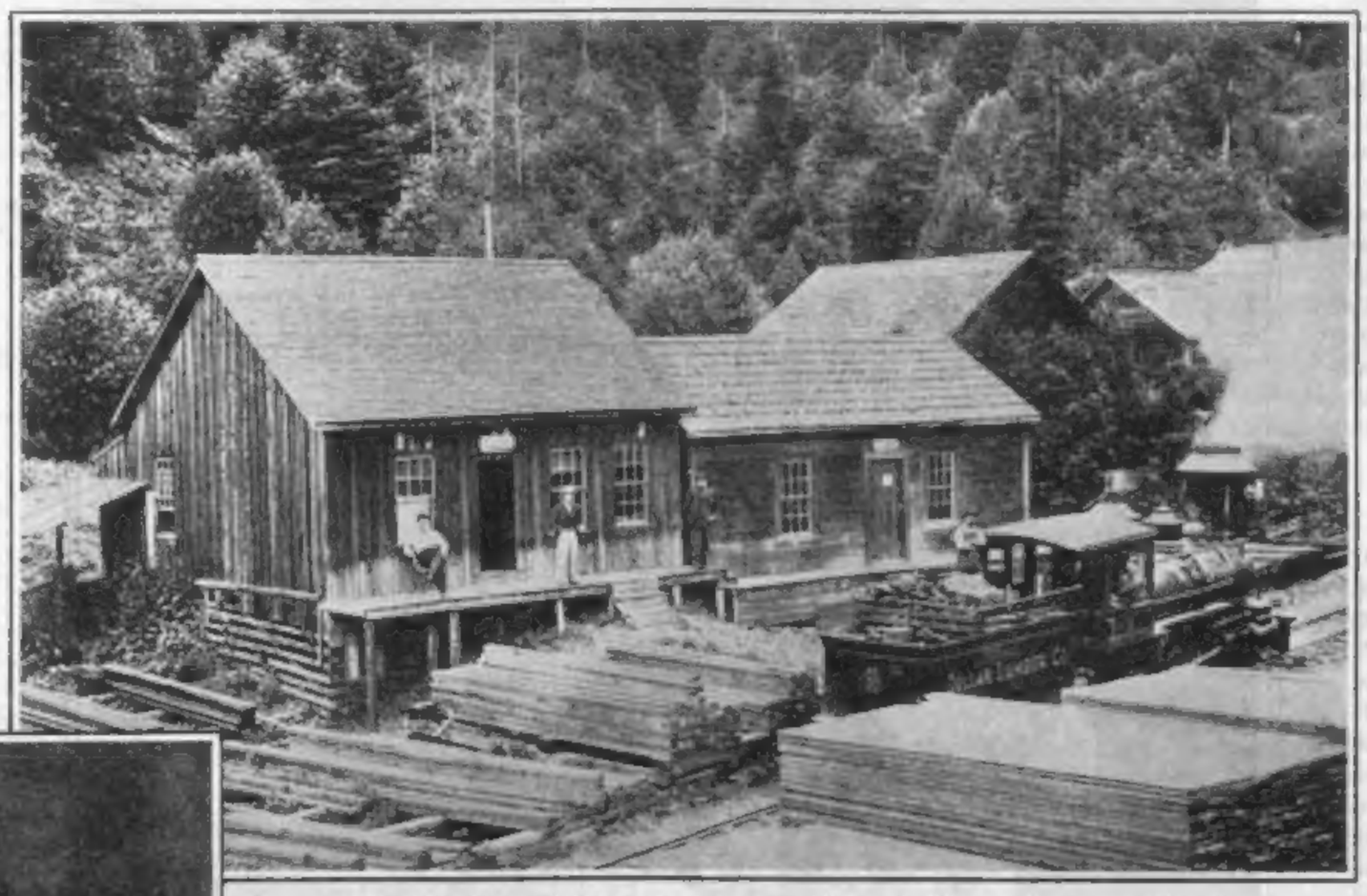
CAPTAIN DOLLAR—By Ernest Poole

The writer wishes to acknowledge the invaluable help of Robert Dollar in this work. Though declining to take any share in the profits from this biography, he has been most generous of his time, while urging me also to go out and talk to his competitors. "I have nothing I want to hide," he said. His privately printed memoirs, too, were a gold mine of material.

ACTIVE still at eighty-four, he sat at a desk in his New York office, with one long, powerful, wrinkled hand on a wireless message from one of his ships, on which he had just written O. K. A little more than six feet tall, with broad shoulders slightly stooped, white hair and beard, a strongly lined and ruddy face, and deep-set, twinkling, keen blue eyes, he looked like a reincarnation from the old Yankee merchant-trader days. He has been in this country seventy years, but he spoke to me in a low voice that had a strong Scotch accent still. Both in his frame and in his skin there was a certain ruggedness, from long exposure to wind and weather. Through the broad, open window behind him, I saw the Olympic far below, steaming up the harbor. It was nine o'clock in the morning of a hot midsummer's day. He had been up since six o'clock, and he was still busy when I left at 4:30 that afternoon. He had just come around the world; for his interests lie all over the earth, and the backgrounds of his story are the seas and the forests and world trade. Robert Dollar of the Dollar Line. He lives in San Francisco. In the autumn I followed him there; and in his office and his home, whenever he had time to spare, he told me the story of his life. Pioneer of the Pacific and great friend of the Chinese, one of the richest shipowners in the entire ocean world, and building and watching and grasping to keep hold of this changing modern age, he is a strenuous figure still. Yet he dates away back to the old, old days.

Robert Dollar in 1855, From a Silhouette Made in Scotland



The Markham Mill on the Russian River, Sonoma County, California.

At Left—The Wedding Photo of Robert Dollar and His Bride

He was born in Falkirk, Scotland, in 1844. His mother's name was Melville, like that of the author of Moby Dick. Were they related in any way? He had never heard of Moby Dick and so he had never thought of that. But he showed me an old, yellow piece of paper of the year 1798, signed by Lord Nelson and commissioning one of the Melvilles to a ship that had been captured from the French in the Napoleonic times. And he showed me old letters written by Melvilles from Calcutta and Singapore. For his mother's people had followed the sea. In the same year that he was born, a ship they owned, the Helen Mar, with one of his uncles as captain and two more of his relatives as ship carpenter and first mate, on a voyage back from Calcutta was lost in a typhoon, with all on board.

The Melvilles had been in lumber, too; it made part of the cargoes of their ships. And one of his mother's uncles owned a little lumberyard. His father was the manager, and they lived over the office at first; but later they moved to a house with a garden, and there he spent his early years. At his school the teacher had only one arm, but he often used a cane with it.

"That was one big feature of the education of those days—to get a good sound thrashing several times a week," he said.

Meanwhile, at home the small, lean boy had a strict religious bringing up, in Scotch Presbyterian style. When he was nine, his mother died; and his father, to drown his sorrows, took to drinking hard at times. On one such night the small boy swore he'd never touch liquor. He never has. Later his father married again. His stepmother was good to him, but they could not afford to keep him in school; so at twelve he started work in a machine shop, tending a lathe. He got sixty cents for that first week and ran home with it, greatly excited. He has made millions of dollars since. His home was nearly three miles from the sea, but the place where he worked was down at the port, and he spent his spare hours around the docks; saw ships come in from the Orient, heard stories told of India.

The next year, 1858, his father decided to emigrate, and took his wife and his two sons on a sailing ship to Quebec. From there they went to Ottawa, where young Dollar found a job in a stave factory near by, working a twelve-hour day for wages of six dollars a month. And only a year or two after that he went to work in a lumber camp. The crew of lumberjacks, that fall, left Ottawa in birch-bark canoes and went ten days up the Gatineau River, where there were many rapids and long, hard portages through the snow. They built their log camp deep in the big woods. There he was chore boy to the cook. And there began a training that molded his whole character and affected all the rest of his life.

"I had never been away from home, I knew mighty little about the world, and I was thrown into the forest," he said, "with a crew of lumberjacks who were the roughest of the rough. Only three or four spoke English. All the rest were French Canadians. The winter days were short up there, so the stars had hardly paled in the sky when they were off into the woods. They worked as late as they could see, and then through the heavy snow came staggering into camp after dark." The big square cabin had no bunks. In the center was the *camboose*, a sanded space framed in with logs; a huge log fire crackled there and the smoke went up through a hole in the roof. The lumberjacks ate their suppers and smoked, took off their heavy moccasins and lay down on the floor with their feet to the fire. And they told stories and they talked. And the small, lean, lonesome boy strained his ears to get that French. He began to get it soon. It was rough, and

he was often horrified. On Sundays he took his Bible off into the snowy forest, and was pretty miserable—a long way from home and the kirk.

But he soon cheered up sufficiently to play a little practical joke on the foreman, Sandy Kingsbury. A few inquiring, friendly skunks kept wandering into camp at night, and Sandy decided to kill a few; so while the men were at their supper he ordered young Dollar out into the cold, to shout if any came around. While the young Scot stood shivering there he meditated his revenge; and upon seeing one of the brutes go into a hollow log, he hurried over and plugged that end and pushed a pole into the other. Then he shouted for Sandy to come with his gun.

"The beastie is right up here, sir!" he cried—which was just the opposite of the truth. "Go doon to that end and take out the plug, and I'll drive him doon to you with this pole!"

So the tall foreman got down on his knees, took out the plug and looked into the log. Precisely at that moment, young Dollar, at the other end, jabbed in hard with his long pole. And in less time than it takes to tell, an infuriated lumber boss was chasing a small boy into the forest.

But he could remember no other pranks. "I had no time for them," he said. He was too busy working and learning things. He learned French very quickly, and he was rapidly hardening, too; he grew wiry, all bones and muscle. "I had to be," he told me. He washed the dishes and brought in the wood, cleaned the stables and helped with the oxen, and learned to use an ax and a gun. The men shot deer and moose in the fall and made moccasins for themselves from the hides. So did he; and like the others, he wore thick homespun clothing—wore it all winter, day and night. For the winters were cold up there in the North, cold and weirdly grand at night with the crackling glow of the Northern Lights.

Early Hardships

"FOR months," he told me, "our only food was fat salt pork and bread, with now and then pea soup or beans. On account of this diet, some of the men were laid up for days with swollen legs. We called it blackleg. It was something like beriberi that comes from eating too much rice, over in China and Japan." Night-blind was another common complaint. Out of the snowy forest at dusk a man would come in, being led by his friends, and remained almost totally blind until dawn. "This, too, came from the diet," he told me. "How stupid not to feed men better than they did in those old days! Whole weeks of labor time were lost, so the employer lost as well." The men had rheumatism too. For in the spring they drove their logs far down the river to the mills. It took them months, and they were in ice water half the time. The Scotch boy often went in with the rest. Every day they moved camp. At night they came in, wet, tired and cold, and demanded the tea that was served to them if they paid one dollar extra a month. But the tea was not always nice. One dark night, when young Dollar's turn came, after all the rest had been served, he noticed by the firelight a queer, whitish foam in the bottom of the huge iron pot. So he got a big fork and fished about till he hooked some dirty dish rags wrapped around a piece of soap! The camp cook had left them there!

Whether he, too, paid a dollar a month for that delectable beverage I gravely doubt, for he told me he saved nearly every cent of his ten-dollar monthly pay. He was saving to buy a farm for his parents. He read his Bible on Sundays still and practiced writing and figuring too—on birch bark at first, and later in an old account book he had found. He was figuring hard one afternoon, when the owner of the company arrived in camp on a tour of inspection. Hiram Robinson was his name.

"What are you doing there?" he asked. The lean Scotch boy looked up with a start.

"The cook don't need me, sir," he replied.

"Show me what you're doing."

He did. And the result of their talk that day was that Mr. Robinson sent him next year with a crew of French to a camp still farther up the river—more than 150 miles from anyone but Indians. And there he kept the camp accounts. He did not think he could do it at first, and so he balked like a young mule.

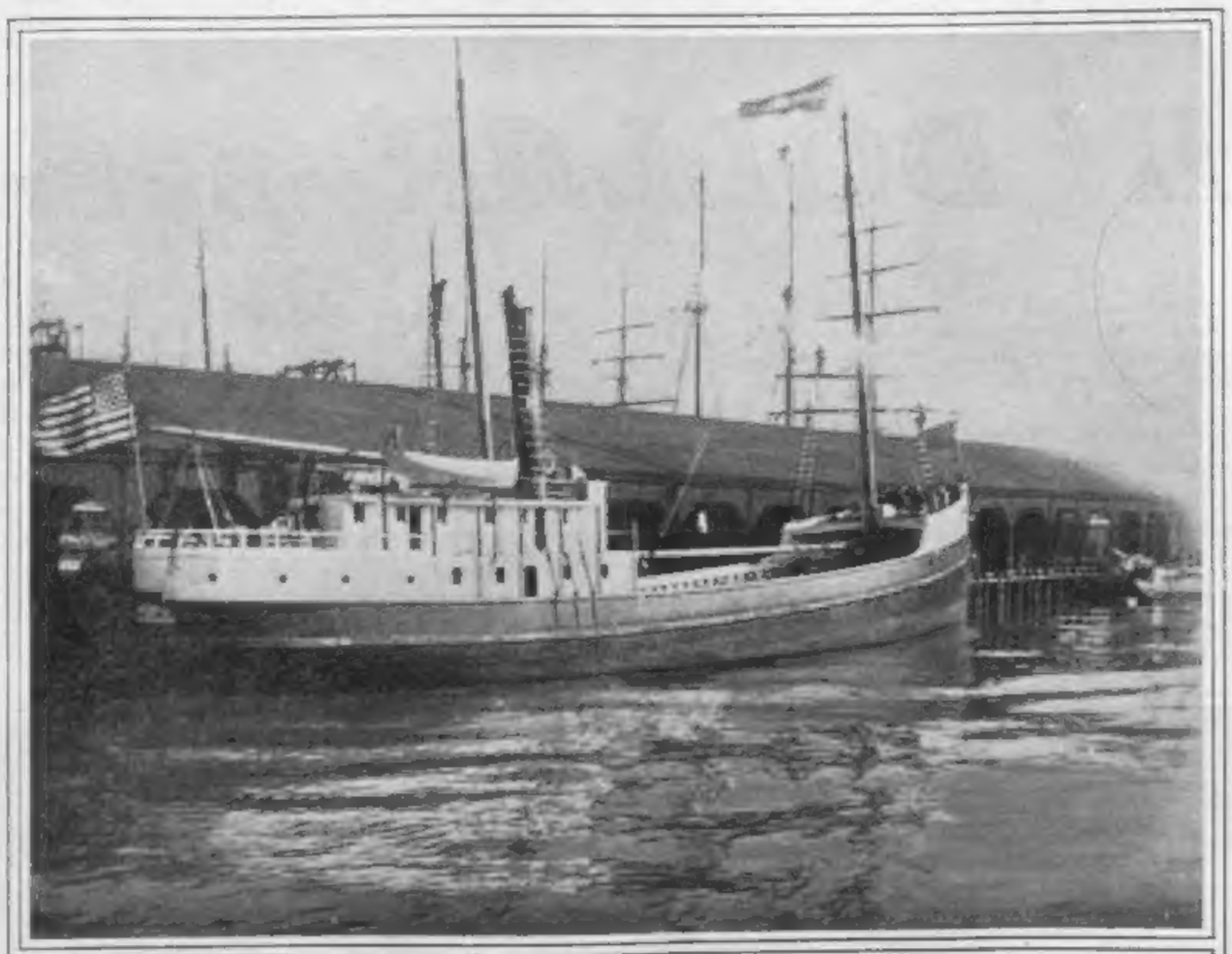
"My writing is bad and my spelling is worse," he told Mr. Robinson.

"Never mind. You're smart and you're careful. I know you'll try hard."

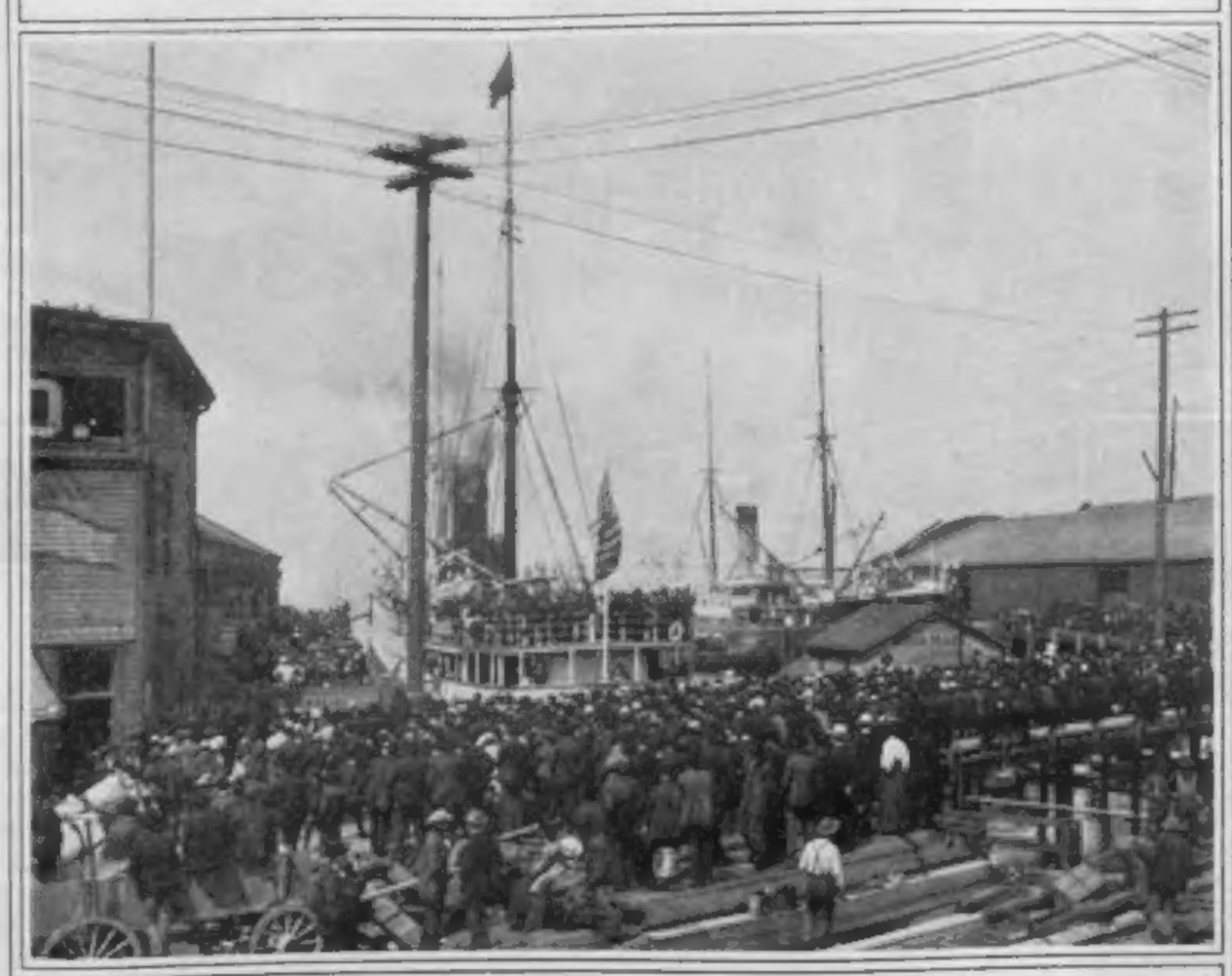
"But my figuring's poor! I'll make mistakes!"

"That will be my funeral," Robinson said.

So young Dollar took the job—and he did make mistakes at first. There was plenty of chance and no help at hand, for the camp foreman was French.



The "Grace Dollar," Used by Captain Dollar in the Rush to the Klondike



O. E. WHITEN, OMLALA

A Seattle Dock Scene During the Alaska Gold Rush

"I had to keep the time of each man and figure out his pay," he said, "and keep track of the cutting too. And besides, I kept accounts for the van—which is short for *vanjouterie*—the canteen, from which the men bought tobacco and clothes. I was getting the beginning of a good business education and I didn't know it."

He had little time to think of that; for at seventeen, being taller now and his muscles harder still, he worked all day with an ax in the woods and had to keep his accounts at night. He was given the lighter work at first—clearing lumber roads through the brush and the windfalls. He had been at it all one day and was working on in the deepening dusk, when out of the shadows behind him the voice of the camp foreman was heard:

"I been watch you for some time. Nevair I see a young fellah work with such a determination before."

"I want to finish this piece tonight before I quit," young Dollar said.

And he did, and then went in to camp, to try to catch up in his accounts. No candles or lamps in that cabin of logs, so he worked by the flaring leaping light of the log fire on the *camboose*. While he figured out their pay, the lumberjacks lay on the floor with their feet to the fire; they talked and then snored. But the lean young Scotchman worked doggedly on. And he did this many nights, until at last he strained his eyes. Late one evening they grew so bad that the fire was only a blur of red. He had night-blind for more than two weeks; but he heard he could cure it by sour milk, so he got two bottles and sipped a little every day. When he got well, the foreman gave him a candle at night, and a half day off now and then, so that he could catch up with his figuring.

As the Earth Waved

HE WENT on for two or three years like that, learning the woodsman's work by day and the business side of it by night. And of those years, too, he had stories to tell, but I have space for only one.

At twenty he went with a gang of twelve men to haul provisions in to their camp on heavy sledges, or *trains de glace*, two men to each 400-pound load, in midwinter, through the woods, across frozen lakes and over the hills. The snow was often four feet deep. They spread brush on it at night and slept with only one blanket apiece. One evening they camped on the side of a mountain. It snowed all night. They were wakened by a slight earthquake. At first blinded by snow from the shaken trees, "As it cleared we saw a grand, strange sight." For on the opposite mountainside they could follow the earth wave's course by the snow that it shook from the tree tops. Behind that long, sinuous, moving line the firs were green; in front they were white!

He had his picture taken that year. "We've lost it," his wife told me, "but he had it when I married him, and it showed him quite tall, all muscle and bone, with a strong narrow face and a long jaw. He looked a little like Lincoln then."

"Those five years were the hardest I have ever put in," he wrote, "and they taught me the only way to get on was by working just as hard as I could, being persistent and overcoming all sorts of difficulties, and always putting aside a little money." He was still Scotch.

The next year he had a surprise—"My first real pioneering job," he said. His firm had bought the property of a bankrupt lumber company far up on the Du Moines River, and he was ordered to go up there, take over the property and the crew, and bring the winter's logs down the river, a distance of some 300 miles. He was jubilant.

(Continued on Page 158)

GRETCHEN

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I Want You Two Men to Scoop Out a Hole and Bury Him. I'll See You Later"

ON A WOODED slope near the Madeleine Farm,
One dark October day,
Some privates from Battery B were digging
A hole in the stiff wet clay.

As they worked they could hear from all around
The roar of the Argonne attack;
The pounding of hundreds of heavy guns
That were driving the Germans back.

From the north they could hear an answering roar
As the Germans made their reply;
Sending a steady stream of shells
Howling across the sky.

Now all this uproar meant nothing at all
To those pick-and-shovel boys;
As long as no shells came down near by
They didn't mind the noise.

But one of the bunch—a skinny lad
Called Curtis Augustus Lee—
Turned around to his friend, young Pudgy Monroe,
And spoke most bitterly:

"The whole trouble with this outfit," he said, "is these filthy horses. Sickly, knock-kneed skates. They can't pull a gun up a hill or through a mudhole without us pushing on the wheels. And now so many of them have died or been bumped off that I doubt if we could move the battery on a level road any more. What we ought to have is tractors."

"Tractors?" said Pudgy.

"Sure," said Lee. "Didn't you see that motorized battery down south of the Madeleine Farm? We ought to be like them. They have tractors to pull their guns. They live a life of luxury."

"It looks to me like tractors might be just as much trouble as horses," said Pudgy.

"That's because you're ignorant. You don't know anything. But I do. I used to work in the tractor factory at Peoria. And I tell you if we had half a dozen of them machines we'd be jake. No more grooming, feeding and watering. Five minutes' work every morning to put in the gas and oil. And we'd have power to drag them guns anywhere at all. No more heaving on gun wheels. No more walking. Everybody would ride. And no more digging holes like this—because a few shell fragments more or less don't mean nothing to a steel tractor."

"I wonder whose idea it was," said Pudgy—"digging these holes?"

"It was that half-witted colonel," said Lee. "I was down at the P. C. yesterday when he came over. 'Captain,' he says, 'we can't send the horses back to the echelon. We may have to move at an instant's notice. Have your men scoop out a few holes in the side of the hill over there so the horses will have protection in case we are shelled.' Can you tie that? 'Scoop out a few holes,' he says. And then goes back to his dugout and lays down for another nap."

"It don't look like he knows what a big job it is," said Pudgy.

"Of course he don't. These colonels don't know nothing."

"We worked ten hours yesterday," said Pudgy, "and two hours so far this morning. We've finished one hole big enough for four horses. And there's over a hundred horses in the battery. There ain't no sense to this job."

"There ain't no sense to anything in this Army," said Lee. "Here I am—a swell mechanic. I enlist in the Tank Corps. Right away, for no reason at all, and without even asking me, they transfer me into this lousy outfit. And I waste my talents digging holes which, even if we was to finish them—which we never will—would probably be too shallow to protect a lot of horses that would be better off dead anyway."

"All right, you two!" said the voice of the first sergeant behind them. "I got a new job for you—an easy job."

"What is it?" asked Lee.

"Report at the observation post. You can find it by following the telephone wire from the guns. Lieutenant Jones is up there, and he'll tell you what to do."

"Swell," said Lee. "No more pick-and-shovel work."

"Hurray!" said Pudgy.

With happy smiles they dropped their tools,
And left as fast as they could;
And they started along the telephone wire
Which stretched away through the wood.

They followed it north for a couple of miles
To a hilltop, where they found
Lieutenant Jones and a telephone man
In a little hole in the ground.

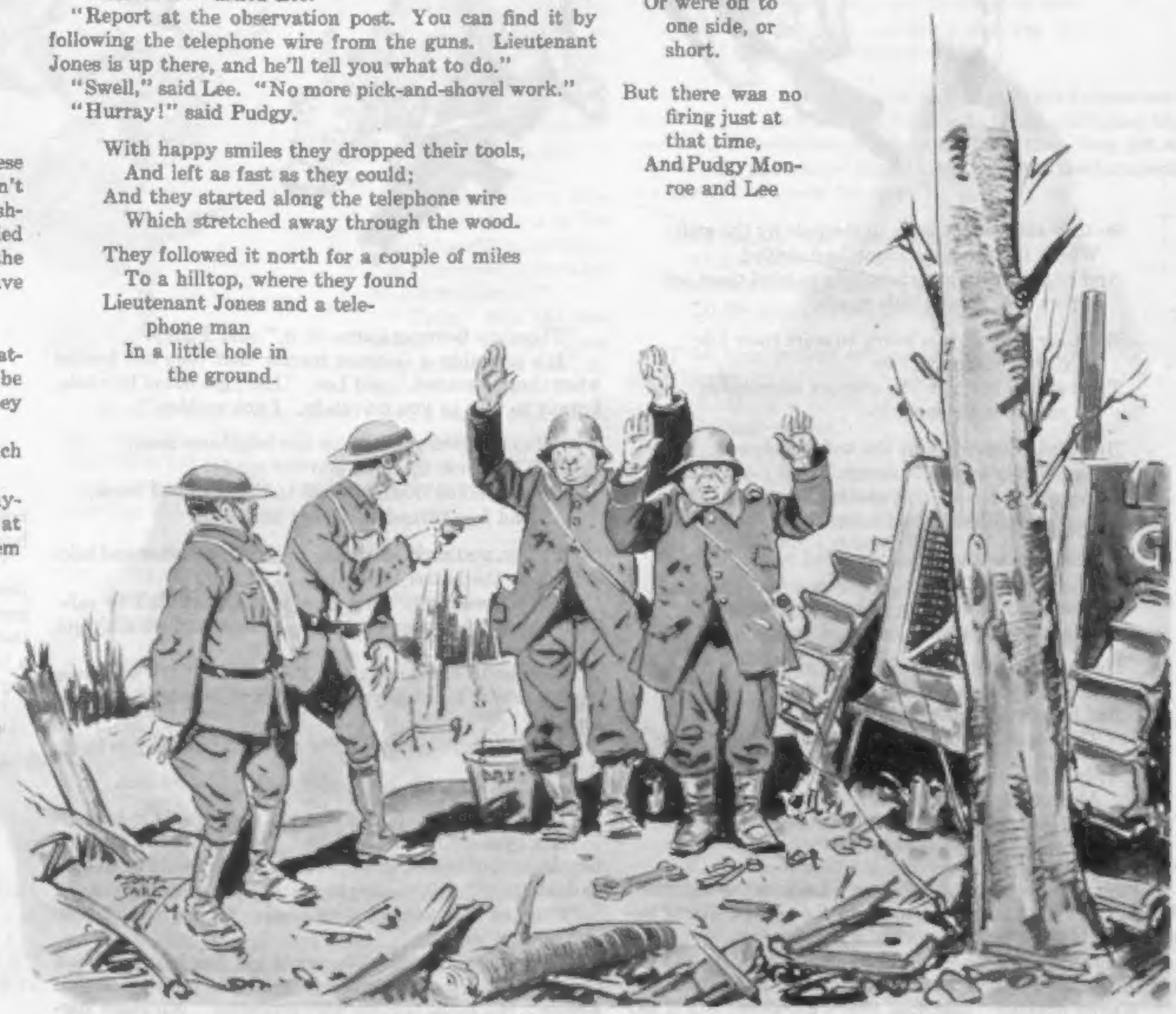
The hole was behind an old stone wall,
And by carefully looking through
The chinks between the ancient stones
You got a wonderful view

Of a valley whose nearer slope was held
By American infantry,
While the farther side was occupied
By the soldiers of Germany.

Jones had a scissors instrument—
A sort of a telescope.
His job was to spot the battery shells
As they burst on the opposite slope,

And send to the officer back at the guns
A telephone report
As to whether the shells were hitting the mark,
Or were off to one side, or short.

But there was no firing just at that time,
And Pudgy Monroe and Lee



They Promptly Raised Their Hands in the Air, and Shouted, "Kamerad!"

Arrived as Lieutenant Jones was starting
Back to the battery.

The lieutenant paused, and then he pointed
A few yards down the hill,
Where lay the remains of an army horse,
Stiff and stark and still.

"You see that horse?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir," said Lee.

"I rode him up here last week. A German shell fragment got him. And he's beginning to get pretty ripe."

"He is," admitted Lee.

"There are some picks and shovels up by the telephone. I want you two men to scoop out a hole and bury him. I'll see you later."

The lieutenant jauntily turned around,
And walked away from there,
While Pudgy and Lee regarded that
horse
With resentment and despair.

"That shavetail talks just like the colonel," said Lee. "'Scoop out a hole,' he says, like it was the easiest thing in the world."

"It ain't," said Pudgy.

"If a tractor gets shot to pieces," said Lee, "you can leave it beside the road and forget it. If it's a horse that gets shot you have to bury it—and it always dies in a place where the digging is hard."

"Well, there's nothing we can do about it," said Pudgy. "Let's get busy."

So they sadly went back to the hole by the wall
Where the telephone man had stayed,
And he promptly and cheerfully handed them out
A pick and a cute little spade.

But they weren't in a hurry to start their job;
So Curtis Augustus Lee
Took a look through the scissors instrument
To see what he could see.

He pointed the glass at the valley below
And slowly swung it around,
Inspecting a forest, and several farms,
And a half-demolished town.

He could hear the steady muffled roar
Of distant batteries;
He could see the smoke of bursting shells
In a grove of poplar trees;

He heard machine guns crackle and spit
In some woods far off to the right,
But he saw no soldiers anywhere;
They were keeping out of sight.

At last he pointed the instrument down
At a patch of woods near by,
And right away he opened his mouth
In a loud and joyful cry:

"Pudgy!" he yelled. "Pudgy! Look what I found! Down there in that little clearing in the woods. Right beside that big tall tree. Take a squint at it."

"Looks like a wagon," said Pudgy, putting his eye to the instrument.

"Wagon nothing," said Lee. "It's a tractor, and it has a gun fastened on behind it."

"There's a German name on it," said Pudgy.

"It's probably a German tractor that they left behind when they retreated," said Lee. "Let's get out of this hole. I want to talk to you privately. I got an idea."

They nodded good-by to the telephone man;
They took the pick and the spade;
They walked down the hill to the old dead horse,
And Lee turned to Pudgy and said:

"Pudgy, you and I are going to get that tractor and take it back to the battery."

"Oh, no, we ain't," said Pudgy. "It wouldn't be safe. That thing is too near the German lines, and we ain't got no weapons."

"We don't need no weapons," said Lee. "It's way over on this side of the valley; probably a mile behind our own lines."

"It might be," admitted Pudgy, "but how do you know it will run?"

"It won't hurt anything to go and see."

"And suppose we did get it, what good would it do us?"

"Ain't you got no imagination? Don't you know the battery is short of horses, and that the captain would be tickled to death to get a big tractor to pull one or two of the guns?"

"Suppose he was tickled to death. That wouldn't help you and me any."

"Of course it would. We would get the job of driving the tractor. No more walking. No more pushing on gun wheels. No more feeding and grooming. No more digging horses' graves and subterranean stables."

"There might be something in that," said Pudgy. "But how about this horse here? The lieutenant told us to bury it."

"To hell with the lieutenant. We can't be bothered just because his ladylike nose can't stand a few whiffs of a good healthy stink. The Government pays us to help win the war. It's our duty, for the good of the service, to show a little initiative and go after that tractor. Are you coming?"

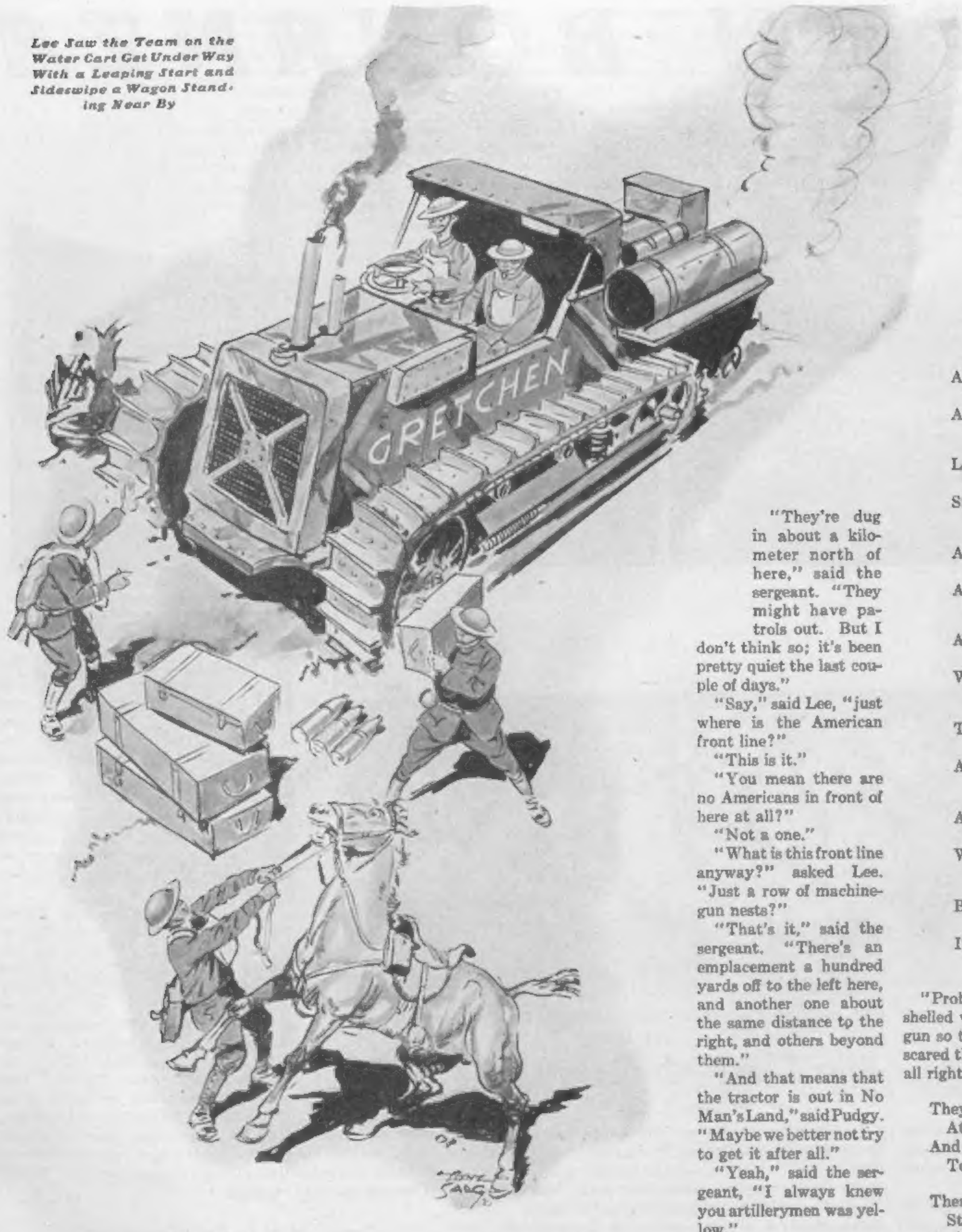
"Well, I might, at that," said Pudgy.

"All right, come on."

So they started down the southern slope,
And they circled around until
They finally reached the patch of woods
On the northern side of the hill,

And they saw, above the smaller growth
A half a mile away,
The big tall tree that marked the place
Where the German tractor lay.

They pushed along through the underbrush,
But before they got near this tree



Lee Saw the Team on the Water Cart Get Under Way With a Leaping Start and Sideswipe a Wagon Standing Near By

They ran across a little group
  Of American infantry;

A sergeant and four or five privates,
  That were pleasantly sitting around
With a nice little Hotchkiss machine gun
  In a shell hole in the ground.

The hole was camouflaged with brush,
  And the little machine gun stood
With its muzzle pointing north across
  An open space in the wood.

The sergeant beckoned to Pudgy and Lee,
  So they stopped and clambered down
Beside the sergeant and his men
  In their camouflaged hole in the ground.

"Where do you guys think you're going?" asked the sergeant.

"We got orders," said Lee, "to look over a tractor that the Germans left out in the woods in front here. If it's in good shape we're going to bring it in."

"Well, I wish you luck," said the sergeant. "Only try not to stir up them Fritzes. They might start shooting at you, and hit us."

"You mean there are Fritzes in this woods?"

"They're dug in about a kilometer north of here," said the sergeant. "They might have patrols out. But I don't think so; it's been pretty quiet the last couple of days."

"Say," said Lee, "just where is the American front line?"

"This is it."

"You mean there are no Americans in front of here at all?"

"Not a one."

"What is this front line anyway?" asked Lee. "Just a row of machine-gun nests?"

"That's it," said the sergeant. "There's an emplacement a hundred yards off to the left here, and another one about the same distance to the right, and others beyond them."

"And that means that the tractor is out in No Man's Land," said Pudgy. "Maybe we better not try to get it after all."

"Yeah," said the sergeant, "I always knew you artillerymen was yellow."

"If there wasn't so many of you I'd knock your block off," said Lee. "But we'll show you. And when we come back with that tractor you want to remember we're Americans, not Germans. We don't want you getting scared and shooting at us. Come on, Pudgy."

And Lee stepped out like a very brave man
  With nothing at all to fear,
While Pudgy Monroe, with halting steps,
  Came trailing along in the rear.

They crossed the clearing in front of the gun—
  It was less than a hundred yards wide—
And entered a dense and tangled thicket
  Of brush on the northern side.

And here they began to crawl along
  With their bellies flat on the ground,
Peering ahead and listening hard
  For any unusual sound.

And whenever they snapped a twig or two,
  Or whenever they happened to hear
A rustle of wind in dry, dead leaves,
  They froze in their tracks with fear.

"Somehow," whispered Pudgy, "I don't like this business. Let's go back."

"Shut up," whispered Lee.

"I'm scared. I want to go back."

"If you want to be a quitter you can go back by yourself. I'm going on."

"I'm too scared to go back all by myself."

"Then come with me."

"No chance of your changing your mind?"

"Not a chance," answered Lee.

"All right, then," whispered Pudgy. "I suppose I'll have to come. But you better take this revolver."

"Where did you get a revolver?"

"One of them infantry birds back there left it lying out beside the shell hole. I was scared we might meet some Germans, so I pinched it and brought it along. But now I'm so scared I don't think I could use it even if we did meet some Germans. You better take it."

And Pudgy reached down inside his pants
  To a bulge beside his knee
And produced a great big forty-five gat,
  Which he handed over to Lee.

Lee took it and stuck it into his belt;
  Then he and Pudgy Monroe
Started once more to crawl along,
  Careful and timid and slow.

At last they reached the edge of the brush;
  They looked out cautiously,
And they saw, in a little clearing ahead,
  The great big lonesome tree.

At the foot of the tree was the tractor itself,
  A truly stupendous affair,
With a thirty-foot frame and huge drive wheels
  That stood nine feet in the air.

The motor had six great cylinders,
  Of something like eight-inch bore,
And the driver's seat was wide enough
  For the driver and five or six more.

A single word, "Gretchen," in great big letters,
  Was painted on the frame,
Which showed that this was a female machine,
  And Gretchen was her name.

Behind her there stood a heavy gun
  That was pretty well knocked to hell;
It looked as if it had got in the way
  Of a high-explosive shell.

"Probably," Lee whispered to Pudgy, "the Fritzes were shelled when they were moving out. They unhooked the gun so they could leave it behind. And then they got so scared they abandoned everything. But the tractor seems all right. Let's look her over."

They gave a final glance around
  At the peaceful woodland scene,
And they silently crossed the open space
  To the side of the big machine.

Then they walked around to the farther side—
  Stepping softly and making no noise—
And ran right into a couple of healthy
  German soldier boys.

Pudgy and Lee stopped short in their tracks,
  So paralyzed with fright
They couldn't speak, they couldn't run,
  They couldn't even fight.

But the Germans—although they also were scared—
  Weren't paralyzed quite so bad;
They promptly raised their hands in the air,
  And shouted, "Kamerad!"

And then it slowly dawned on Lee
  That this shouting German pair
Was probably getting sick of the war
  And wanted to quit right there.

So he pulled out his gun and waved it around,
  As hard-boiled as could be,
And he scowled at his prisoners and looked them over
  Slowly and carefully.

Their uniforms were smeared with grease,
  And in front of them on the ground
Were a lot of wrenches and other tools,
  Carelessly scattered around.

(Continued on Page 117)

FAITH IN BONANZA

PHOTO. BY D. C. INGRAM. COURTESY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

Fires All Too Frequently Follow in the Wake of the Lumberman and Complete the Devastation

PHOTO. BY S. T. DANA. COURTESY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

Repeated Fires Eventually Wipe Out All Forest Growth, Leaving a Burned Waste Which is Totally Nonproductive

PHOTO. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Longleaf Pine Seedlings Planted for Reforesting Near Bogaluza, Louisiana

By Garet Garrett

TWENTY years ago conservation was a word that thrust itself between good and evil. On one side, the ideal of stewardship and a forethought for posterity; on the other side, the forest killers, the soil wasters, those who disemboweled the earth of its mineral resources in a spirit of greed. It was in 1909 that President Roosevelt called a conference of the governors and said to them: "I have asked you to come together now because the enormous consumption of these natural resources and the threat of imminent exhaustion of some of them, due to reckless and wasteful use, calls for common effort, common action. We want to take action that will prevent a woodless age and defer as long as possible the advent of an ironless age."

The governors listened to geologists who had measured the nation's resources of wood, coal, oil and metals, and prophesied their early extinction; and to engineers who told how we were leaving half the coal as débris in the mines, three-quarters of the oil as dead waste in the sands, a third of the timber to rot in the forest, all because full recovery was either too much trouble or too expensive.

In a few years, at the rate of forest killing that was then notorious, we should be not only woodless but scourged by floods, all the water running down to the sea in torrents, taking the land with it. Men appeared who represented the wasteful industries. They were as converts confessing.

No voice was more eloquently jealous of our forests than that of a man whose own corporation was depleting them in a prodigious manner. Yet the lumber people were helpless. For various reasons, such as the irresponsibility of thousands of small competitors and the absurd tax laws that first obliged the owners of standing timber to log it off rapidly and then penalized reforestation, the lumber industry was unable to practice conservation and at the same time live. It could live only by waste until such time as conditions beyond its control were changed by law or public opinion.

When Governors Got Together

THEN the governors talked and adopted resolutions, and these matters were printed in a book entitled, The Proceedings of the Governors of the United States, of which the Congress caused to be printed and distributed at public expense twenty-six thousand copies. It might have been named The Book of Anxiety. The sight it held up to view was that of an eroded and looted land, treeless, grassless, juiceless, no more coal or ore or oil, life surviving only in some gaunt Bedouin fashion.

President Roosevelt's next step was to create a National Conservation Commission. From such imperfect data as then existed it made a painstaking inventory of the nation's natural resources, including rainfall, and submitted therewith certain sound and excellent thoughts. In the development of a new country it distinguished three periods, irreversible.

"The first stage," it said, "was that of individual enterprise for personal and family benefit. It led to conquest of the wilderness. The next stage was that of collective enterprise, either for the benefit of communities or for the profit of individuals forming the communities. It led to the development of cities and states and, too often, to the growth of great monopolies. The third stage is the one we are now entering. Within it the enterprise is collective and largely coöperative, and should be directed toward the larger benefit of communities, states and the people generally." It added: "In the first stage the resources receive little thought. In the second they are wastefully used. In the third, which we are entering, wise and beneficial uses are essential."

And then it classified resources according to their natural differences. Land is limited in area but not in productivity; its fertility may be improved with right use. Forests may be grown again and are, therefore, to be regarded as a replaceable resource. Water power is limited, but permanent, provided the forests are properly conserved. A forest is like a great sponge, first absorbing the rainfall and then releasing the water gradually, so that the soil is not eroded by torrents and the streams are made constant. Thus the annual rainfall is itself a resource to be conserved. What happens to it may be accounted for. First, it can be measured. It is so many billions of cubic feet, enough to fill ten Mississippi Rivers. Half of it evaporates. One-third of it goes to the sea. One-sixth is lost, consumed or absorbed. The part that goes to the sea is the run-off. This will increase as the forests disappear, but the ability of its energy to turn turbine wheels is not increased at the same time; rather it is decreased, since without forests gently to detain the water, it runs off rapidly in a disorderly manner as flood; afterward the country is dry and the river beds are low.

These four resources—land, forest, water power and rainfall—exist or occur on the surface and life is no less dependent upon them now than it has been from the beginning. But with the rise of modern civilization come artificial necessities, and as this civilization develops industrial phenomena through power and machines, those artificial necessities become vital. Yet they rest upon resources which we know to be limited and irreplaceable—that is to say, upon coal measures, oil pools, iron ores, elements, chemicals, metallic substances created ages ago by processes that are not repetitive. These resources are once for all. They can never be replaced.

Conservative in Their Conservation

HOW we were wasting all our resources alike with no distinction as to which were replaceable and which were not, and how at the same time there was irrational waste in examples of nonuse, as in not using water power, which is permanent, in place of coal, which is irreplaceable, or in not using coal before oil for fuel purposes, since the supply of coal is probably much greater and oil has essential uses for which coal cannot be substituted—all that was very clearly set forth. The National Conservation Commission's report, in fact, was a very solid piece of literature; its work might have been continued to the present time on more scientific data with great benefit to our habits of economic thinking. It was expected to continue, but that one report twenty years ago marked the high point of the conservation movement. If now you go asking in Washington for the official literature of conservation, you are referred back to the Proceedings of the Governors and the report of the National Conservation Commission, both out of print; and there has been nothing of a comprehensive character since. And if you should go looking for the administration of a conservation policy you would find it scattered among various departments and independent establishments of government under various names.

The Department of Commerce calls it utilization, or simplified practice, or standardization. The Federal Power Commission is for conservation of water power; protection

of streams and rivers is a function of the War Department. The Federal Oil Conservation Board, created three years ago by President Coolidge, is for the conservation of the petroleum supply; conservation of a Federal oil supply is a function of a bureau in the Navy Department. Forest conservation is in the Department of Agriculture. Fish conservation is in the Department of Commerce. The public domain, exclusive of forests, is a responsibility of the Department of the Interior; so also is land reclamation, with its great irrigation projects. Its enormous dams change the flow of waters; yet the flow of waters is a concern of the War Department; its dams have a controversial by-product of power; yet the conservation and development of water power is a concern of the Federal Power Commission. Then the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines, which together have all the information there is touching the extent and location of mineral resources, though of course nothing to say about how they shall be treated on any ground of public policy. There is nowhere any organized, controlling view of national resources as a whole. There is no surviving body or board like the National Conservation Commission.

That is to say, something definitely happened to the conservation movement associated with the name of Roosevelt. It did a great deal of good, certain general ideas were established, modes of thinking were started that have resulted in a body of much better engineering and industrial practice. Nevertheless, the movement as such subsided. The anxiety went out of it. And this must seem very strange in light of the vital and physical facts.

Population meanwhile has increased more than thirty millions. The World War made enormous demands upon our store of irreplaceable resources, particularly iron ore, copper and other metals. Since the war our own consumption of these same irreplaceable things has increased much faster than the population.

Buried Treasure

NOT one gallon more of petroleum has been secreted in the sands since 1909, yet the quantity annually pumped out has increased fivefold. The output of automobiles in one year may rise to five millions. To the automobile add aircraft, the Diesel-engined ship, the tractor, motortruck transportation, millions of internal-combustion engines in all kinds of other power duty, and you have a demand upon the oil supply such as no one could have imagined twenty years ago.

How much of this fluid energy remains to be pumped out of the earth nobody can tell. Any day may be that one beyond which thereafter to the end the supply will diminish. We may discover vast new pools; then again we may have discovered the last of them. When the pools are exhausted it is supposed that we shall turn to the oil-bearing rocks, but energy from that source may be much more costly.

One needs no statistics to prove that each of us is helping to consume more power, light, heat, transportation and what else than was ever consumed by any people in the world until now. The evidence is free at every point of common living. It means that we are using up our irreplaceable resources in a progressive manner and at the same time making our civilization more and more dependent upon them. Moreover, it is assumed that as the standard of living must continue to rise, so also the rate at which we consume these exhaustible resources must continually increase. Therefore, if conservation was a thought that made any sense whatever twenty years ago, it is one that in all reason should by this time have gained a very intense meaning.

It is not so. That condition of imminent woodlessness and ironlessness which people, under Roosevelt's suggestion, began to get excited about nearly a quarter of a century ago, seems now to be the least of our national anxieties.

We are much more concerned to go on increasing to the utmost the production of divisible, consumable wealth, as if there would never be an end to the raw materials.

So, what was it that happened to the conservation movement?

Well, for one thing, as it turned out, many of its facts had been distorted by emphasis. It was true then, and still is, that we are using up our forests much faster than we replace them and that there are vast areas of cut-over land lying in a state of shocking waste.

It is not true that it takes a century to replace timber, unless you are thinking of a primeval forest, which is romantic and uneconomic. We have only to combine grazing with timber culture on a cropping basis, as now we know how and are beginning to do.

The Problem of Too Much Food

IT WAS true then, and still is, that we are very reckless in our handling of the land for purposes of agriculture. It is not true that we need to have any anxiety about our food supply. How could the governors have imagined that from the application of machine power and scientific-fact knowledge to American agriculture the productivity of both land and labor would be raised to a point at which, twenty years later, the problem would be how to eliminate an uneconomic surplus of both foodstuffs and food producers?

And as to minerals, the old conservationists inclined on one hand to underestimate the stock in order to dramatize their case, and on the other hand, to underestimate or quite neglect the possibilities of technology touching both production and use. We may still be leaving half the coal in the mines, but at the same time we have learned how to extract much more from a ton of coal, both as energy and chemical by-products. Formerly it was assumed that 70 per cent of the oil in a pool was unrecoverable, and so it was in that state of technical knowledge; now we know how greatly to increase the recovery, either by conserving the original gas pressure or renewing it when it fails, and so the potential life of every existing pool is extended.

Much more to the prejudice of the movement, however, was that it suggested the thought of hoarding. People were still at that time, the elders especially, under the tyranny of very old copybook notions touching thrift and self-denial as moral and economic virtues. Hoarding is not an American principle. Nor is the fear that makes a virtue of it a proper American emotion. Safe living was something we had never practiced; nevertheless,

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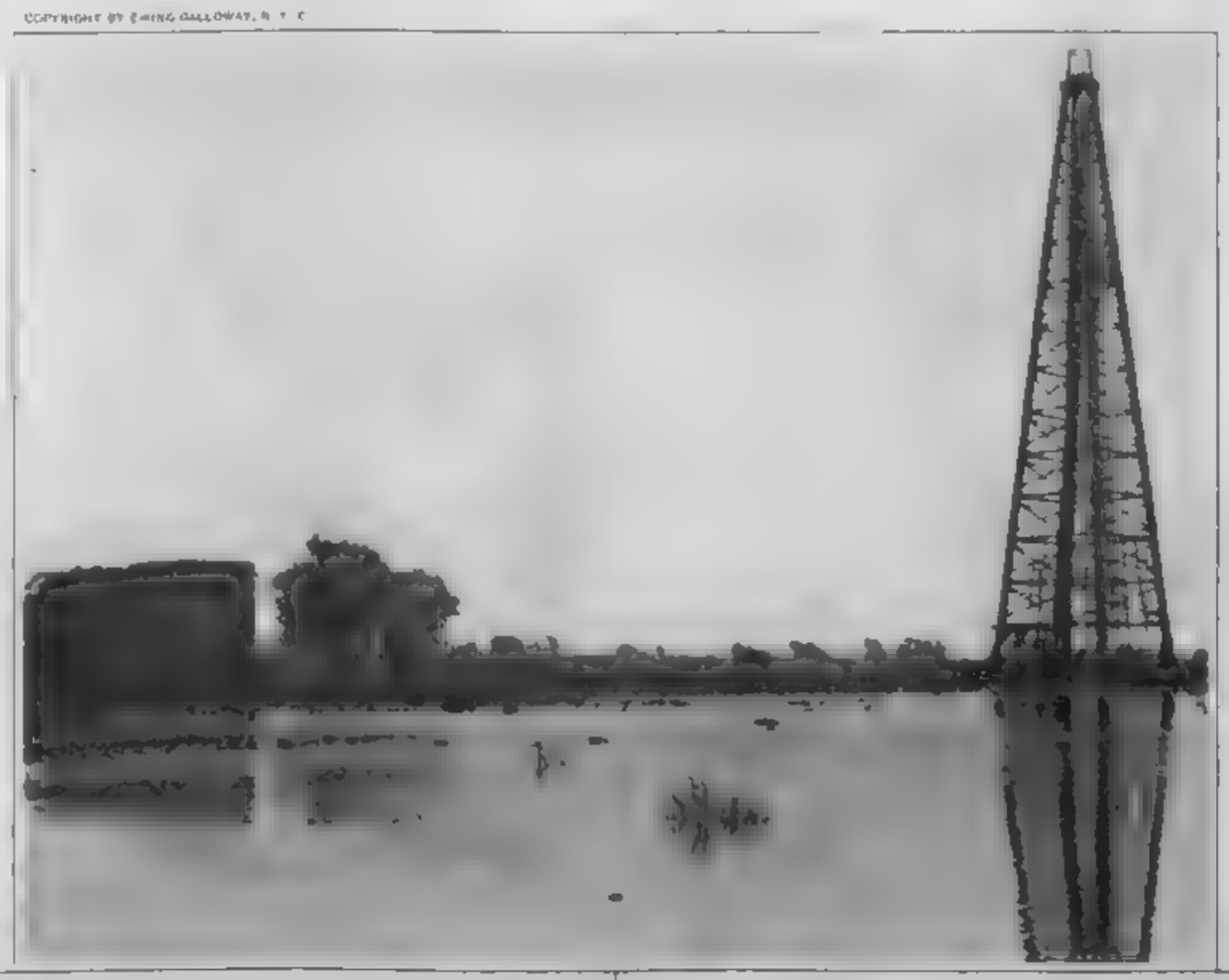

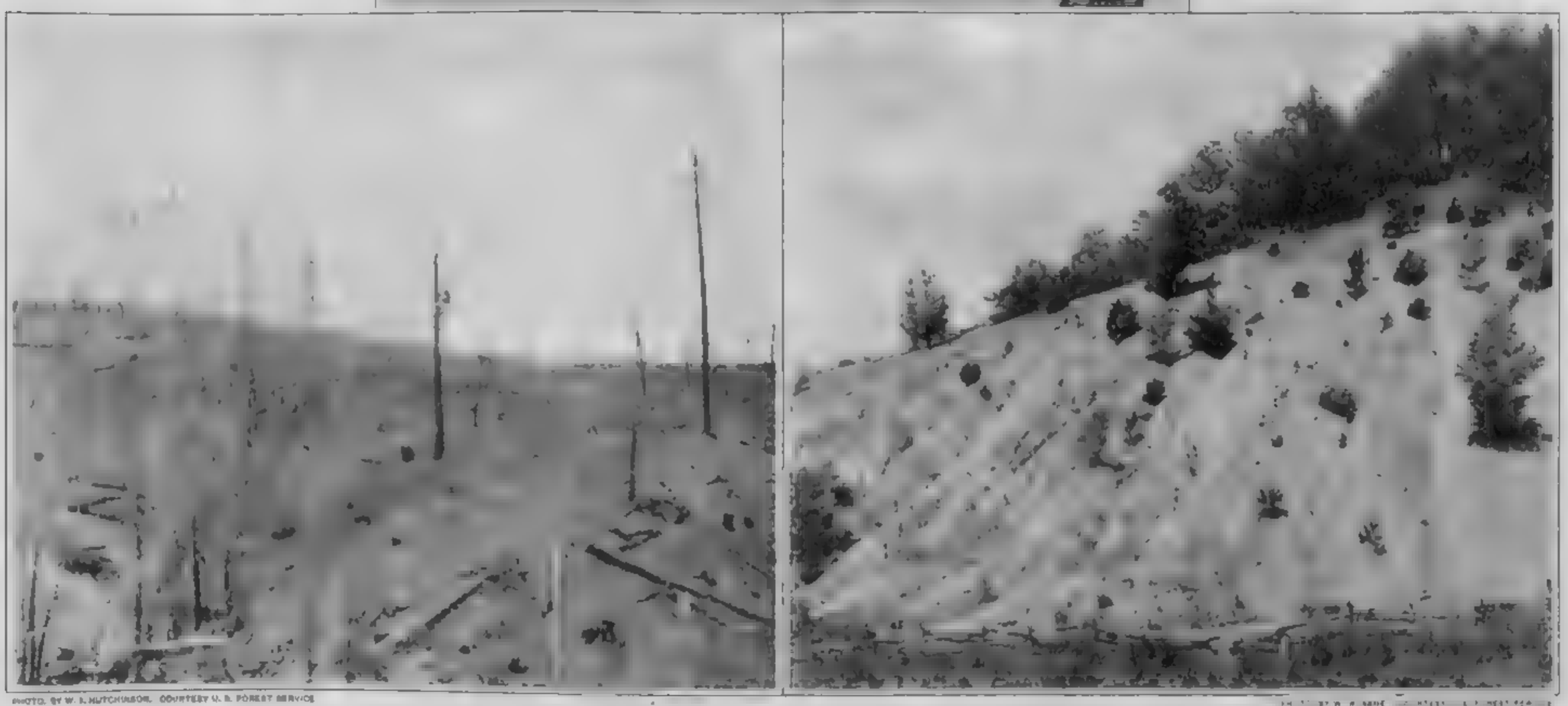

PHOTO. BY W. R. HUTCHINSON. COURTESY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

Forest Destruction Has Created Millions of Acres of Idle Land Unsuited to Agriculture Because of Poor Soil or Rough Topography. At Right—Robbed of Its Vegetative Cover the Soil is Exposed to Destructive Erosion, Gullying Sets In and the Fertile Top Soil is Washed From the Slopes. Above—The Famous Thompson Gusher at Corsicana, Texas, and Part of the Six-Acre Lake of Oil Which Spurted From the Well After the Tanks Were Filled

THE DARKEST HORSE

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IN RECOUNTING to you the somewhat odd matter in which I became involved with Mr. Richard Royall, I only hope you won't think I'm presuming and familiar. I know my place, and that is something nowadays. Now and again I say to myself, "Jerry Hobbs," I have to say, "you can ride with the ladies and gentlemen, but you're a groom as sure as your father was, Jerry, and being Mr. Richard's buddy in the war doesn't hardly set you up for nothing better."

If Mr. Richard is a friend of mine, I cannot very well help it, if you was to ask me. I'm simply Mr. Richard's head groom, and if I know horses better than Mr. Richard, that is what I call Life, I do. Some know horses and some don't.

That's what I said to Mr. Richard ten years ago, counting back. He had me to one of those places they call *estaminets* over to France. I was rather looking after Mr. Richard, for sometimes those days he was that way.

"Jerry," he said, "will you have a drink?"

"No, thank you, Dick," I said. I'm not using the word to seem familiar, as I do hope you will understand. "No," I said. "I neither drink nor smoke."

"Jerry," said Mr. Richard, "hang me if you aren't the world's worst prig."

"My business is horses," I said. "And I don't drink or smoke."

"No," says Mr. Richard, "you wouldn't. Don't you ever get discontented? Don't you ever have ambition?"

"I'm not educated like you are. I know my place," I said.

"And you're happy," said Mr. Richard. "That's what I can't make out. But you listen to me, Jerry. They haven't heard from me yet."

"I wouldn't make any more noise," I said, "or everybody will."

"And what do I care if they do!" yells Mr. Richard, the way he gets, gentlemen, when he gets started. "Let 'em listen. But you mark what I say. I haven't got a red cent, or influence either, but when I get back to the States I'm going to make my pile. I'll have my own stables and hunters and polo ponies before I'm thirty-five. And you'll be looking after 'em, Jerry. You mark my words."

I could believe what he said; for nothing could stop that baby if he wanted to do a thing. He would just be hell-bent for it, if you will pardon the expression. And of course he had education and of course he was a gentleman and in the Social Register, if he hadn't any money—different from me as anybody could be in all sorts of ways. We were sitting at a little table in just the same uniforms—buck privates in the rear rank—as they used to put it, but even then his uniform was different, smarter, with more of a dash to it. His people were bang-up people, no worry about that.

"There's some meant for some things and others for others, but there's one thing, Dick," I said to him: "You may get a stable full of horses, but you'll never know horses. You're not the kind who ever will, Dick," I says to him.

It's odd, it is, how little you think of things at one time, and then they come up at you as the ground does when you take a fall. Mr. Richard was always talking wild back in those days. I never thought back then that Mr. Richard might go over all the jumps in a crowded field exactly as he said, and end up with money and cars and ponies, as gentlemen do who have been born to them. It was a girl, of course, who made him do it, but I never knew a girl who could make me do a thing like that.

Well, I don't know how it happened, but Mr. Richard always gets what he sets out for. I remember when his automobile came buzzing up to where I was watching the boys soaping the saddles at Mr. DeLancey's stables, where I was working then, and there was Mr. Richard beside a chauffeur as new and trim as the car itself. And Mr. Richard commenced to laugh when he saw me start. You know he's got a nice laugh, Mr. Richard has. I hadn't seen him for years then and I never knew he had been keeping track of me, the way it is in storybooks.

"Jerry," said Mr. Richard, "here I am, and I've got the stable and you're the boy to run it. I've bought the whole McWilliams place over at Mountain Pond."

"All right!" I said. "I'll run it, but it's true what I said: You'll never know horses; you're not the kind who does."

I was right. There are some who know them and some who don't. I was thinking of it when Mr. Richard came and climbed up on his best hunter as though he was climbing up a ladder.

Yes, sir, you could see he didn't like 'em. I don't know how you see things like that, sir, but if you've been brought up around the stable you can tell, and you'd be surprised how fast the horses tell it too. It's all written in how they curve their noses and bend their ears, like fine ladies and like fine gentlemen. They are like what they call "toffs" in the old country, horses are.

I remember thinking of it when he came down to the stables on the morning of which I am trying to tell. He came down the drive from the house in London breeches and custom boots, perfectly brand-new, with that quick, swinging walk of his—his feet going pat-pat on the gravel. Mr. Richard looked a bit heavier than he used to when we were in the army, and his face showed what he'd been through, but he had the same way of grinning, as though him and me were just the same. You couldn't help liking Mr. Richard; at least I never could.

"Hi, Jerry," he said. "Are you all ready?"

"Yes, sir," I told him.

Mr. Richard took off his coat. "I wish to goodness," he said, "you'd cut out the 'sir' stuff. Now, about this riding—how long does it take to learn?"

"Yes," Said Mr. Richard, "That's Why I'm Here. I'm Taking a Shot at the Moon"

"Some people never do learn, sir," I told him.

"My boy," said Mr. Richard, "anybody can learn anything, if they put a mind to it. Why, I could tell you—but never mind. Unfortunately, I've got to learn it for personal reasons, and I've set aside the whole day for it. In the first place, I want to learn jumping."

Mr. Richard tossed his coat on the ground. He was always careless that way about his clothes, and I couldn't help but wonder what was in Mr. Richard's mind. I couldn't help but wonder why he'd bought the McWilliams farm out at Mountain Pond. He wasn't the sort of man to put on what you might call "lugs," Mr. Richard wasn't, and he wasn't like anybody else for miles around. Out at Mountain Pond all anyone ever thought of was riding and the like of that, and anyone who didn't savvy horses didn't go for anything at all. Yet there was Mr. Richard, who didn't know a curb from a cannon bone or a bit from a blister, trying to be something that he wasn't. It made you wonder what had got into Mr. Richard to make him do it.

"Look you, Mr. Richard," I said. "You can't learn jumping in a day; not by a lot you can't. Look at me, sir; I began jumping at the Courtneys' stables when I was ten, sir. And I rode in open steeplechases when I was thirteen, until I got too heavy, and I don't know jumping yet."

"You wouldn't," said Mr. Richard, and he grinned at me and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt. "But here's a boy who has to learn it. Bring out that plug you bought me, Jerry. We've got to get this over with."

That was what he said—he had to get it over with. He didn't like it a bit, you see, and once he got up in the saddle you could tell he didn't like it, and Sir Hubert—that was his hunter, you understand—he didn't like it either.

Sir Hubert, that I'd bought for him myself, was as sweet and even a sixteen-hander as you could ever hope to ride, but he put back his ears when Mr. Richard got on him, and wrinkled up his nose. Mr. Richard gave a laugh—something the way a kid laughs in school.

"Gerald," he said, "I do feel funny up here and it looks a long way down."

"That's what I told you," I said. "You don't know horses."

"And just between you and me," said Mr. Richard, "I wouldn't mind if I never knew them, if circumstances were not driving me. Do you know what I've got to do tomorrow? I've been asked to ride at a drag hunt at the Triple Oak Club, Jerry. And you know what that means."

I knew what it meant considerably better than Mr. Richard. The ladies and gentlemen at Mountain Pond were all hard riders.

"You can't do it, sir," I told him; "never in this world." And then it made me almost angry, because he commenced to laugh. "You don't know everything," I told him, "just because you've made a pile of jack."

"Stow it!" said Mr. Richard. "I have to do it for personal reasons. Now, let's get on."

There wasn't much to do when a gentleman had his mind made up like that.

"Will you stop just standing and looking?" said Mr. Richard. "What do I do now?"

"If I were you, sir," I suggested, "I should gather up the reins a trifle."

"You're not me," said Mr. Richard, "and you can jolly well congratulate yourself. Suppose I do gather up the reins—then what?"

"You must not be stiff, sir," I told him.

"Gerald," said Mr. Richard, "I know you know how to do it. There's always an easy, simple way to do everything, isn't there, Gerald? Now I want to make the horse jump over that brush in the yard."

"You wish him to take it, you mean, sir?" I said.

"All right!" said Mr. Richard. "I want the horse to take it and at the same time remain on him. Now what do I do?"

"He'll go over it all right," I said. "Just head him toward it. Gather the reins and give him a bit of a flick with the crop perhaps, sir. And then do as I told you. Dig in your knees and let your back go loose."

"Gerald," said Mr. Richard, "did you ever squeeze an orange seed?"

"No, sir," I said. Mr. Richard had his odd ways about him, and his little jokes.

"Well," said Mr. Richard, "if you squeeze an orange seed it pops out between your thumb and finger. Now, if I start squeezing this saddle I shall pop straight up in the air. What's your answer to that?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," I said. "If you'll just keep the upper part of the body relaxed as much as possible——"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Richard. "All right, here goes!"

Sir Hubert, that hunter, was perfectly schooled, as steady as a clock, one might say, and, if we come down to anything as vulgar as figures, had cost Mr. Richard a pretty penny. Though the horse was steady, he seemed more nervous than Mr. Richard. He began pawing and tossing his head.

"You're holding him too tightly, sir," I said.

"Gerald," said Mr. Richard, "that's enough. If I've got to ride in this drag-hunt thing tomorrow, I suppose I'd better start. Get along, you old plug." And Mr. Richard hit Sir Hubert a smart one with the crop. I've always noticed that gentle people's horses act like gentlemen—thin-skinned that way. Sir Hubert gave a start which unsettled Mr. Richard first off and went straight at the brush. It was a low jump, of course—not more than two-feet-six. Sir Hubert took it handily, and what I expected immediately occurred. Mr. Richard went shooting forward and off, letting go of the reins. Mr. Richard was a somewhat shocking sight, for the grass was fresh and tender. When I reached him he was all over green and brown from his cheek to his toes, and his wind was quite knocked out. In fact, he had great difficulty speaking.

(Continued on Page 124

"And, Jerry, Tell Her I Busted Something or I'd be There Myself"

PURITAN'S PROGRESS

By
Arthur Train

THE pale ray of the searchlight raking the sky beneath the moon caught the tip of the night mail for Chicago droning west three thousand feet above our heads. Across the park, rubies, emeralds and diamonds of flame coruscated, wheeled and perambulated against the twinkling back drop of Broadway skyscrapers. Suspended in the more distant heavens shone the stained-glass windows of illuminated chapels marking the turrets of unseen buildings. Thirty-five stories below us, through festooned canyons, darted black schools of leaping dolphins released by the traffic towers' automatic signals. A powdery haze of party-colored light dimmed that of the moon gazing down upon the proud, preposterous, incredible city with its hanging gardens of tinted fire. High over all, the white beam wavered anxiously up and down, slanting hither and yon, searching the stars—for what?

"Magnificent," murmured my friend with a touch of awe.

"And terrifying!" I breathed.

We turned from the balcony and stepped inside his luxuriously furnished bachelor apartment.

Throwing myself into the recesses of a leathern armchair, I gazed at the walls covered with prints and tapestries.

Sunday Morning in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts. Above—The Home of Louisa May Alcott, in Concord, Where She Wrote "Little Women"

Hark! From the Tunnel ——

"WHO would have thought, when I used to kick you around at St. Paul's, that you'd ever be making a hundred thousand a year!" I remarked.

"That's not so hot! There are two hundred and eighty-three men in the United States who have an income of more than a million a year!" he laughed, snapping on the radio. "The Great Northern has just opened its new tunnel through the Cascade Range. There's a nation-wide hook-up. Schumann-Heink is going to sing The Star-Spangled Banner from San Francisco after the train goes through, and Hoover's going to make the dedication speech from Washington. We might listen. I'll try the tunnel first."

Distinct, as if just beside us, came the voice of the announcer.

"There she comes, folks! I can hear her whistle. First train through the tunnel. James J. Hill's dream of a lifetime realized! There she blows again! She's coming on fast now. I'll swing aboard as she flies by and talk to you from Scenic at the other end of the tunnel. So long, then, for a few minutes!"

In that softly carpeted room we listened to the great train shrieking nearer and nearer until it thundered past the microphone in the bowels of the mountain three thousand miles away.

My friend got up and turned the indicator.

"Hoover won't begin his spiel for another twenty minutes," he said. "Let's try Havana. There's a band concert down there in the Piazza. Some Spanish-American song bird is going to sing Carmen."

An Easy Victim for Broadway

INSTANTLY, clear as a bell from over the moonlit waves of the Caribbean, came to us the tantalizing syncopations of the tarantella.

"I'll try Washington now," he remarked, turning the knob.

"Er—er ——" rasped an oracular voice—not that of the President-elect. "Beyond question the world has made greater progress in the last seventy-five years than during the entire span of human life before the Civil War. Think of it, folks—the telephone, the automobile, the radio, the submarine, the aeroplane! The North Pole and the Antarctic both conquered. Comfort and luxury in every home. Imagine how surprised one of the old Puritans would be if he ——"

My friend shut him off abruptly.

"Enough of that! . . . Let's try WJZ. They might be having some good jazz."

"Hold on!" I protested. "I'd have liked to hear what that chap was going to say. I'm not sure, when you come right down to it, whether all these things are so conclusive as to progress."

My friend regarded me humorously.

"You don't question that we have made progress, do you? Did you read how The New York Times the other evening radioed 13,000 miles to Byrd in the Antarctic to ask him to radio 13,000 miles back to tell their operator in Astoria, only three miles away, to hang up his receiver so they could speak to him—and got him in two minutes? 'Byrd says you want to talk to me!' Or, for that matter, just look out the window!"

"I don't want to look out the window," I retorted, for the voice on the air had set me thinking. "That fellow down in the Department of Commerce, or wherever he was, started to ask if one of the Puritans happened to turn up on Broadway, what he'd think of it. That's easy. It would knock him flat! What I'd like to know is whether, if we could go back to the old days—of a hundred years ago, say—and get a little used to things as they were then, we'd find we got any more out of life than we do now—or as much. Maybe you didn't know it, but I'm a Puritan myself."

The Eames House, at Framingham, Which Dates Back to the Time of the American Revolution

"Are you?" he laughed, glancing at the glass in my hand. "You look it!"

"Well, I am—by inheritance, at least," I answered with a sudden resolve. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do: Tomorrow—Sunday—I'm going to motor up to Massachusetts and give the old town my folks came from the once-over. It'll be a pleasant run. I'd just like to see. Why not come along?"

He shook his head. "Thanks. Motoring bores me sick," he answered. "I'd rather sit here and listen in on a good prize fight."

The Old Home Town in Modern Dress

THAT is how the Puritan came to revisit the home of his ancestors the following afternoon. More especially, he was looking for his grandfather's meetinghouse—the old-fashioned, white, wooden meetinghouse with narrow green blinds and tall thin spire, set in the grove of elms, where his grandfather had preached more than a century ago. He had seen the old church once before, when he was a little boy, on a visit with his father to Framingham in 1881, and the impression made upon his childish mind by its serenity and grace had never faded.

There had been other churches in his life—the massive stone Doric temple, with its high-backed pews and sour-smelling green cushions, on Tremont Street, in Boston, which he had attended as a child; the baroque Romanesque structure of fireproof brick and porphyry on Madison Avenue in New York City in which he had been married, and divers other rococo ecclesiastical edifices in various localities, where his children had been baptized. Yet, save for the cathedrals of Chartres and Rheims, no temple built by human hands had ever so touched his spiritual emotions as the simple neoclassic country meetinghouse from whose pulpit his grandfather had preached, and to which, according to

An Evening Scene at the Skating Park in Boston

A New England Fireside

Public Worship by the Pilgrims at Plymouth

veridical tradition, Phillips Brooks had made an annual pilgrimage throughout his lifetime to refresh his soul in the sight of its pure beauty.

Our Puritan was on a not dissimilar errand. That casual conversation at the Savoy-Plaza the evening before had fired his mind with a curiosity, tinged with a shadow of misgiving, to find out, if he could, just what that so-called progress had meant to him and to his. So, despite his family's original hereditary inhibition against Sunday travel, he had set forth by motor at nine o'clock next morning to make in six hours a journey which would have taken his grandfather a number of days, had lunched comfortably at Springfield, and now, at four o'clock in the late spring afternoon, was, for the moment, lost. Characteristic of his era, he had run clean past what he was looking for! That he should not have recognized the abiding place of his forefathers might be regarded as excusable, since it was forty-five years since he had been there, and traveling at fifty miles an hour one tended to miss things—even meetinghouses with white steeples. Mere speed, it appeared, might actually be on occasion a disadvantage.

He had vaguely recalled the town as a cluster of low wooden buildings—a blacksmith shop, a tavern, a few high-stooped stores and a brick bank—at the turn of a narrow, dusty road beside an embowered common the tops of whose fanlike elms were pierced by several spires. To his memory it had been as sleepy as Sleepy Hollow itself. Now, in place of the winding, uneven country road, there lay a smooth ribbon of level concrete over which motors were humming in continuous streams in both directions.

A signpost showed that he had overrun his destination by six miles, so he waited for a hiatus in the line of whizzing cars and turned back. A few minutes later and, beyond a curve in the highway, the strident blues and scarlets of a cluster of filling stations caught his eye. Could this be Framingham? This busy square with its traffic cop, its taxi stand, its garages, lunch counters, barber, cigar and candy shops? Where were the tavern and the brick bank? Where the old harness shop over which had hung the sign of Hollis Hastings, harness maker, who, as his father had often told him, had advertised: "Carryalls, Riding Saddles, Surcingles, Bridles, and Martingales. Pew Cushions on hand or made to order at short notice"? There was nothing recognizable left of the old town! The glacier of time had ruthlessly ground it all away.

Yet—like the Nantucket skipper in James T. Field's poem who, when asked to "taste the lead" which one of the crew had covertly rubbed over the earth in a box of parsnips standing on deck, instantly exclaimed: "Nantucket's sunk! And here we are, right over old Ma'am Hackett's garden!"—the Puritan sniffed the air and sensed that he was upon or near the spot where his ancestors had dwelt. Something in his subconscious mind responded to things of which his senses were wholly unaware. Was there some subtle kinship between himself and these tanned youths who manned the gasoline pumps, or those other swarthier ones who were vending "eats" to the waiting motorists—doughnuts, ginger ale, hot franks, cider and ice-cream cones? No, these last, at any rate, were not natives of Framingham, but of Italy or of Poland.

Ask One of the Natives

"CAN you tell me if there's an old church—a Baptist meetinghouse—around here?" he asked of a natty motorcycle cop in khaki who was ordering the traffic.

"Better ask one of them fellers!" The officer waved toward the filling station. "I'm from Worcester."

The uniformed attendant at the nearest red sentinel jerked his thumb down the road.

"Church? Sure! Go along and you'll see it all right. The common'll be down to your left. No, I don't belong here. I just run the station. I come from Woonsocket."

The Puritan left him making change for a man with a car bearing a Florida license and containing a woman, three children, an Airedale terrier and a complete camping outfit.

"Why, it'll be a cinch to make Portsmouth tonight! Only eighty miles, ain't it?" the driver was saying. "Sure I come from Florida—Miami. Say, brother, that's the only place to live! If you want to make a wad of money ——"

The clang of an overladen trolley to whose running boards and steps a holiday-making crowd of mill hands was clinging like a swarm of bees drowned the conclusion of his panegyric.

The gorge of the Puritan—transplanted offshoot of the parent stem, as he was—rose in his throat! Inured to the

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TELL IT NOT IN GATH

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"I'm Telling You. Leave Her Alone. Don't Hang Around Her Any More"

IT WAS toward one o'clock in the morning when Tony Dade and Bruno Banalian entered the Dairy. This was an establishment devoted to the dance. The novelty of its conception had made it instantly successful, and it was just now in the full tide of that success; so that the orchestra whined and sobbed its disjointed melodies till the small hours of the morning, while a flushed, close-packed press of dancers moved at a weary shuffle around the restricted floor.

Luke Doe, who in the costume of a rustic clowned nightly on the Winter Garden stage, conceived the idea. The place had been a cellar, but now it was transformed. The floors were spotless white tile; there was a rank of cream separators, all red and silver, along one side of the room; and beneath them rows of milk cans gleamed in the shaded light. Behind a plate-glass panel which extended across the rear wall, half a dozen Jersey cows in an authentic tie-up, their necks held in nickeled staves, chewed their cuds and surveyed the dancers with calm and contemplative eyes.

Even the menu continued the illusion; and frequenters of the place liked to boast about the richness of the cream served here, the delicious flavor of the butter, the fragrance of warm milk fresh from the cow, and the acid tang of real buttermilk drawn from a huge wooden churn.

Luke Doe himself was accustomed to appear here in his costume of a farmer, as soon as his Winter Garden turn was over. He greeted his guests, he presided over the merry-making, and he introduced the performers who at intervals offered entertainment. Tonight when Tony Dade and his companion arrived, they stopped to speak to him at the door.

This Tony Dade was a youngster from some small mill town on the Connecticut, above Springfield; a tall, fair, smiling boy who made friends easily. There was somewhere in his background a mill which he had inherited from his father, which seemed to run itself, and profitably. Banalian, his companion, was one of those wise young men to be seen at any hour or at all hours along Forty-second Street, achieving no particular success despite their wisdom. He had been for some weeks engaged in showing Tony the town—at Tony's expense, of course, and on a basis made more profitable by certain secret arrangements of his own.

Tony felt for Bruno that deference wisdom inspires in those who would be wise. Bruno knew everyone, and he was likely to point out this man or that one, with a whispered identification. Tony stared goggle-eyed at actors, gangsters, boxers, touts; and he was properly impressed with them, and with Bruno, who seemed to know them all.

Now and then Banalian went farther, performing actual introductions. The individuals with whom Tony thus became acquainted wore a sophistication which made him conscious of his own lack of this quality, but under Bruno's instructions, he tried to ape them. He learned to drink certain mixtures with deceptive names, which, though they produced at the moment a definite exhilaration, had the trick of making his mornings hideous. He learned to pay a twenty-dollar check with a fifty-dollar bill and ignore the change, and he learned to derive a complacent satisfaction from wasting money, even though he had never earned a dollar in his life.

In the course of six weeks of this tuition, he became familiar with the surface aspects of the world into which Bruno introduced him, and Banalian would have been glad to extend his instruction even further. But there was a cleanly diffidence in Tony which made him decline these suggestions. So when the boy began to insist that they return night after night to the Dairy, Banalian did not suspect the explanation of this preference. Rather, he thought derisively that Tony was attracted by the rustic atmosphere.

"The sap's homesick," he told someone one day. "He's ripe to go back to the farm. First thing I know, he'll be hitting the trail for home and the corn-feds."

"And bang! goes your meal ticket," his confidant commented.

"Well, I can get through the winter on what I've laid by already," Bruno cheerfully replied.

He had in fact become careless with success, but tonight not even his complacency could be wholly blind. They came into the Dairy a little before one, and Bruno stopped to talk with Luke Doe while Tony went on alone to sit down at their regular table. Luke left Bruno long enough to step out on the dance floor and introduce the next entertainer.

"Eleanor Andris," he told the crowded tables smilingly. "Just one of our dairymaids, but she's trying to get along! I told her she could come out here as soon as she had her milking done."

Then he returned to Banalian, while a girl in a gingham frock, with a sunbonnet hanging by its ribbons down her back, came trudging out of the tie-up with a neck yoke across her shoulders and a brimming pail of milk dangling at each end.

She set the pails down, smiled, and began to dance; and silence, save for the provocative crooning of the orchestra, rewarded her.

Hers was no set dance of the sort taught at the academies; her shoes were soft; they caressed the tiles with a shuffling stroke. Yet there was a perfection in her rhythm, so that it was as though her steps evoked the beat from the instruments, rather than followed them. Also, the girl herself had a freshness and charm not at all unsuited to the rôle she played. She smiled when she chose, not provocatively but with a cheerful friendliness; she danced till her hair began to fly, and when she would have stopped and the applause rose clamorously, she danced again. Bruno and Luther Doe watched her from the door; and Bruno said appraisingly:

"She's there, that kid!"

"She's good," Luke agreed.

"Tony fell for her the other night," Bruno remarked. "After she danced with him, he was dizzy."

"He came back here last night, and the night before," the other assented. "By himself. I wondered how he got away from you." His tone was not a friendly one.

Bruno's eyes widened in a wary indignation. "Say! The big hick told me he was going bye-bye!"

"Well, he was here," Doe insisted. He disliked Banalian.

But Bruno was immune from dislike. Just now his thoughts were canvassing the possibilities of profit in this situation, so surprisingly revealed.

"What kind of a girl is she?" he asked.

"Who? Nell? She's straight," Luke told him curtly. "A good kid!"

"She's There, That Kid!"

"Yeah!" Bruno's tone was wise.

"I'm telling you," Doe retorted.

"Well, I didn't say a word, did I?" Bruno apologized.

The girl's encore ended; the applause rose and died, and the orchestra began a dance tune. The floor filled with dancers; and young Tony Dade leaped to his feet, to thread his way toward where the pretty dairymaid was listening politely to some word of bibulous approval. Bruno saw Tony overtake her, saw her eyes light with welcome. A moment later the two began to dance together.

And Bruno licked his lips. He turned to speak to Luke again, but a newcomer, a harmless-looking little man, had just come in and caught Doe's attention. So Bruno left them together and crossed to the table which Tony had abandoned.

He filled his glass there, and Tony's, and then he waited, watching Tony and the girl as they moved slowly through the press of dancers on the floor.

He noticed once that Luke and the harmless little man were also watching them.

Tony and the girl danced once around without speaking. They had no need to mind their steps. The music had its way with them. But there had been between them from their first encounter that which halted speech.

It was minutes tonight before Tony asked at last: "Eleanor Andris really your name?"

"My professional name," the girl explained, laughing up at tall young Tony Dade. "Like it? I think it sounds fine!"

"I like Nell better," Tony retorted. "What's the rest of it? The real one?"

"Andrews, of course."

"Nell Andrews, eh?" He chuckled. "I have an uncle named Andrews. That makes us cousins, doesn't it?"

"Where does he live?" she asked.

"Little town named Madison, up in Massachusetts," he told her. "Nothing there but some mills along the river."

And he had to explain what river he meant.

"Is it full of garbage?" she wondered.

He shook his head. "This is up above Springfield. No. Good clean water."

"I never saw a clean river," she confessed. "I didn't know they came that way." And after a moment, wistfully: "What makes you stay down here?"

"We don't have girls like you up there," he assured her. He was pleased with his retort; felt very much a man of the world.

"Nor we don't have boys like you down here," she countered. "Or at least, they don't stay that way long. When are you going back?"

"I like it down here."

"I'd like it up there," she guessed. "If I belonged there, the way you do."

"Oh, I was brought up there," he explained carelessly. "You get sick of it."

She was silent while they circled half the floor. "You get sick of this, too," she said at last.

"You?" he protested laughingly. "I guess not. You're a wow! On the crest of the wave."

"But you go downhill from the crest," she reminded him.

"You can go on the stage any time you want," he insisted. "You've got all the stuff in the world!"

She shook her head; he felt it move in a gesture of negation against his shoulder. "Five years of it," she amended. "Or ten, and then where are you? Not even a baby to show for it."

"Why not?" Tony challenged, and colored to his ears.

"Can't have a figure and babies, too," she reminded him. "A dancer's as badly off as a jockey. Got to keep in shape all the time, even if she starves."

"I bet you don't have to diet!"

"I meant, starves for other things."

He was uncomfortably silent, asked at last, curiously: "How old are you?"

"Twenty-two," she said, and looked eighteen. He told her so, and she did protest too much.

"Go Find Her, Kid," He Said Grimly. "And Go Straight!"

Silence again for a little, and in him a deep curiosity was stirring. "You brought up in New York, were you?"

"Yes."

"You don't talk like some of them."

"I went to school till last June."

"What does your father do?"

"My folks have been dead fifteen years. A—friend paid for the school, and so on."

He nodded, grinning, curiously hurt and wounded. "A friend, eh?" he echoed dryly.

And at his tone, she looked up at him with a quick glance; she cried in soft, reproachful disappointment: "Oh, Tony, boy, don't be so wise!"

But before he could speak, the music stopped. He would have had an encore, but while he was applauding she slipped away from him. She was gone before he knew.

He took one step after her, full of a quick, regretful shame. But she disappeared toward her dressing room, and he stopped uncertainly, swung at last back toward his table. He saw Bruno there, and his step lagged. He was suddenly reluctant to talk to Bruno.

But Banahan saved him the trouble. As Tony reached the table, the other rose, made some excuse. "Back in a minute," he promised, and strolled away across the floor.

Tony nodded and sat down, his head a little bowed, staring thoughtfully at the tall glass in the circle of his fingers. But after a moment he lifted his head in a slow, resentful surprise. A harmless-looking young man with a meek eye had taken Bruno's chair, across the table from Tony. He was watching Tony now. Tony had never seen the man before, but he appeared to be an inoffensive individual. So, after a moment, Tony smiled.

Tony smiled, and the harmless little man nodded in acknowledgment. Then he cleared his throat faintly; and without taking his eyes from Tony's, he nodded sidewise toward the open space among the tables.

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Bruno Saw Tony Overtake Her, Saw Her Eyes Light With Welcome

THE TIGER'S MOUTH

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CAPTAIN ARAD WHITNEY, in the ship Water Witch, Salem to Canton, China, encountered a pilot boat near Lin Tin, where the opium hulks were anchored. By the gray light of a clouded moon he saw the pilot in the stern of his little egg-shaped boat with a mat sail—a big man in blue pantaloons, with a pigtail reaching to his heels. The year was in the early 40's.

"How much to Whampoa?" Captain Arad shouted. Whampoa was the anchorage in the river twelve miles below Canton.

"Olo flen'—maskee—hundled dollah—welly cheap. Stlong tide—catchee big locks Canton side."

The old friend turned a cold cheek. "No can do."

"Yes, can do. Hiyah—olofox—ten dollah can do, Missee Cap'n. Catchee Canton tomollo morning."

The pilot laughed, pulled off pigtail, scalp and all, and Captain Arad saw the flaming crest and the blue Irish eyes of his old shipmate, Captain Michael O'Cain. The two friends shook hands vigorously on the Witch's quarter-deck.

"A good passage?" says Michael, fitting back his pigtail and squinting his charcoaled eye corners.

"A narrow squeak of it over the Bombay shoals," Captain Arad answered with a shrug of his big mahogany-colored shoulders. "She slid over the peak of a reef and she's got a lump of coral as big as a house jammed into her keel now." The clank of a pump at the mainmast and the hiss of water in the scuppers bore him out.

"What's in her hold?"

"Valparaiso copper and a quarter of a million of Salem specie in kegs."

"Man dear," cried Michael, "you'll not be wanting that coral to drop out of her short of the dockyard at Whampoa. You've no opium?"

"Not a ball."

"Maybe then they'll pass you through the rafts at the Bogue, and maybe again they won't."

"The rafts?"

"Man, hadn't you heard? There's war between the British and the Chinese, and it was Michael O'Cain, an American citizen, bad cess to him, that brought it on. The old Chinese commissioner, Lin, ordered all opium in China waters to be delivered up; and so it was—twenty thousand chests of it, I hear. Then down they sit, writing out peace proposals on both sides; and me coming in at that time in the Psyche from Singapore loaded to the rails with opium. Better I'd stayed on the Skibbereen coast smoking Dublin twist, Arad."

"I've told you that."

"When did ever I value a friend for his advice? And what's the Fourth of July for, if not to be shooting firecrackers and drinking a little rice wine for the stomach's sake. It was on that blessed day that I went ashore at Lanteek for my devotions at the temple of the silver moon. And I swear to you, Arad, I would have done no worse, drunk or sober, than light my cigar at the Holy Fire, hadn't I glimpsed out of the tail of my eye the big Josh there holding a cold cannon ball in his fist. 'Twas the ball of tranquility, I'll have ye know; 'twas a chance shot that had gone through the wall of the temple in a scrimmage with the Portuguese when they were getting their toe hold at Macao. The priests saw it roll up to the feet of the Josh, and they got it into their heads that the fat beggar had stopped it by grinning at it. Sure, the silly pink smile of him was a foot wide, carpenter's measurement, as Michael O'Cain will testify. The priests put the cannon ball into the Josh's fist, and they told their flock it would be a bad day, and plenty men spoiled, if anyone knocked it off. So, Arad, didn't I knock it off?"

"And what happened?"

"Man dear, the yellow devils were right. No sooner the cannon ball was on the floor than didn't a gang of sailors, British and American, turn to and wreck the temple. They split open the ugly mugs of the little Joshes, and their fat bellies as well, to get at the gold brains and silver livers of 'em. The Chinese objected and one Chinaman was killed. That was the finish of the peace proposals. And when I got back to my ship it wasn't there: the mandarins had confiscated ship, opium and all, for some offense of mine against the regulations, but all the time, mind you, they hadn't a shred of evidence against me."

"And why did you turn Chinaman yourself?"

"A man with my reputation for running opium would never be without a job. The second captain of an opium runner—a fast crab or scrambling dragon, they call the craft—came to me to be first captain; me knowing all the back creeks and inlets like the inside of my hand. It's a delicate trade, with the Boca Tigris jammed with war junks and a chain of rafts loaded with soldiers stretched right across the river from fort to fort. There'll be no trouble, though, about you going up the river. They've got an opening in the boom for noncontestant ships. You sign a bond that you've neither opium, women nor gunpowder aboard; you, of course, agreeing that the penalties are to be carried out by Chinese methods."

O'Cain grinned and drew the edge of his hand against his throat.

"Neither opium, gunpowder nor women," Arad repeated slowly. "There's the hitch, Mike. I've got a woman aboard."

"You're a changed man from what you were, Arad," says Michael, with the end of his pigtail in his mouth

"A China-woman. Lan Fong, the daughter of the old merchant, Man Ho, at Canton. She gave him the slip, and went to sea in an English ship, and got exhibited in London as one of the small-footed women of China. It didn't pay, but she got money enough to get her back to Singapore. I found her there and she begged me to take her to her father. Chut, here she is now."

There she was, poor Golden Lily, swaying on her crippled feet, no bigger than a newborn colt's, and the shadow from the spanker boom falling on her white face. She was in a toga-throated, black-and-yellow silk jacket and yellow pantaloons, with a bird of silver filigree from Sumatra trembling in her black hair, and gold bands at wrists and ankles. She swung her legs from the hip, with no action at knee and ankle; and the white lily fixed at her right temple nodded to the pretty, slant motion.

"She's dainty as a porcelain flower from the garden of a mandarin," said the great Michael under his breath, and let his pigtail fall. "This is a complication to the problem. . . . Come here, Silver Wing. . . . Ay, she's sweeter than the rose-encumbered June, as the Chinese poet says. . . . Look you, I've half a mind to put you in my pocket now. Don't you be making saucy motions with your fan. . . . Glory be, how did the likes of her survive the Chinese gangs at Singapore, and she with no protector?"

"She has an old servant—Loo Seng. . . . Loo Seng, come here."

The old Chinaman's face was sparrow-sharp, his head sunk dovelike between bony shoulders, and there was neither blood nor fat beneath his yellow parchment skin. Opium had taken its toll of him long years ago.

"I am an old man—a candle in the wind," he said in the Canton dialect, knocking the immense wooden soles of his shoes on the white pine deck.

"Do you be keeping out of drafts then," said Michael O'Cain. "Remember the saying of Confucius that the tall

At Moment Later, Sitting in the Stern Sheets of His Jolly-Boat, He Looked Hard Across the Water at His Ship. Even Since Sunrise She Had Got Lower in the Water

tree falls first, and that's like to be me, if there's anything in signs and omens. It's the clearest well that dries soonest, because that's where the buckets will be clustered thick. Which reminds me, Arad, that the commissioner, Lin, has poisoned all the wells ashore; so do you not be in a hurry to fill your casks out of them. . . . Send Silver Wing below decks, captain, while I talk to you. . . . Loo Seng, didn't they break down the typhoon bars to the house doors in Singapore to get at her?"

"He made wooden pattens in the shape of tiger paws and each night prowled round in the soft dirt outside the house, leaving tiger tracks." Arad chuckled.

"A man like that would do the emperor more good than some of the spalpeens he's got around him now." Looking close to see that Lan Fong had retired, O'Cain put his hand on Arad's wrist: "Man Ho is not here."

"Where is he, then?"

"Elee. The cold country. Alla finishee," Michael said, shaking his hands with spread fingers. "He's bankrupt. He let some foreign devil have a full return cargo in exchange for a shipful of quicksilver there wasn't any market for. You know. 'Spose no can pay. All light. Pay plenty dollah nex' voyage, olo flen'.' . . . Only, by the powers, the old friend didn't see fit to make another voyage."

Exile to Elee. A hard journey of months on broken-backed boats, through canals, over bad roads in villainous bamboo sedan chairs, on starveling pony back and afoot; and the end of it was, for Man Ho, to be a sweeper-out of cockroaches from the recesses of some gloomy cast iron pagoda in the north. Such was the fate of a merchant prince who trusted to the word of a barbarian.

Michael O'Cain said in his bull-fiddle voice, and with a teasing light in his hair-trigger eye:

"It'll go hard with the little lady if the mandarins get their talons on her. And they'll do it, Arad. You'll never smuggle her in. As well try to steal a woman's earrings by first shutting her ears. You'd better give the little Silver Wing into my keeping, to take away to Macao in the fast crab."

But Arad was thinking of Man Ho, the exile. He recalled the last feast Man Ho had spread for him: Invaluable bird's-nest soup, the nests brought by Arad himself from the Straits; prepared sharks' fins, roasted snails, rice wine. Sitting in the merchant's tea garden, near a balustrade of ivory, Man Ho had promised him a cargo of ink, rhubarb, shawls and lute strings, in exchange for his barbarian offering of fish maws, elephants' teeth and furs. And now Man Ho was in Elee and his daughter Lan adrift without a friend in China. Arad flourished his arms.

"I'll keep her by me for a day or two, Mike," he said.

"Yi yaw!" O'Cain cried disgustedly. "I can't stay to argue the point. Here comes a mandarin now that has no love for me at all, at all."

"Be neighborly!" Arad shouted after him.

O'Cain had already vaulted the Witch's straw-colored rail and was being sculled away in his wisp of a boat. No doubt that fast crab of which he was first captain was lurking somewhere near.

The mandarin's junk was coming on the starboard side. Captain Arad narrowed his eyes. With a sprung foremast and a staved keel, he didn't want to come to grips. If he so much as fired off a twelve-pounder, he might jar that coral out of her and sink her, and the kegs of Salem specie with her.

"Shall I run out a gun or two to show her spunk?" his mate said over his shoulder.

"No. Back the main yard, Mr. Magoun," he answered sharply.

The junk was close aboard now, and Loo Seng, the fifth son of his father, clutched a paper umbrella under his arm and drew his breath in a polite hiss. The junk was immense and absurd, a giant likeness of a Chinese shoe, square in the prow, her crooked pole mast nothing but an ironwood tree with the bark peeled. An antediluvian rudder, pierced with holes, was hung by ropes in the yawning cavern at her stern, which took hold of the water like a claw. Her quarter gallery, where the bamboo boarding pikes were lashed, was hung all round with horn lanterns that gave out dark scarlet gleams. A thousand yellow heads hung in that curious maze of ladders, gauze windows and thatched roofs. The junk seethed and sparkled with nameless hostile glints and flashes. Gongs sounded; there was a popping of firecrackers. The dragon's head at her prow was furnished with an eye as round and baleful as a bull's.

The mandarin, seated in a scarlet armchair, was lowered into a small boat, and presently hoisted over the Witch's rail by the rattan-hatted lictors, who cried as with one voice: "Do not check the flow of Imperial Benevolence, but reverently obey his decrees! If not, the Son of Heaven will withdraw his compassion! Exert yourselves to avoid woe! Do not oppose!"

The Mandarin's Junk Was Coming on the Starboard Side. Captain Arad Narrowed His Eyes. With a Sprung Foremast and a Staved Keel, He Didn't Want to Come to Grips

The mandarin, with his moon face, was like a Chinese god descended from a cloud. He wore heavy glasses, and his mustache and scanty beard were elegantly dyed with Prussian blue. He had vermilion trickles of betel-nut juice at his mouth corners. A lark perched on his shoulder, attached to his finger by a silken cord. He was in a gown of blue gauze, drawn in at the waist with a crimson sash, and his conical hat of white braid had a tuft of shining scarlet hair. At his side hung a scabbard with two swords, one for each hand, but the mandarin—a customs official—was certainly too fat to fight with either.

"How fashion?" he inquired, taking a pipe out of his mouth and passing it to an attendant. The inquiry was directed to the luck of the voyage.

"So fashion," Captain Arad said.

The mandarin dovetailed his fingers and knocked his locked fists against his chest, bowing slightly. He stuck out his right leg, and the linguist, or interpreter, kneeling, drew out of the red satin boot a bamboo tube wrapped in silk. From this fell a yellow rice paper on which the emperor's mandate had been written in the Vermilion Pencil which he alone, the Sole Ruler of the World, might employ. The linguist read:

"A special edict. It is decreed that opium, the vile dust and dirt of India, shall no longer be received or smoked within the limits of the Middle Kingdom. To those who resist my commands, there shall be no escape from strangulation. Persist in the vice—and die, through the withdrawal of Imperial Compassion. Renounce—and live. Tremble at the penalty and flee the crime. Let all tremblingly obey. These are the commands. Haste. Haste. A special edict. Respect this."

So far the Vermilion Pencil. A clash of rattan shields followed, the linguist returned the edict to the tube and the tube to the boot. "It is ordered," the mandarin said, "that all barbarians coming to Whampoa shall be under bond in the matter of opium and women."

"It is understood," Captain Arad said sternly, "that laws are made to be broken."

The mandarin fiddled uneasily with the chopsticks in the fishskin case hanging at his girdle.

"For a consideration, yes, but the emperor has long ears. May the tigers devour me if it be not so."

"He can make hens lay when he thinks proper; I grant that," Arad said graciously.

The mandarin stood firm. He could not let a shipful of foreign devils into the river without the requisite bond. In youth, he said, he had been poor and forced to study by the light of a confined glowworm. Such glimpses of wisdom as this had afforded were all that had kept his brain cup from being severed from his shoulders.

"It is the will of the Son of Heaven that you do not loiter at the outer anchorages," he affirmed.

Captain Arad answered that he would have his decision ready in the morning. The mandarin, going over the rail again in his scarlet armchair, uttered these words: "May the five happinesses abide with you."

The Five Happinesses—long life, wealth, children, virtue and a natural death. A natural death—that was a natural wish, as far forth as it concerned the destinies of mandarins. But Arad Whitney would not have been a trader and a seaman if he had not, from youth up, had a sneaking

(Continued on Page 88)

AVIATION'S THIRD DECADE

By Ralph D. Weyerbacher, Commander, C. C., U. S. N.

AVIATION, in 1929, is entering its third decade of practical operation. True, the Wright brothers developed their motor-driven airplane as early as 1903, but it was not until 1909, when Blériot crossed the English Channel and amazing records were established at the First International Air Meet in France, that the world fully realized the extent of its conquest of the air. Between 1909 and 1919 an extraordinary development was accomplished under the impetus of both science and war, culminating in successful transatlantic flights. From 1919 until 1929 aviation progressed at similarly rapid pace in its peacetime service, until today its airlines criscross most of Europe and the United States, its planes are accepted as necessary and dependable common carriers and its economic possibilities have attracted a staggering amount of private capital. Naturally the question is asked: What can aviation accomplish in the next decade to equal the record of development achieved in the two which have passed?

Prophecy is seldom more difficult than when applied to aeronautics. Even optimistic forecasts of twenty years ago have been surpassed in some aspects by actual achievement. What can be told, however, is where the trend of aeronautical research is leading, and what designers and engineers hope, with reason, to accomplish in improving the airplane before another ten years shall have passed. Beyond that point it would be hazardous to venture.

Farther and Faster

AERONAUTICAL research today is concerned with the same fundamentals which have dominated its activities since the Wrights equipped their glider with a sixteen-horse-power engine and hopped off on a twelve-second flight over the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Its objectives are safety in flight and increase in performance. What has been accomplished in achieving the first is evident in the low proportion of accidents to passenger miles flown in modern aerial commerce. Progress in the second is best illustrated by the following tables showing the length of single flights and the speed attained by airplanes at successive periods during the past twenty years:

SPEEDS ATTAINED

	MILES AN HOUR
1906	25
1909	47
1911	82
1913	126
1920	194
1922	222
1924	278
1928	318

That these achievements will be improved upon during the next decade cannot be doubted.

Although much further progress is expected in airplane development within the next ten years, few designers and engineers can accept as probable many of the glowing forecasts which recent achievements have inspired. They do not believe, for example, that within this period airplanes equipped with all the luxuries of modern ocean liners will carry passengers across the Atlantic on daily schedules. They do not believe that within a decade airplanes will reach the gigantic dimensions which many enthusiasts now visualize. They do not believe the airplane will in that time supplant the automobile in every home owner's garage or that privately owned air flivvers will enable their possessors to spend Monday in New York, Tuesday in Cairo, Wednesday in Hong-Kong and Thursday in Hollywood. Certain limitations now inherent in all airplane design preclude these possibilities until new sources of power or new laws of flight are discovered and put to practical use.

They do believe, however, that the design, safety factors, comfort, motive power, speed and utility of the airplane will improve gradually. These things, they are confident, will be achieved by further refining and developing airplane structure, equipment and power plants. Present research in structural design indicates that such improvements will be accomplished by developing antistalling devices, by increasing inherent stability, by utilizing metal construction to a greater degree, by enlarging the ratio of pay-load weight to actual airplane, engine and fuel weight, and by making brakes and shock absorbers on the running gear more effective. The recent substitution of revolving vanes for wings, as demonstrated in the autogyro, also promises new safety factors, although the slotted wing is still regarded by some designers as the most encouraging development along such lines.

In motors the trend is toward lighter weight per horse power combined with greater reliability and decreased fuel consumption—ultimately the determining factors in the efficiency of any airplane. It has been said that the principles of successful aviation were known for centuries and awaited only the appearance of a light and powerful motor to put them into successful operation. In general the possibilities of motor development lie in departure from the present Otto four-stroke cycle, utilization of the Diesel or the turbine principle, and improvements in the composition of the fuel and the treatment of the charge. Where the present type of gasoline engine is concerned the effort is toward perfecting carburetion and distribution, improving fuels to permit of higher compression pressures and refining design and materials to decrease weight without sacrifice in strength.

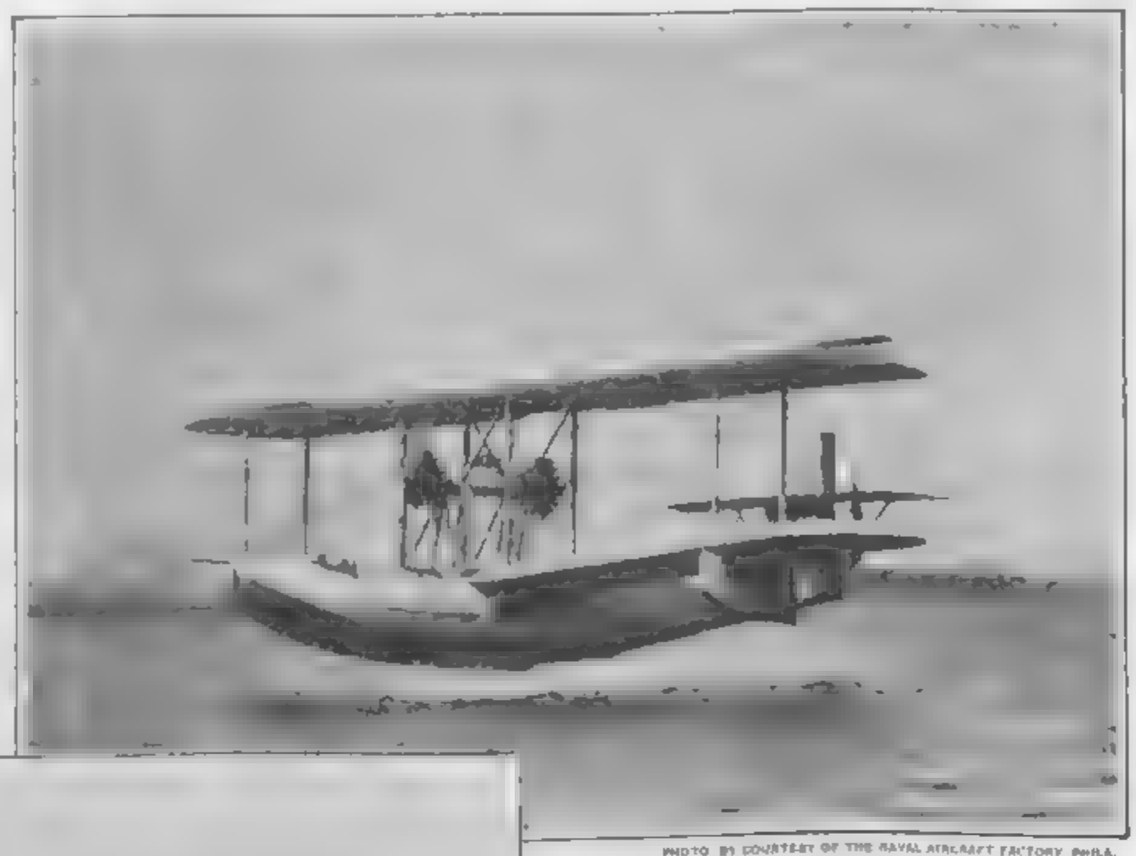
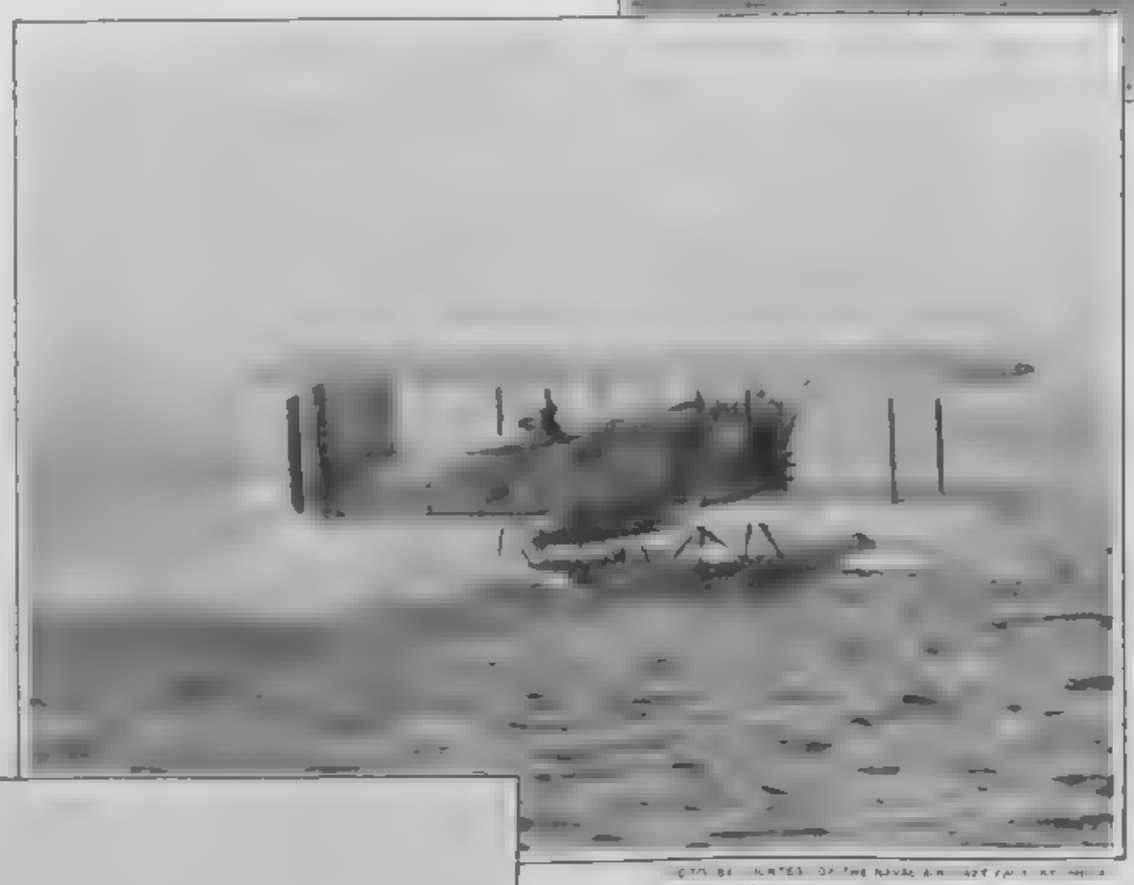


PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE NAVAL AIRCRAFT FACTORY PHILA.

Taking Off



A Seaplane Landing

The Autogyro in Flight

LENGTHS OF FLIGHTS, WITHOUT REFUELING

	MILES		MILES
1909	145	1920	1190
1911	160	1927	3990
1913	604	1927	3961

The Trend Toward Smaller Planes

THESE probable developments may fall disappointingly short of the wonder ships often visualized for the immediate future, but they recognize the fact that several limitations now stand in the way of airplanes comparable in size to the Leviathan. The first of such factors is the now-existing law in aeronautics that one horse power will lift and propel a maximum of about twenty-five pounds. In practical operation from eighteen to twenty pounds is considered closer to the limit. The second is that as the area of lifting surfaces is increased, the weight also increases. As the engineer expresses it, "The lift varies as the area; the area varies as the square of dimension; and the weight varies as the square for the same strength factors." Therefore the percentage of useful load does not increase with size. In fact, in the present stage of aeronautical development, most planes decrease in efficiency after attaining a weight of 45,000 pounds or more. With few exceptions, smaller rather than larger planes are under development today. Several types designed for war purposes were actually larger than the biggest of the planes that have recently crossed the Atlantic

A Twin-Motored Flying Boat in the Air

or are flying in aerial transport. There is little reason to suppose that any of the large types will gain relatively over existing types because of size alone. Instead of size, increase of power will proportionately increase load and range.

Since it now appears impracticable to build gigantic planes, other methods must be found to increase the carrying capacity, or pay load, on which the financial success of commercial aviation is dependent. At the present time this is being accomplished by reducing the weight necessary for actual flight and adding what is saved to pay-load weight. Thus, weight in a loaded airplane may be divided into five parts: (*a*) structure weight; (*b*) equipment weight; (*c*) power-plant weight; (*d*) fuel-and-oil weight, and (*e*) cargo weight. If we reduce structure, equipment and power-plant weight, we can add to fuel and cargo weight. By utilizing the new capacity for fuel alone, as Lindbergh, Byrd, Chamberlin and other transatlantic flyers did, we can increase the range of the plane. By holding fuel weight down, we can add to cargo capacity and dividends—as the aerial-transport operator does. The problem is primarily one of proportioning properly the weight of plane, fuel and cargo so that capacity, comfort and speed will provide the greatest returns on the investment.

Increasing Both Comfort and Safety

DURING the past ten years great attention has been devoted to improvements permitting the increase of fuel and cargo capacity and, of course, performance. This has been accomplished by lightening structure and power plant, and by reducing resistance. Marked structural progress has been made in the design of efficient wing and other airfoil sections, in refining body shapes, in streamlining wires and struts, and in reducing the resistance of windshields, tail skids, engine cylinders, wheels and other exposed parts. Comfort and safety have been increased by the use of improved landing gear and of shock-absorbing struts in place of the earlier bulky shock-absorbing cord assemblies. The development of the amphibian-type airplane, slotted wings, frieze-type ailerons, differential aileron control and stabilizer adjustment from the cockpit may be cited as new and distinctive steps in the steady progress toward increased efficiency achieved in the past decade.

Many of these features may need a word of explanation.

The amphibian airplane, as is generally known, is one that can operate from either land or water. Retractible landing wheels, which can be drawn into its body, or wings while in the air make this possible. This type of aircraft has added new factors of utility and safety to aviation.

Wheel brakes, as the name implies, enable the pilot to shorten the run of his airplane when landing from a flight, permitting the use of smaller landing fields, and, as the brakes may be applied separately to each wheel, increasing maneuverability and safety in taxiing. Amphibians as well as land planes are equipped with wheel brakes.

Slotted wings permit the airplane to land at lower speeds without stalling. The average airplane wing loses its lifting ability at the stall angle, because the smooth flow of air over the upper surface is broken up into eddies and dead air. The Handley Page slot is a narrow air foil placed at the nose of the main air foil, or wing. When the normal stall angle is reached, air flows at high speed through the opening between the small air foil and the front of the main wing. This swift current of air sustains the smooth flow over the wing until a second angle of stall is reached, practically achieving what engineers call a "flat lift curve." The second angle is roughly twice the normal stall angle in degrees. In order to take advantage of this high angle, the trailing edge flap of the wing is bent down and a fictitious angle of incidence—the angle at which the main air stream strikes the wing—allows the plane to take advantage of the lift at landing angles. A wing may be made up of a multiplicity of slots similar to a Venetian blind. Each added slot, however, demands an increase in angle of incidence to obtain the effect of the added lift in landing.

Compressed air has been tried as a means of maintaining smooth flow on the upper surface of the wing to offset normal stall. This air is furnished by blowers through jets having their openings near the maximum curve on the upper surface, but the results have been less promising than those obtained by means of the Handley Page slot.

The Hull Skeleton of a Large Flying Boat

Frieze-type ailerons add materially to sensitiveness of control. This is achieved by a new method of hinging and shaping the ailerons to make them more effective. Differential aileron control also adds to efficiency by enabling the pilot to increase the rolling motion more easily when desired. Stabilizer adjustment from the cockpit permits the pilot to trim the plane more easily in a longitudinal direction, reduces the load on the elevator controls and aids in landings.

Perhaps the most notable development in design has been the increasing use of metal instead of wood for airplane construction. To both designer and manufacturer metal offers many advantages. Its physical properties are more uniform than those of wood, allowing a smaller load factor to be used with safety, and it does not absorb moisture, which materially affects the weight and deterioration of structures. In designing, its physical properties permit the use of more efficient compact structural members, occupying less space and eliminating much resistance when exposed to the air stream. Its compactness is also advantageous in parts of the structure where space is a major consideration, as, for example, in the body.

Such metal construction as is now in general use is of two types—framed and monocoque.

With or Without Framework

THE framed type consists of a skeleton structural framework designed to carry the imposed loads from flying and landing in the form of either trusses or beams. The framework is then covered with fabric or light metal to give the required streamlined form. Monocoque construction utilizes the outside metal skin for strength, by providing sufficient reënforcement and doing away with the necessity of any skeleton framework. It has many advantages in aircraft design, including decrease in weight and the elimination of truswork, individual strength members and numerous connections and streamlining strips, which can occupy considerable space.

Monocoque construction also permits gasoline and oil tanks to be built into the structure instead of being added to it as is necessary in the case of the framed type. The utilization of the cross section for strength adds greatly to safety by eliminating the possibility of ultimate destruction due to a weakness in any one part. The following tabulation of useful load over gross weight of some of the best designs of ten years ago and those of the present day is presented because it emphasizes more clearly than words the advantages to be gained by the use of metal construction and refinement of design.

(Continued on Page 205

Airplanes Under Construction at the U. S. Naval Aircraft Factory, Philadelphia

BIG TIME

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"NO," CHERRY WALLACE said positively, "I won't. Eat your dinner now like a good little boy, and spread a smile over that dead pan while you're doing it or I'll hiss and walk out on you."

"You treat me as though I were a child," Ted Keeler grumbled, flushing.

They were dining at Maurice's, in the old French quarter of New Orleans. A big room with an old-fashioned high ceiling. Garish murals. A tiled floor sprinkled with sawdust. Rickety chairs and tables, clean coarse linen, indifferent service and excellent food.

She was dark, trim, pretty. Something about her of the cocky, confident alertness of a city sparrow. Smartly dressed. Only a woman would have noticed that everything she wore, from shoes to hat, was just a shade shabby. They were too often shined, steamed, cleaned, brushed, pressed.

He was tall, thin, light-haired. Blue eyes. A bony, large-featured, sensitive face. The stamp of college, dimmed somewhat, but still discernible on him. Mental and emotional growing pains evident in an appealing puppylike seriousness of manner.

Cherry studied him with wise, frank eyes. "How old are you?" she asked.

"Two years older than you are," he said stoutly.

"Check!" said Cherry. "I'm twenty-two. You're twenty-four then. That's calendar measure. It doesn't mean a thing. Why, Ted, when I was ten years old I knew stuff that you haven't begun to suspect yet. If you live to be ninety you'll die ten thousand years younger than I was when I was fifteen."

"I wish you wouldn't say things like that."

"I know you do. Did it ever occur to you that I wish I didn't have to say them?"

"You don't have to."

"Don't sulk, Ted. Eat your soup."

"I don't want it."

"All right. Call Henri then and let's get on with the dinner. Whether you want your soup or not, I've got to get back to work, you know."

"Oh, why haven't I got money!" he cried.

"Lots of reasons," said Cherry. "Your papa didn't leave you any. You're twenty-four. You're a New Orleans newspaperman. And then —— Oh, well, you're just the sort who doesn't have it, that's all."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Nothing more than I said. It's true, Ted. You'll never have money—not more than enough for next week and the week after, anyhow."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "Same reason some men haven't got blue eyes. They just haven't got 'em, that's all. You're the very nicest number I ever knew in all my life, Ted. You're too good to be true. I'm horribly in love with you, but I'd go down to the dock and join out with the catfish in the Mississippi before I'd marry you."

"Money isn't everything," he argued.

"Right!" she agreed. "If it was, I wouldn't be strutting my stuff back of a hotel cigar counter to get enough of it to check myself on to New York. If I thought it was everything I'd do everything to get it. I don't and I won't."

"Well, then if you ——"

"Hold everything," she interrupted. "An engine isn't everything there is to an automobile, but how much would you give for a car without one?"

"It isn't fair for you to say that I'll never have money," he protested. "Just because ——"

"Listen," she cut in, leaning forward, "I'm going to hurt you—bad. You're small time, Ted. You always will be—just small time."

"You say that because I'm just a reporter here in New Orleans now," he said angrily. "If I ——"

"I say it because it's true, Ted. If you were plastered up against a bigger town the small time in you'd show all the plainer. The biggest idea you've got is to get hold of that little paper up in —— Where is it?"

"Belleville," he muttered. "Belleville, North Carolina."

"How big is Belleville?"

"About eight thousand."

"Just your size!"

"Oh, is that so!" he said, stung. "There are a lot of mighty fine people in Belleville. Just as good people there as you'll find ——"

"Did I knock 'em?" she interrupted. "Fine people? I'd bet on it. There are a lot of mighty fine birds sitting on little twigs away up in the air, having a grand time. What's that got to do with trying to get a police dog to climb up and roost on a limb all his life? The dog can't do it, Ted, and that's no slam at the nice little birds."

"Have you ever been in Belleville?"

"Half my life," she assured him. "I've been in Belleville all the way from Portland, Maine, to San Diego and Bellingham to Key West."

"You've never really lived in a town like Belleville," he said.

"Check!" she agreed. "Never have and never will."

"You scare me when you talk that way," he muttered.

"Not me. It's the truth that scares you. The truth is that we haven't any more chance of getting married and living happy ever after and all that pap than the King of Siam has of being made chief of police of this town. I can't take you to Broadway with me and you certainly can't take me to Belleville with you."

"Broadway!" he said scornfully. "Is that all ——"

"It's no street," she explained. "To a trouper like me, it's just a word that means big time."

"You'd give up everything just for that—what you call big time?"

"You don't know what a real yen for the big time is," she said gently.

"Don't you think I've got any ambition?"

"You're an amateur," she said. "You live for the fun of it. You've been having a grand time down here playing reporter in this old town. You get a great kick out of it because people here tell you about O. Henry and —— What was that other guy's name you were telling me about?"

"Lafcadio Hearn," he said sullenly.

"That's the one. They were real troupers."

"They were not," he said. "They were writers—you know that."

"Troupers," she insisted. "Any real professional is a trouper, whether his gag is writing, singing, hoofing or Hamlet. You get a bang out of doing a bit in this town because those regular babies played here once. You don't want to go on and take what comes after."

"What do you mean—what comes after?"

"The gaff," she said. "You fall for me and what do you want to do? Dig up a few thousand dollars somewhere and make a down payment on a dinky little paper in Belleville! In five or ten years you'd have it all paid off and be sitting pretty on a little hill about the size of an ant heap. We'd have a flock of kids and a little frame house, a front lawn and a cheap car. That's the amateur's way out. The troupers take the gaff."

He Left the Car. She Sat Quiet for a Little Time

"'Night, Ted," She Called Over Her Shoulder

An Hour Later Ted Stopped at the Cigar Counter Again. "Say," He Said Excitedly. "Danby's a Peach, Isn't He?"

"I know I'm no genius," he muttered. "You needn't rub that in."

"Genius!" she said scornfully. "I'm talking about regulars—troupers, like me, like my mother and dad were. They never made the big time, but they never quit hitting for it. My dad could have clicked. He had the stuff, but booze and the horses stopped him. I haven't got as much as he had, but I've got enough, and nothing's going to stop me."

"You think you're going to be a star?"

"I'm going to have my name up there in lights one of these times, and what goes with it. I can't do that and stop over in Belleville for five or ten years to play house with you, Ted. I'm sorry."

"Would you marry me if I had money?" he asked.

"If you had enough I'm afraid I would," she confessed. "I'd marry you and use your money to help get across on the big time. You'd be miserable, Ted. You wouldn't like the places we'd go or the people we'd meet."

"How do you know I wouldn't?" he asked, aggrieved. "I don't want to go to Belleville either. I just spoke about that because it was a chance —— If I could raise the money somewhere—I mean, we wouldn't have to wait forever and ——"

"You know it wouldn't work, Ted," she said. "Belleville? Me?"

"You call it small time," he said. "I want to tell you it's a big job to go into a town like that and take a paper that's on the rocks and —— I suppose you think starting in with a little frame house and bringing up a—you know —— I want things, too, Cherry, and I'm just as willing to take the gaff to get them as you are. I want us to have the—the"—he hesitated, flushed, spoke the words with an effort—"the nice things. A home and—you know ——"

She reached across the table and patted his hand. There was a blink of moisture in her eyes.

"You nice kid!" she said huskily. "I certainly wish I could afford you."

He maintained a sulky silence while the waiter served the fish. An exclamation from Cherry startled him. He looked up and saw a man approaching, a smile of recognition on his face. A tall fellow, dark, a sprinkle of gray in his hair, a high sloping forehead, long chin, thin lips, an aggressive nose and wide-apart curiously small black eyes. His deep-tanned face was stippled with freckles.

"Well, look who's here!" Cherry called out cordially.

"'Lo, babe," the newcomer greeted her. He took her outstretched hand, bent and kissed her.

"Saw Frisco Tommy over at the hotel," he went on. "He told me you were here."

"I'm beginning to believe in Santa Claus all over again," she said happily. "Lew, I'm so glad to see you!"

"Let that ride for me," he said, chuckling.

"When did you get in?"

"This afternoon. Drove over from Miami."

"I could hug you!" she exclaimed, eyes shining.

"No law," he reminded her. "If there is, go ahead and break it. I'll spring you if you're pinched."

"Always a line!" she said.

"Don't need any line for you, babe," he said easily. "Just split the old teeth and the truth pops out like a slug out of a rod."

She laughed and, reaching up, squeezed his arm. "Sit down," she invited him. "Henri, another chair. Gee, Lew, I'm so —— Oh!" She saw Keeler, standing now, napkin in hand, embarrassed, hurt. "This is Mr. Danby, Ted," she said, "an old friend. Mr. Keeler, Lew."

Lew Danby nodded and smiled. His eyes spent a scant second in appraisal. Brief as the glance was, Ted felt scorched. When he sat down again he was breathing a little fast and trembling. Danby was seated, half turned from him, monopolizing Cherry.

"What's the big idea?" Danby asked. "Frisco tells me you're doing jolt back of the cigar counter over at the hotel."

"Hear about dad?" she asked. He shook his head. "Just before Christmas," she said—"in Arizona, near Phœnix."

He took her hand and squeezed it. "Sorry," he said briefly. "Knew he had it. Saw him in Saratoga summer before last. He told me then."

"He might have beaten it if he'd gone down to the desert sooner," she said. "But—you know dad."

Danby nodded.

"He did love to be around," he said.

"We went down there last August," she went on. "I stuck through."

"Too bad," Danby said. "He had a lot of stuff, Cherry. Good comic and there wasn't a better tap dancer in the country. If he just ——"

"Yes," Cherry interrupted him, "I know."

"What's this cigar-counter gag?" he asked again.

"Don't be dumb," she begged. "Did somebody tell you they were selling railroad tickets a dollar down and more later?"

"Didn't you know where to get in touch with me?" he said roughly.

She looked at him—a level look. Watching, Ted Keeler was gripped by excitement. The feeling was almost identical with that he experienced sitting at a ringside watching two fighters slug it out toe to toe. After a little Cherry nodded slightly.

"Yes," she said simply, "I knew."

Danby shrugged one shoulder and turned to Keeler. "You know old Scotty Wallace, did you?" he asked pleasantly.

To Keeler it was as though a gong had rung, ending a savage round. He was stirred, scared, abashed and ashamed of being so.

"No," he said with an effort. "No, I didn't know him."

"Great old card," Danby went on. "Everybody loved him. Babe, do you remember that time—during the spring meet, it was—that you and your dad were playing Louisville and he came out to the Downs with fifty dollars and ——"

It was a long story. One of a forty-eight-hour run of luck at the track and roulette, winding up with the end of the streak and the loss of winnings that ran into many thousands, within a two-hour period of ill fortune.

"He stuck his last fifty-dollar stack of chips on Number Fifteen," Danby said, concluding, "and lost. Then he stepped back from the table, waved the crowd away and started to dance. You remember the routine he was doing that year, Cherry?" She nodded. "He went through the whole thing," Danby continued, chuckling, "whistling the music as he danced. Then he stopped and pointed to his feet. 'I'll never be broke while those two heels hang down under my ankles,' he said. 'My pockets are empty and I haven't got a dime in the bank, but I can write a check with these dogs that they'll cash in any show shop in the country.'"

He smiled and lit a cigarette. "A great card," he concluded. "The mob on the big apple will miss him."

The three rode back to the hotel in Danby's car. It was a sedan, one of the most expensive of the foreign makes. There was a chauffeur. When the car stopped in front of the hotel, Danby turned to Ted.

"I'm stopping here," he said. "Where do you go?"

"I? Why, the office, I guess," Ted said.

(Continued on Page 112)

She Saw Keeler, Standing Now, Napkin in Hand, Embarrassed, Hurt. "This is Mr. Danby, Ted," She Said, "an Old Friend. Mr. Keeler, Lew"

RIDE AND TIE

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"I Declare," Says Al, "If He Ain't Just About the a-Struttingest Party I Ever Laid an Eye On"

SO YOU'RE a-speculating—remarked old Pap Sanders to the youthful horse wrangler—what makes them two old coots over on Pinto Creek stick together like twin brothers. They must discern a few good p'ints about each other, buddy, because they started to ride and tie close to half a century ago, and have been at it ever since, contented as two clams. What does ride and tie mean? I'll recite a few high lights about old Al Witherspoon and Hank Arnold, so you can see for yourself just what it does mean.

Eight-ten year ago there come along a summer that was drawing to a close, as summers has a habit of doing. Old Al Witherspoon and Hank Arnold had observed many a summer fading into fall without paying any special heed to it. They'd prospected every range from the Panaminta and the San Jacinto on north to Nome. They'd summered together in the Colorado Desert and froze in for the winter together at frigid Yukon camps. Sometimes they'd made a few minor strikes and had a little stake on hand, but always spent it a-hunting for the one big bonanza. The years had slid past without them noticing much until it dawned on them that they'd passed the signpost labeled Sixty by a considerable margin and was as broke as they'd ever been in their youth—no stake laid up against declining years. It was then they decided to get a little home ranch of their own and settle down. They picked on the Wilkins place. It lay in the foothills, close up under the main range, had a hundred acres of alfalfa on it, and a nice little water right out of the creek. They could run a few head of stock there, prospect the big range of summers, trap a mite of winters, and enjoy life generally. But they didn't have the price to buy the Wilkins place—which was for sale round seven thousand dollars. They had a fairish string of horses, and it come to them to go into the dude business and take out pack parties and hunting outfits until they could lay up the price of the Wilkins ranch.

Well, this particular summer was a-drawing to a close and they was about due to bring the outfit down from the hills and meet a hunting party of three at Hissop and escort them into the game country. Throughout the summer they'd had with them young Jim Channing. When they'd found him wandering round disconsolate at the railroad station and decided between themselves that he was in a bad hole and it would be an act of human kindness to take him into the hills with them for the summer, it was also with the notion that he'd be a dead weight on their hands, sort of.

Instead, Jim Channing had proved to be not only a genial companion but a real competent party. He wasn't to be lost in the mountains and he could handle a gun with the best; explained that he'd hunted considerable in Canada with his dad and big game warn't no novelty to him. He could handle horses with any man, and when old Al inquired whar at he'd larned to set a pony, Chan says they'd always had horses at home for him to fool round with. He swung an ax like a lumberjack and was a first-rate camp cook. All told, old Al Witherspoon and Hank Arnold had come to be real attached to Chan. When the time for parting drawed near they knowed they was going to miss this boy. Which in itself was no mean testimonial, for them two old terrapins had teamed it together for so many years that on the few occasions when they'd been accompanied by any third party the day of parting was greeted with a double-barreled sigh of satisfaction and not any noticeable regret.

"Wonder whar the lad will drift to and how he'll make out," Al speculated.

"I was just a-musing about that selfsame thing," says Hank. Their two minds always worked together like a well-matched team.

"Chan was sartinly feeling at low ebb in his sperits that day we discovered him," Al says.

"Low! He was sunk!" Hank agreed. "Going down for the second time at least. This summer in the hills has sure restored his mental outlook. It don't appear as if we'd ort to cut him adrift just yet."

"I was thinking that same thing," says Al. "We'll need a horse wrangler on this trip."

"My idea exactly!" Hank chimed in. "He's been a guest of ourn up to now, Chan has. If we hire him as horse wrangler for the trip, at least he'll have a little stake while he's getting his feet under him again. Likely he don't know what a wrangler's pay is, him coming from the East thataway, so we can double it and he'll never suspect."

Al Witherspoon slapped his thigh in high satisfaction. They put the proposition up to Chan, half afraid he'd know it was charity and turn it down, him having considerable native pride and self-respect. But young Jim Channing was right enthusiastic and the deal was closed. The hunting party hopped off the train at Hissop—though "hopped" ain't exactly the word to describe the manner in which the first one of them descended. "Emerged" would be better. Well, Mr. Merril, a dignified, middle-aged party, emerged from the train first and accorded Al and Hank an impressive bow.

Next came Alice Merril, his daughter; a girl of somewhere round Jim Channing's age. She flashed a smile at the two old-timers as she came down the steps. Then her eyes traveled on beyond them and came to rest on Chan. He stood there tall and straight and handsome as a picture. Jim Channing was the answer to a maiden's dream, and no mistake. He was smiling that easy smile of his and never took his eyes off her till he come to with a sudden start, picked up her luggage and walked off toward the outfit with it. And it seemed as if the girl was reluctant to remove her gaze from Chan's back as he walked away.

Last but by no means least, anyways not in his own estimation, was a man some fifteen years senior to the girl—a chap named Archer. He's distinguished looking, and it turns out that he was as distinguished as he looked; leastways he is in the circle in which they all travel in their own home town in Illinois. It leaks out that Archer was the wealthiest man, rating somewhar above a million, in their home hamlet. A man don't have to be a profound observer to discover that Archer is interested in Alice Merril.

Which was natural enough, considering the fact that Alice Merril was one of those charming, gracious creatures about whom everybody, old and young, exclaims, "Ain't she a lovely thing!" the first time they talk to her. The whole outfit fall for Alice like a snowslide. Bill Seely, the camp cook that Al had signed on for the trip, just laid himself out to cook up special dishes for her. Which, if you know camp cooks, is a sterling testimonial; because, in the main, a camp cook dishes up whatever suits him best, and all hands can eat it and like it or starve, and see how much he cares. The girl complimented Seely's cooking and she didn't conceal the fact that she was plumb delighted with old Al Witherspoon and Hank Arnold. Both of them were

tickled to death with her. Also, she's friendly as you please with Jim Channing, the horse wrangler.

She was riding behind Channing near the head of the outfit on the second day out when the trail led round a high rim and they could look way off down in the bottoms and see a green spot the size of a pocket handkerchief

"That's the Wilkins place—the one old Al and Hank figure to buy some day," he informed. "That is, if they ever get the final installment of that debt to old Dave Peel paid off, which don't appear anyways likely."

Right away, she wanted to know the particulars of this debt to old Dave Peel. Chan, during his two months with old Al Witherspoon and Hank Arnold, had adopted their mannerisms of speech. He'd acquired the vernacular, so to speak, and imagined that he couldn't be told apart from a native of the range. But his accent give him away. The girl favored him with a speculative look now and again as he related the yarn to her. Her eyes twinkled at some of his range expressions, but she didn't let on she'd observed anything; not right away, she didn't.

Chan had pieced out bits of information from other old-timers, so he knew the straight of Al's debt to old Dave Peel. It had come about when Al Witherspoon warn't much more'n a colt. He'd heard of the big Hardpan strike being made and he headed for the diggings forthwith. When he was riding across the Chollo Desert, lolling half asleep in the saddle, his pony made a sudden sidewise jump from a rattler and piled up in the bottom of a cut-bank wash. When Al comes to, his horse is gone and he's laid out with a busted leg some eighteen-twenty mile from the closest water hole. He started out to crawl for that spring. Round twenty-four hours later old Dave Peel comes plodding across the Chollo a-whacking a brace of burros ahead of him. He sees a crazy, crawling sort of a trail in the sand and stops to take a squint at it.

"I declare," says Dave, "if that ain't a new breed of terrapin to me," and he sets out on that crazy trail.

He found Al Witherspoon just about breathin' his last, got a few drops of water into him and packed him to that spring. Dave doctored him for six weeks, and by the time Al could travel, all the ground for miles round discovery at Hardpan had been staked. By staying there to nurse Al, old Dave had lost his chance to stake a claim. Al was real contrite about that, but old Dave only chuckled and surmised that whatever gold he might have gained by hustlin' on to Hardpan would have weighed mighty heavy on his mind if he'd deserted a fellow human to die on the desert in order to get it.

"Always bear it in mind, young feller," says Dave, "that while gold is a mighty nice thing to have, thar's other things in life that's a sight more impo'tant. Chief among which is not to have it setting astride your conscience and a-spurring you with both heels that you've left a fellow being in a bad hole. I've kilt bad men a plenty without no more qualms than ending a tarantular. But I ain't ever yet left a good man in a tight fix if 'twas to be helped. Besides, thar's no monop'ly on gold. We'll go find some for ourselves."

So old Dave Peel and young Al Witherspoon decides to ride and tie from then on out. After a few months they locate a fairish prospect and work it until funds run low. Al heads for a job in the mines at Hardpan, while Dave stays on to work the prospect. Every two weeks Al sends all his wages above his board money to Dave at a little camp called Crellin, so Dave has grub money and can buy powder, caps and fuse to work their prospect. After maybe six months Al takes a layoff and heads for Crellin to see how old Dave's making out. He finds all them remittances piled up in the Crellin post office, uncalled for, and he sets out for the prospect with considerable misgivings.

The upshot of it was that Al hadn't much more'n left for Hardpan that time before a delayed blast had busted old Dave up mighty bad. Old as he was, he hadn't been able to weather it through alone. Al found him thar in the cabin, six months dead. He'd wrote a note to Al, explaining how his time had come to fold his tent and making Al heir to Dave's half of the prospect, which was richer than they'd thought. Al sold it out for a tidy sum, collected them unclaimed remittances and set out to put all possible distance between him and Crellin.

Some time later Al turned up in Ten Sleep. It was easy to see that he was low in his mind. He'd stand at the end of the bar by himself and drink and brood. Bill Barnes says that a ghost sure is a-riding that young sport. Finally Al loosens up and relates to us all about it. It's preying on his mind that if he'd been the right kind of a pardner to old Dave, he'd only have worked three days a week at Hardpan and would have put in the other four days going down to Crellin to make sure that old Dave was all right. Bill Barnes, Rang Jones, Johnny Matteson and the rest of us scoffed at that notion and tried to p'int out that even a mother wouldn't go stampeding back and forth thataway in the case of an only child.

"It's no use, boys," Al says. "You mean well, but you-all can't convince me that I ain't to blame, after what old Dave done for me that time. I aim to squar my debts as I go along, and now I've been saddled with a debt that can't never be paid."

He took to riding round the range, aimlesslike, of daytimes. Then he didn't show up for three-four days and we-all was apprehensive, it being midwinter and plenty cold, that he'd set himself down somewhar, absent-minded like, and got froze stiff. Then he come riding into Ten Sleep in the middle of the night and roused some of the boys. Thar's a queer light in his eyes. Young Hank Arnold was a-holding down a line camp for the Cross F outfit for the winter. Al had come across the cabin and concluded to step down off his horse and proffer the occupant a drink out of the bottle he was packing in a saddle pocket. He found Hank Arnold thar on the floor, crippled up something scandalous, his horse having bucked into a bad-land crack with him and wallowed him most to death. He'd managed to drag himself back to the cabin, him only being a hundred yards off, but had collapsed and couldn't either start a fire or h'ist himself into his bunk.

Al had put him to bed, dressed his hurts as best he knew and nursed him along on whisky and hot soup for three days and nights; Hank out of his head and a-cussing him something fearful a big part of the time. Then he'd fell off

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Hank and Al Had Observed That Alice Merrit Was Putting In Considerable Time Riding Near Jim Channing

WILD IRON LIFE—By Chet Shafer

I'M BID fitty! Who'll bi' me fitty-five?" Husky-throated and loose-faced, an unctuous auctioneer challenged a small group of prospective buyers gathered under the trees of an old, square, brick, cupolaed, Midwestern mansion. He flourished a wooden mallet in his right hand. His left rested on the massive head of a superb St. Bernard dog of undoubted pedigreed strain.

"I'm bid fitty-five; I'm bid fitty-five! Who'll make it sixty?"

The bidding had been spirited. It had started low and mounted swiftly. But a lull came. None seemed eager to make the jump to sixty.

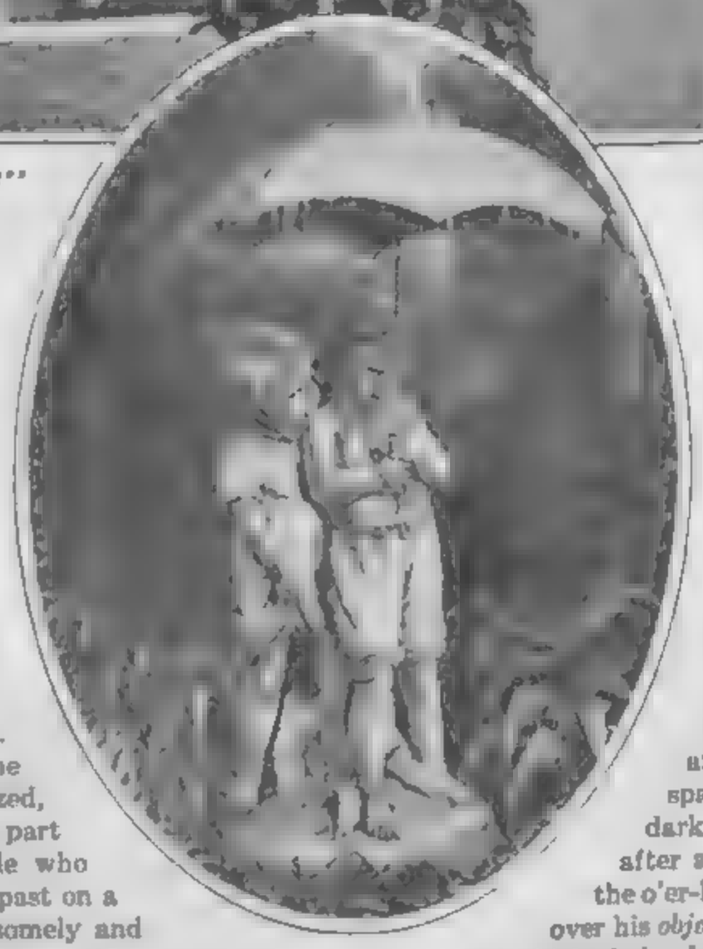
The auctioneer repeated a list of the animal's virtues, pleaded, attempted to shame his hearers. He drew out nothing. Finally, with a hopeless gesture, he queried:

"Do I hear any more? Do I hear any more?" He didn't. So he answered himself, definitely: "I hear no more"

As he spoke he brought his mallet down with a sharp tunk on the head of the beast at his side.

"Sold!" he shouted. "The gentleman with the eyeglasses gets this wonderful cast-iron masterpiece of the molder's gentle art for fitty-five dollars! And now, laydees and gentulmin, the next article I wish to call to your attention is ——"

"The Unfortunate Boot" and, in Oval, "The Bumbershoot"



A Trip to a Dead Circus

THE enactment of this scene was recent realistic testimony that at least one noble institution, shunted into the discard by the unsentimental yard engines of modernism, is about to experience a decided resurrection. The cast-iron and cast-zinc animal life, so prolific during the latter half of the past century, is already receiving some deserved recognition from those who appreciate that true art is but a faithful record of human progress. From far corners have come the first faint cries of interest in this well-relegated phase of the nation's outdoor-art development. And these cries bid fair to swell into a din of respectable proportions as collectors, with sudden realization, seek out the vestiges and offer a ready market. Earnest declarations are heard that this institution, almost wholly neglected since the devastation wrought by edicts of supercilious critics, may be revived. Certainly its remainders are to be preserved.

It requires no rough goading of the cockles of memory to register a vivid setting in those meandering days when these animals graced the front lawns of the mighty. In a profusion and variety little short of bewildering, sensationally lifelike in pose and attitude, they topped green-verdured swells of rambling lawns, lurked silently among the trees or gazed steadfastly adown the hollows. Blanketed with snow and rigid with cold in winter; still rigid, but hot to the petting caress, in summer, they stood, constant in fair weather or foul, lending a majestic touch to already majestic surroundings. Striking in individual strength of design and impressive in their surprising luxuriance, they conveyed in no unmistakable manner the social position of their owners. They indicated the immediate nearness of affluence and wealth. They marked the presence of taste and of quality.

"Sambo"—a Hitching Post

Decorative as their true purpose was, the animals had a much deeper significance in their effect on the life of the times. No false modesty prevented their owners from likening their lawns and estates, lavishly strewn with stag and deer, to old English parks where life was real and earnest. Nor from fancying that the dogs, in formidable poses, guarded the ancestral hall from attack. And the animals, whatever the species, whether plain or bronzed, played an extremely important part in the existence of the humble who were privileged to stroll slowly past on a Sunday afternoon to gaze awesomely and absorb the magnificence of the scene. In every town, following the church, Sunday school and yellow-chicken-gravy services, the villagers started out for their walks. Maybe Sam Moyer or Cal Benfer and the family had been asked in to dinner, so the groups were sizable. The youngsters, squeaking in well-burnished, pointed-toed shoes, scampered playfully ahead. The elders, menfolks and womenfolks separately, trailed leisurely, good-humoredly. They could go over to the cemetery, over the long bridge or over by the waterworks with its bright-hued flower beds. All were alluring choices, but not in the class with the walk by the homes of the elegant families.

They would move along past these places where the animals were, the children peering through the cast-iron fences, thrilled in the face of imagined dangers.

The boys would aver that the animals were real, and could bite—they knew of someone who had been "hooked" by a deer! The girls, holding hands to support their ebbing courage, would edge away timidly, and fearsomely ask if the dogs wouldn't bite; were they safely pasted down? The elders drank in the grandeur, their survey denoting proper respect and admiration, while the owner and his family, seated on filigreed cast-iron settees, that they might be in full view, swelled with pride. The groups would go on, turn, and pass by for another "gawk." When the event was over the womenfolks often made a few catty remarks, reflections of jealousy, and the menfolks, bragging, announced that as soon as they could afford it they intended to nurture a little cast-iron animal life on their own account.

De Luxe Pets

HOW the lords of the manors enjoyed their distinction! They reveled in the tributes to their riches and greatness evident in each passing eye. The animals, rare jewels of the plastic or glyptic art, guaranteed this admiration. Moreover, they fired ambition in the hearts of the modest gentry; they caused many pulses to quicken in unfeigned fear; they prevented countless boys from sneaking in and plucking crab apples off the crab-apple tree and little girls from picking arbor vitæ off the arbor-vitæ bush. Truly, they afforded rich moments for everyone concerned.

Sometimes, of course, the animals were responsible for unfortunate experiences such as befell the owner of an energetic and forceful piece, a recumbent spaniel, in front of his house. One dark night the citizen came home after a too assiduous association with the o'er-brimming stein and fell headlong over his *objet d'art*. Scrambling up, angered, he kicked the defenseless animal on its cast-iron nose. His—the owner's—howls of pain made the night hideous and he had to go around on crutches for two weeks, making ingenious explanations. Ever after when he reached his point of saturation he crawled past the dog on his hands and knees, thus restraining himself from a passionate temptation to wreak some more well-aimed vengeance. Later, on a Halloween, some boys of the neighborhood removed the animal to a remote point, where it no longer menaced the equilibrium and tranquillity of the owner.

Easily the largest and most readily recognized pieces of this well-lighted and shadowed fauna were the lions. Some stood, in savage strength and ferocity, flanking an entrance, in pairs. Some reclined, fearful jowls resting on paws that viciously overlapped their pedestals. The fawn, delicately nostriled and thin of leg and haunch, was a popular acquisition, too, along with the tiger, ever an exemplification of inspired work. Deer were fabricated in two postures, standing and reclining. Stags were available only in the upright position and many were nine feet high to the tips of their horns. But, outstanding both in preponderance of numbers and the need of attention they received, there were the cast-iron and cast-zinc dogs, those of zinc composition being in slight excess. These were realistic, forceful portrayals of all the then known breeds with one exception, the pug.

Why the designers, in their otherwise commendable love and reverence for Nature, missed this sniffy, snubby representative of the genus Canidæ will always remain a substantial mystery among right-thinking, sober people. The oversight is still regrettable.

In this grouping there were none of the grossly misshapen and exaggerated eccentricities of the modernists. Here could be found faithful depiction, simplicity of pose, exalted examples of ease of movement and grace and tenderness of form. In the leading position was the St. Bernard, formidable in size, but showing his generous nature in an open mouth and kindly eyes. He was on his haunches, but alert to save a life a day, if need be. The wolf dog, perhaps, was the most unusual type. His drooping tail bespoke a nasty disposition; it was spiraled dizzily. He sat with his eyes on the tree tops, as if pouring out a perpetual howl of discontent, and he appeared in a bronze coat which cost ten dollars extra, but was well worth the money. The Newfoundland stood with his paws toed in. He had a tail that started out on a straight line, nearly horizontal, but turned up at exact right angles at the halfway point—a curious, albeit arresting, feature. The game dog was on his haunches, mouth open, teeth bared, panting from a retrieve. His left forefoot was lifted from the piteous form of a bird with neck stretched out lengthily, cold in cast-iron death. Scotch terriers were numerous, their furrowed frowns well executed. The Italian greyhound was thin and emaciated, his delicate ears limp—the cheapest dog obtainable, he was, commanding only fifteen dollars in a market steady to brisk.

Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf in a Pasadena Garden

A number of these dogs came in pairs, in rights and lefts. This was true of the giant French bloodhound, a firmly modeled representative of his delegation, and numerous, despite the sale price—two hundred dollars. This dog figured in many casualties. He was a de luxe model—of zinc—and his tail slanted upward, registering a point. This tail, too thin in too close adaptation, was continually drawn into dramas like the one in which Russell J. McLaughlin participated in the late 90's, in Detroit.

Rare Specimens of the Iron Age

NOW a sedate, sober-minded music critic, Russell was then a very fat and mischievous boy. Unlike other youths, he held no fear of the cast animals. Passing a spacious lawn with some of his fellows one Sunday, he dared all to run and jump on the back of one of these French bloodhounds. He went first, leaped, and straddled the creature, but he landed with such force and so posteriorly that he broke off the tail at the hilt. The appendage dropped with a thud. So did Russell. The indignant owner blustered from his cast-iron veranda. Russell ran. The next day the owner called a plumber. The artisan was perplexed. Advice on the repairs was requested from the manufacturer. He supplied the information—the loss of the tail being a common form of casualty—"just impale the tail on a round bar of iron, thrust the iron into the hollow body of the animal and solder around the wound." This was done. After Russell's father paid the bill he first chastised his son and then issued the firm order:

"And don't ever let me catch you jumping on people's statuary again!"

The dogs, the deer and the jungle cats did not complete the list of models, however. The molders also poured off a few lambs; one glaring type of which was lying down, its front legs crossed. Its eyes were sightless—just holes. Its expression fairly marked it as the errant one not included in the ninety-and-nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold. Its fleece was always bronzed—a sublime touch of genius. There were rabbits, painted white, their ears straight up, and with wire whiskers projecting to make them look natural. Squirrels, painted gray, held cast-iron nuts in their cast-iron paws. Eagles were perched on rocks. These surprising birds had as much as a nine-foot wing spread in instances, and cost three hundred dollars. Griffins were not common, but could be had in two styles—one with a beak like a toucan, the other with a curved tongue and fitted with breastplate and harness. The griffins stood on octagonal bases.

Further, in the ornithological departure, two excellent creations were achieved, done by manufacturers for ferrous-minded clients. An innkeeper of New Hampshire, with high originality, had his yard filled and his barns covered with cast-iron crows. So lifelike were the birds that he was never after troubled with the depredations of chicken hawks. Another special order, emanating from a Minnesota farmer, called for two hundred cast-iron carrier pigeons. The modeler's task with this request—to endue the birds with charm and grace—was difficult. He succeeded magnificently, avoiding exaggeration, and produced a roughened, bulbous beak and a flat-sided cylindrical head with beady eyes in the exact center. The attitude was passive. Half of the pigeons were painted white, the other half black, and they were mounted on a plate which could be screwed down. The farmer set them in trees, on his gates, porches and buildings, and, in a burst of decorative generosity and subtle sympathy, he fastened a flock to the steeple of the neighborhood church. These still remain, their paint chipped off in patches, but capable of weathering the elements for considerable time to come.

The exact date of the beginning of the cast-iron period in American art is difficult to set, as no file has been kept of the names of the pioneers who successfully shipped the first specimens by freight, crated. However, it is known that the rise of this idea was coincident with the development of commercial cast iron, as against hand-hammered iron, now enjoying a brisk revival. Brave beams of sunlight are supposed to have slanted through the trees and played on some specimens in the late 50's, when landscape beautification was in its infancy. But first definite steps to satisfy what soon became an unassuageable public demand were not made until 1868, when Joseph W. Fisk began molding operations in New York City.

Pedestals on Request

MR. FISK made a trip to Germany, where the fauna had already attained a robust growth, and returned with several pieces, including a French bloodhound and a wild boar, the latter serving as his trade-mark piece. Other foundrymen caught the possibilities and during the 70's and 80's the business grew to remarkable proportions. All the animals were made from one-quarter to one-half inch thick of hide, and necessarily hollow, except for the rodents, which were cast solid. Models were made in clay. For zinc work the model was taken off in wax; from the wax impression a zinc model was made. Casting was then done in pieces, afterward soldered together. The cast-iron animals were made in halves, then screwed or bolted together. The holes were neatly filled with putty. Oftentimes the ridge at the joint was ground down none too well and was responsible for some rather startling irregularities, especially in facial expression. All pieces were sold with or without pedestals. In as much as the pedestals were expensive, many patrons of the art economically got along without them, and this condition gave rise to an apparently wholesome criticism that the animals looked as if they had been dropped quite by accident.

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Metal Gnomes and Rabbits at Play

The Alligator, a Cast-Iron Triumph

JIG TIME

By COLONEL GIVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ALONG, long time ago, as this fast-stepping younger generation figures time, an old black man sat on a levee down below Vicksburg and listened to the music of the Big River as she rolled on toward the Gulf. He was stone blind, this old black man, and he would sit for hours, his feet dangling in the muddy water, eyeless sockets staring out over the old river as she rolled along.

He was a fiddling fictioneer, this blind old black man, shriveled with age, blind as a bat, toothless; long bony fingers, like the black claws of some hideous bird, picking at a battered fiddle he held in the crook of his arm. Everybody along the Big River from Memphis to New Orleans knew him. They called him Pappy Blue Boy. Nobody knew his name. But somebody should make it a point to find out, because Pappy Blue Boy was the real father of blue music.

I know that statement will be challenged. I have read a dozen books, all tracing the origin of blue music to a different source. Only recently I read an article in a highbrow magazine by the Great Critic. He stated that blue music was originally black, but that miscegenation had set in long before it came to this country; that before blue music grabbed the world by the slack of the pants and shook it until its feet performed weird, galloping dance steps, it had become tinged with an Oriental yellow. He stated that in the case of blue music it would be a wise child, indeed, that knew its own father.

Now, well I know the Great Critic is the last word in such matters. But I wonder if he ever talked to Captain Tom Blood, master of the Betsy Walker. Or whether he ever walked down Beal Street in Memphis before Mr. Handy took his band to Broadway and started all the trouble by introducing The Memphis Blues.

"De Cotton Man, He Do It," She Muttered, as Though to Steel Herself, "an' Old Squire Donaldson"

Of course, Captain Tom Blood could be wrong, but he'll tell you that years before the first blues were whistled by a younger generation that—to hear him—was eternally damned long before it was born, Pappy Blue Boy sat on the muddy banks of the Big River and played The Memphis Blues, St. Louis Blues, and about a hundred other blues that have since made scores of young composers along Tin Pan Alley rich and famous. Captain Tom will tell you that Pappy Blue Boy would just sit on the bank with his feet in the water, and that the blue notes would come out of the water, travel up Pappy Blue Boy's old black legs into his body, down his arms and finally they'd come out of the battered old fiddle—the sweetest and yet the bluest tunes any man ever heard.

You don't believe the Big River cradled the blues? All right, you just go and sit on the edge of the bridge at Memphis some night and listen. Or anywhere south of Memphis. North of Memphis the Big River doesn't sing blue music. Up around St. Louis she seems to be too busy getting started on the long trip to the Gulf. She sings, but it's a busy, bustling music. And she keeps up a fast tune until she gets nearly to Memphis. But nearing Memphis the music of the Big River gets slower; a lonesome blue note enters her song. And after she leaves Memphis her tune gets bluer and slower, slower and bluer, until by the time she passes New Orleans she's sobbing and crying as if her muddy old heart would break

At least, that's the story that Captain Tom and Pappy Blue Boy would tell you. And who knows better, both having traveled the Big River from one end to the other for years and years, and loving her as they should have loved their wives, but didn't—neither being married?

Wherever the Blues came from originally, everybody will admit that Pappy Blue Boy brought them to Memphis to be suckled. Long before he died and was buried with his old fiddle on the river bank down below Vicksburg, he had taught Big Edna all the lonesome tunes the Big River had taught him. When he came to Memphis, Big Edna would feed him hog and hominy and let him sleep in the rear room of Mistuh Freddy's Place. And long hours she'd sit and listen while he played his lonesome tunes.

Now, with Pappy Blue Boy dead, Big Edna's fame as a jig-song warbler became great. Of course she wasn't famous among the white folks. Her street had not yet inaugurated White Night. That was to come later, after Mr. Handy had taken his band to Broadway. But along the street Big Edna was famous.

As befits the famous, the patrons of Mistuh Freddy's Place had built a throne for her—a huge chair of solid oak, heavily padded and cushioned, and raised to such a height as to allow Big Edna the greatest possible comfort while she played.

She lay back now and half dozed, great tousled head lolling on a bulging bosom, fat yellow fingers picking monotonously over minor chords. It was early along the street, just after seven of a long summer's evening, and Mistuh Freddy's Place had little trade. Later it would be jammed with laughing, shouting, hard-drinking blacks of both sexes.

Mistuh Freddy busied himself cleaning the bar. He was a small negro, black as coal. To many along the street he was a miracle man, a master of juju, a voodoo doctor with unlimited powers. His mammy, a wise old soul, had learned the black art in the swamps down South. Her reputation had been great, and when she died, folks naturally turned to Mistuh Freddy. He knew no juju, of course. Where his mammy had been a great believer in the efficacy of magic words, the mysterious weaving of hands, boiling pots at midnight and all the other eerie hocus-pocus of juju charlatanry, Mistuh Freddy's methods were much more simple.

He was known to police as a purveyor of cocaine. He sold hot whisky and aloe gin over the counter for a white politician who owned the saloon and cabaret. Under the counter he conducted a little business of his own, curing heart miseries and mind sores and love failings with the crystal-white dream dust that comes up the Big River from New Orleans.

A lone customer entered and pounded the bar. His glance strayed to Big Edna. "Whassa matter, yalla gal?" he asked. "Why don't you mess us up some music?"

"Trouble, li'l' boy," Big Edna mumbled sleepily. "Me, I got me plenty trouble."

Grandly the customer flipped a half dollar to the piano top. Big Edna's eyelids barely flickered, her big head remained resting on her bosom.

"Got me mo' dan fo' bits' wuth o' trouble," she said wearily. A bill replaced the coin. Slowly Big Edna raised her huge body out of the chair. She waddled to a door in the rear. "Me, I retires"—she grinned—"I retires to vanish dese troubles."

She was back in a few seconds, eyes flashing, thick lips smiling. She walked with a swing, carrying her heavy body easily, gracefully. Cocaine will do that.

The big woman's fingers were light and swift now. They tripped over the yellow keys airily and the monotonous thumping of a moment before took on personality, a lonesome, sorrowful tune, weepy and graveyardish; yet carrying with it an allegro movement that quite overshadowed the melancholia of the piece. Under Big Edna's caress the melody came out of the old piano with none of the clang and jangle of jazz, but soft and gentle like the heart of the race in which it was born. It was a lament in jig time, happiness mixed with sorrow pouring forth in soothing dance doses. She sang in a high, clear voice:

"Trouble, Trouble, Trou-ble, Trou-ble—
It sleeps in my bed.

Sometimes I know that Trou-ble
Will follow me till I'm dead.

Mistuh Freddy is a good man,
But he just won't be-have.
Mistuh Freddy is a good man,
But he just won't be-have.
Gits me a shotgun,
Sends him to his fa-tal grave."

In a high, clear voice Big Edna sang her troubles to a merry world and laughed, just as all her race have always laughed at trouble.

The cabaret was filling now. Soon the girls would arrive and Big Edna would take up her official duties as mammy boss, a forerunner of the New York night-club hostess. But now she sang jig songs; most of them detailing the terrible philandering of Mistuh Freddy. In her songs she slew him with shotguns, cut his throat from ear to ear, gave him up to the white trash across the Big River to be hanged. Mistuh Freddy, busy now behind the bar, grinned and sang also.

Outside, the street throbbed with black life and black music. The people, fresh from the day's work, were on the promenade. Blacks from the great plantations in the delta, wearing clean, cotton-fieldish white denims. Rangy, lanky blacks from the Ozarks, hungry-looking and catlike. Negroes from up North, carrying canes and sporting tailored clothes. Levee workers, great, husky men with purring laughs and soft voices. Girls walking along the sidewalk, white powder grotesquely graying black faces. Yellow girls rouged to a startling pink. Girls lounging along the curb, eagerly watching the crowd. Black, yellow, brown, high-brown, high-yellow—a maelstrom of color whirling and eddying along a dingy, narrow street that was then the black man's metropolis.

Laughter and music. Music upstairs and downstairs. An organ built for church hymns sobbing with jig music. Everywhere the minor-chord music—the dum-dum-dum—that was to form the basis of the craziest music craze the world had ever known.

And then one day Mistuh Freddy fled to New York. The trip was not made voluntarily. What preceded his departure is not germane to this yarn except as it serves to send Mistuh Freddy on his way; but a word of it to show the why of Freddy's departure.

As it happened, one Sammy Holman dropped into Memphis with a gaudy yellow suitcase. He slipped into the back door of Mistuh Freddy's one midnight and very cautiously opened the suitcase.

"It's yourn, cheap," he whispered, "because she's hot."

It was cheap—twenty ounces of Mistuh Freddy's favorite juju powder. They traded. And one hour later Mistuh Freddy was in a cell charged with possessing narcotics.

What matter if the stuff proved, upon analysis, to be nothing more powerful than lump chalk charged with quinine to give it taste? He was turned loose, of course, because there is no law prohibiting the possession of lump chalk. But a boy with any pride could not stay on in that neighborhood after having been such a sucker. And then he had been warned that the load was getting heavy; he had better lay it down.

So Mistuh Freddy was leaving. He had heard a wise, up-North Negro speak of a place called Harlem, where the blacks of the world were gathering. "Some day Harlem will be the Black capital," the wise one had told him. He decided he would go there.

Big Edna's heart was heavy. She loved the little black man and she was none too sure of his fidelity. New York was so far away. She steeled herself when he came to go. She was a study in indifference while the heart inside her big, yellow body was breaking. She told him she was sorry he had to go, but that a fool nigger that pulled the stunt he did ought to be run out of town.

Mistuh Freddy looked uncertainly at the huge woman lounging in the big chair, smiling up at him. His heart was icy. His eyes filled. He started to speak, but choked up. Head down, he turned to go, shuffling toward the door. The voice of his wife in song stopped him:

"Come here, my baby,
Set yo'self on mamma's knee."

He grinned sheepishly and came back to sit down in the huge lap and cuddle close, like a small child who has been whipped and forgiven. The big, yellow arms enfolded him and Big Edna crooned: "Some o' dese days dey'll be plenty sunshine an' roses—plenty sunshine, plenty roses for Mistuh Freddy and his big, fat gal. But now us has got trouble." The bare arms tightened for an instant, the great yellow face twitched in pain. Then a smile broke through tears and Big Edna pushed him roughly away.

"Git goin', honey," she ordered gently. "Git goin'."

Mistuh Freddy slipped through the door. He glanced back once and saw Big Edna bent low over the old piano, eyes big with glistening tears. And before he was swallowed up in the crowd, he heard her singing:

"Mistuh Freddy is a good man,
But he just won't be true;
He'll take all yo' money
An' stay away from you."

Out through her throat her heart came and followed Mistuh Freddy, who was speeding north in a Jim Crow car.

And the next day big Edna was gone.

Harlem was growing black. Like a great blotter, it sat on Manhattan, slowly sucking toward it all the foot-loose color of the nation. And on an invisible throne where she could scan the new black faces as the Subway belched

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"Ev'body Shorty Gawge Wid Big Edna," She Shouted

THE BLACK CAMEL

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

He Regarded Her With Sudden Interest. "Something is Missing?" "Yes, an Emerald Ring—a Large Emerald That Miss Fane Usually Wore"

FOR a long moment Chan stood with that fragment of letter in his hand. His expression was calm and unruffled, a very inaccurate indication of what was going on in his heart. Before a room filled with people some person had tricked and therefore disgraced the famous detective of the Honolulu police. Charlie Chan had lost face in the presence of seven witnesses. Though he had lived many years in Hawaii, he was still Oriental enough to feel a hot, bitter anger that startled even himself.

He sought to conquer that feeling immediately. Anger, he had been taught, is a poison that destroys the mind, and he would have need of all his faculties in the ordeal that impended. In this affair he was face to face with an adversary who was not only in a desperate mood but who was also clever and quick to act. Well, so much the better, Charlie told himself; he would find all the more satisfaction in defeating such an opponent in the end. For he would win out; on that he was fiercely determined. The person unknown who had killed, first Denny Mayo, and then, to protect that secret, Shelah Fane, would be brought to justice at last, or Inspector Chan could never find peace again.

Tarneverro was glaring at him with ill-concealed indignation. "So sorry," he remarked coldly, "but the police are in charge here now."

Chan nodded. "You are eminently correct in that sneer. Never before in my life has such a happening aroused itself in my path. But I give you my word"—he looked slowly round the little group—"the person who struck that blow will pay. I am in no mood that turns the other cheek tonight."

He took out his handkerchief and applied it to the cheek that had, unfortunately, been already turned. It did not need the trace of red on the white linen to tell him that the hand that had hit him wore a ring. His right cheek—then the blow had probably been struck by someone's left hand. On the left hand of Van Horn he noted a large seal ring; he turned to Wilkie Ballou, and on that gentleman's left hand he caught the glint of a diamond. Covertly he pursued his study; Bradshaw, Martino, Tarneverro and Jaynes were all innocent of jewelry.

Tarneverro held his arms aloft. "You may start with me," he said. "You are, of course, going to search everyone in this room."

Charlie smiled. "I am not quite such fool as that. Person who favored me with vigorous blow is not likely to hold incriminating letter in guilty possession. Besides," he added casually as he walked away, "the matter is of small importance anyhow."

Tarneverro lowered his arms. It was quite evident from his expression that he heartily disapproved Charlie's omission of what he considered an essential move. But Chan ignored him. The detective was making a swift examination of the cord which stretched from the lamp to an electrical socket a few inches above the floor. The plug, wrenched from its place, lay before him, its two protruding prongs mute evidence that its removal had been a simple matter. It had only been necessary to step on the cord anywhere along its length, move the foot a short distance away from the wall, and the thing was done. Simple, yes, but a bit of quick thinking on someone's part. Charlie restored the plug and the lamp flashed on again. He came back to the center of the room.

"We waste no time in fruitless search for letter now," he remarked. "I propose instead to fix in my mind our little group of characters, and perhaps learn from their lips just what they were engaged in doing at two minutes past eight tonight." He stood, gazing at them thoughtfully. "I have some hesitation where to begin. . . . Mr. Ballou, yours is familiar face, so I will start in your vicinity. Will you kindly state position in this house of yourself and Mrs. Ballou?"

The millionaire looked at him with all the arrogance of the white man who has lived for a long time among what he considers inferior races.

"Why should I do that?" he inquired carelessly.

"Murder has been committed," replied Charlie sternly. "I recognize your high position on this island, but you are not above question. Will you deign to reply, please?"

"We came here as dinner guests," Ballou said. "We are—we were—old friends of Miss Fane's."

"You knew her in Hollywood?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Ballou was, before her marriage to you, herself actress on famous silver screen?"

"What if she was?" flared Ballou.

"Why not be polite, Wilkie?" rebuked his wife. "Yes, inspector, I was in the pictures, under the name of Rita Montaine. And if I do say it, I was rather well-known."

Chan bowed. "Could one of your charm be otherwise? May I inquire, please, how long you have been married?"

"Three years this month," she told him amiably.

"You resided, perhaps, in Hollywood up to moment of your marriage?"

"Oh, yes"

"Do you recall—was Mr. Ballou in Hollywood for some time previous to that marriage?"

"Yes, he hung around for several months, pleading with me to give up my career and take him." Her husband snorted. "You may not recall it now, Wilkie, but you did"

"What the devil," cried Ballou irritably, "has all that got to do with the murder of Shelah Fane? I believe, inspector, that you are exceeding your authority. You'd better be careful. I'm not without influence."

"So sorry," said Chan soothingly. "I will come at once to the present. You arrived here tonight at what hour?"

"At 7:30," he answered. "The dinner was not until 8:30, but Mrs. Ballou got the invitation over the telephone, and as usual"—he glared at his wife—"she balled things up."

"At 7:30," put in Chan hastily, cutting off Rita's reply. "Describe actions down to present moment, please."

"What are you getting at?" objected Ballou roughly. "You don't think I killed Shelah Fane, do you? By gad, I'll speak to someone down at the station about this. Do you know who I am?"

"Oh, who are you, anyhow, Wilkie?" his wife put in wearily. "Why not tell the inspector what he wants to know, and have done with it?" She turned to Chan. "We arrived about 7:30, and after a little chat with Miss Fane, stepped out on the beach to watch the bathers. It was about a quarter to eight when we went out there, I imagine."

"You were engaged in this manner how long?"

"Answering for myself, I was on the beach until Jessop came out at 8:30. About ten minutes before that, Mr. Van Horn joined us, and my husband got up and strolled toward the house."

"At two minutes past eight, then, yourself and husband were seated side by side on sand. You heard no cry or other indication of disturbance?"

"None at all. The two girls in the water were doing more or less screaming—you know how people will. But that's not the sort of thing you mean, I take it?"

"Not precisely," replied Chan. "Thank you so much. We drop you for the present."

Julie O'Neill came slowly into the room. The new pink evening gown she had looked forward to wearing at the party was back on its hanger and she had donned a simple little gray chiffon. Her face was still decidedly pale, but she seemed calm and collected now. Chan turned to her.

"Good evening. I am so sorry to be here. Not until this moment have I encountered the pleasant thrill of seeing you. Would you mind informing me just who you are?"

Bradshaw came forward. He introduced Julie to Chan, and went on to explain the girl's place in the household.

"My heart's deepest sympathy," Charlie remarked. "As mere matter of form, I must ask about your actions during this most tragic evening."

"I can tell you all about that," Bradshaw informed him, "and kill two birds—oh, sorry—I mean to say, give you my own story at the same time. I arrived at the house early for a swim with Miss O'Neill. The last time we saw Miss Fane was in this room when we came down dressed for the water—that was about 7:40. She was here with Mr. and Mrs. Ballou, and Mr. Jaynes."

"You went immediately to the beach?"

"We did—and on into the water. It was marvelous pardon me if I put in a small advertisement for the local bathing beach. What I mean to say is, Miss O'Neill and I were together from the time we saw Miss Fane until about 8:30, when Jessop rang the gong calling us in. It was soon after that we made our unhappy discovery."

"You remained in water at all times?" Chan inquired.

"Oh, no, we came back to the beach now and then. Mrs. Ballou was there from the start, as she says. Mr. Ballou disappeared toward the last, and Mr. Van Horn showed up."

"At two minutes past eight, then, you and Miss Julie were either in water or making brief excursion to shore?"

"One or the other—we had no means of knowing the time, of course. It went very quickly. We were surprised when Jessop called us in."

Chan turned to the girl. "Miss Fane was wearing tonight pretty nice bouquet of orchids on shoulder?"

Julie nodded. "Yes."

"Fastened with pin, no doubt?"

"Of course."

"Did you by any chance note the pin?"

"No, I didn't. But I remember her saying she was going to her room to get one. Perhaps her maid can tell you about that."

"Are you in position to know who it was sent those orchids?"

"I am," Julie replied. "There was no name, but Miss Fane recognized the writing on the card. She said they came from her ex-husband, Bob somebody—he's an actor playing with a stock company in Honolulu."

"Bob Fyfe," explained Rita Ballou. "He's in the company down at the Royal. They were married when Shelah was quite young, and I believe she was always very fond of him, even after their divorce."

Alan Jaynes rose, and taking a small cigar from a case, lighted it, then walked nervously about the room, seeking a place to throw the match.

"A discarded husband," mused Charlie. "Ah, yes, I would expect at least one of those. This man should be notified at once, and arrive here with all speed possible."

"I'll attend to it, Charlie," offered Jimmy Bradshaw.

"Warmest thanks," Chan remarked. As the boy left the room he turned to the others. "We now resume somewhat rude questioning. Mr. Van Horn, you are actor, perhaps?"

"Perhaps?" laughed Van Horn. "Well, that's flattering. The reward of ten years' hard work."

"You have, then, been in Hollywood for the past ten years?"

"Ten years and a half—lost in what the amiable Mr. Mencken calls the sewers of Hollywood."

"And before that?"

"Oh, before that I led a most romantic life—ask my press agent."

"I seek to determine facts," Charlie said.

"In that case I shall have to tell you that I came there, wide-eyed and innocent, from an engineering school. I planned to build bridges, but my fatal beauty intervened."

"You have appeared with Miss Shelah Fane in other pictures before this one?"

"No." Van Horn grew more serious. "I scarcely knew her until I was engaged for this part."

"I do not need to ask where you were at two minutes past eight tonight," Chan continued.

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A Shocked Silence Greeted His Words. Calm, Unmoved, Quite Motionless, Chan Stared Into the Man's Face

THE AIR IS NOT THIN

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Ah, Don't be Funny. I Tell You I Got to Have Two Hundred Dollars. Quick. You're My Father, Ain't You?"

HIS wife said that the bare idea of a radio in the house was more than she could abide. Horrible noisy things! That, her manner proclaimed, was the end of that. They were at supper in the dining room; an additional fact not at all to be taken for granted. The dining room was small and dark in spite of a slight bay window, there was a gleam of questionable golden oak in it, a sodden glimmer of old red carpet, and it was almost too full of extraneous objects to allow any passage at all from the kitchen. The bay window was completely filled with a dilapidated baby carriage—Ellis, the youngest Livsey child, was nine—and the baby carriage was full of a long-accumulated miscellany. Mrs. Livsey kept her curling iron and a great many other details of her toilet on the golden-oak sideboard. A table by the kitchen door was occupied by the elegant scented details of Rosemunda Livsey's correspondence. Rosemunda commonly had freshly pressed dresses hanging from the light fixtures on the walls. The floor more often than not was largely occupied by Ellis' large police-patrol wagon.

James Corcoran Livsey, who was eighteen, said to his mother:

"I don't know as you're right. There's Ben Bernie and The Mediterraneans and the Palace dor and a lot of swell music."

All this made no impression on Addie Livsey. She merely repeated the word "noisy." She was a fat woman, very blond, and thought better than well of herself. Her mother had been in the theatrical profession, and that fact made her easily superior to all the circumstances and people with which fate had later surrounded her. Rosemunda, a year younger than James Corcoran Livsey, gazed disdainfully at her brother.

"All you think of is dancing," she proceeded. "The whole world is just a dance hall to you. There ain't anything elevating in your ideas of life. You're just a cake-eater!"

"What's that?" John Livsey asked his family collectively. "What is a cake-eater?" Rosemunda told him:

"A cake-eater is the reverse of a collegiate. That's what a cake-eater is. He wears soft shoes and tight clothes and dances very passionate. Just opposite from a collegiate. He wears wide pants and no garters and is careless all around. The cake-eaters hate the collegiates, but what the collegiates think of the cake-eaters is nobody's business."

"Is that right?" Livsey asked his son. "I noticed your pants were pretty tight, and you don't make no sound when you walk."

"Approximately," James Corcoran Livsey replied. "Something like that. If all you look at is the surface. If you don't get to the heart of things, Rosemunda is correct."

"A cake-eater don't want to work," Rosemunda added.

"I've noticed that," John Livsey admitted.

"He works too hard as it is," Addie corrected him. "You're use to work. It don't hurt you none. Goodness knows what it would be like around here if you weren't away sometime. But it's different with James. You forget he has my blood in him. His maternal grandmother was an artist. An *artiste!* You ought to encourage him in his dancing. Before you know it James will get a big engagement on the stage. If we got any chance at all, it will be James. Nobody could call you a chance today."

"I don't know," John Livsey said; "I've been with the one firm twenty-eight years. That's not so bad in this life of cake-eaters and college boys. I get a good salary and I'm pretty free to say what I want at the store. I didn't like the window last month and I went right up to Henry Plantner. I said, 'I don't like the window, Henry.' I said that, and he was the old man's son. He's as good as the old man right now. Well, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'John, why not?' Gideon Plantner's son, that was. I just told him—I said, 'Here it is the late fall and the window is full of hardware. You want to play up the sporting goods. Rifles and shotguns and big shining reels for Florida and red sweaters and coats for rabbit hunting. You want to get out of the city in the fall,' I told him. 'You want to get away from plumbing and the like. And then, later, I'd run the new line of Horizon radios in the window.' "

"There you are," Addie Livsey interrupted him. "I wondered how long it would take you to get back to radios." Her husband fell silent. "Radios," she proceeded—"when did a person ever get anything out of them she wanted to hear? I like music too much to bear them. Anybody who likes music can't stand a radio. I've heard fifty say so. I just can't endure one. When would you get your sleep with James playing the dance numbers all night? When would you get any peace? Tell me that. Besides, I've heard them. The Smysers have one and they are always working at it and it's never right. When it is right the night is wrong. And if they do get a piece you could listen to for a minute, they turn it right off and on to something else. A person who has a radio is never satisfied with what he is hearing. Still, there is no good going on about it. We're not the Smysers and making ninety dollars a week. There'll be no radio in this house with things like they are. I just get tired of hearing about it."

Rosemunda tenderly pressed down the dark flat curl that decorated each cheek. "Practically everyone has them," she said languidly. "You hear them everywhere you go. At least I do. It's a sign of the times. But I wouldn't expect one in this lousy house. There's nothing in this lousy house you'd expect would be here. Just look at this dining room, will you, with that rotten baby carriage in the window full of rotten what nots? It's been there forever. Look what's on the sideboard —"

"There ain't another mirror in the house with light by it," her mother interrupted her. "You know that well as I do. Can a person do her hair in the glass I got? I ask you in all fairness, can she? There ain't a light in ten feet of it. The silver is all off the back as it is."

"Right now, if I'd go out in the kitchen," Rosemunda went relentlessly on, "I don't know as I could finish my supper. I really don't. Most of what was left from dinner is in the sink right this minute. I guess you're right about a radio. I don't know how we would ever pay for it and I don't know where it would go. Personally, I intend to move down near the office in the spring."

"You ain't no such a thing!" Addie Livsey exclaimed. "You're going to stay to be a good girl, if I know anything about it. You need a home influence. A pretty girl has got to have parents where she can lean on them."

"Home influence!" Rosemunda cried. "Parents to lean on!" Her contempt took the form of a prolonged giggle.

Her brother said, "Don't be so fresh."

"You can shut your mouth," Rosemunda instructed him. "I guess I can speak when I want to. I work, at least. I work and earn good money and I'm a girl. You haven't done a thing for six months. You tell it here you are looking for work. Yes, you are! All you do is wait around for that brass check you dance with. That is, when her husband is traveling. I hear about you at the cafés with her and eating everything you want and drinking out of her big silver flask. You pay the checks, too—with the money she slips you on the street."

"Now, Rosemunda," her father remonstrated with her; "I don't believe it's as bad as that. You hadn't ought to say that about your own brother."

Ellis Livsey called shrilly, "I found a tooth in my bread pudding." He looked about, grinning, and then, after the pause secured by his announcement, added, "Ah, gee, it was mine."

In the subway, plunging illuminated through a crashing darkness, John Livsey's thoughts hurried ahead to his daily work. He was a clerk in the hardware store of Gideon Plantner and Son and, with the way things were at present, he had to keep his wits about him. He did for a fact. Gideon Plantner and Son—chiefly, now, due to Henry, the son—had grown very successful; their business had doubled, and doubled again, since the war in Europe, and it showed no signs of stopping. Gideon Plantner, who was old, came down to the store pretty near every day; he looked over the books and he looked over the stock, but it amounted to no more than that. Henry was responsible for all the new departures—he had brought the sporting goods up from a few doubtful revolvers, a fishing rod or so, until it occupied almost one-fifth of the whole store. There was, now, a great variety of revolvers and pistols, American and German; automatic pistols that could be turned into short rifles. They lay within a glass case, dark with bluing and shining with burnished steel, fascinating and dangerous. John Livsey often looked at the amazing stock of revolvers—he thought of them all mostly as revolvers—in amazing unfamiliar shapes. They were so flat! He gazed at them and thought of the late war, of Germans in double-breasted gray overcoats, of Americans in painted steel hats, and of Frenchmen with curled beards. The phrase, "the zero hour," buzzed in his head like a portentous alarm clock. He thought of machine guns and trenches and towns in France with French names. He thought of French girls ——

John Livsey had never seen a French girl, but he was persuaded that they were different from all the other girls on the face of the earth. Gayer. Like his son, James Corcoran, they were always dancing. They danced and kicked up and showed their petticoats—they wore, it seemed, petticoats—and then at benches along the walls of cafés they drank champagne. Cheerful girls. Girls who didn't take your head off if you offered to kiss them. Girls you wanted to kiss! Yes, sir. That was it. Girls who smelled of cologne. With bows on their garters. In short, girls. The pistols at Gideon Plantner and Son led him on to think of all that; the fishing tackle took his imagination in a totally different direction. In spring and late in the fall the fishing tackle captured John Livsey's imagination:

Especially in April. Men came in then to purchase fly rods; they put them together and delicately tried their swaying delicate arcs. The fly rods were made of split bamboo and they were tied with red and green and black silks. The reels were small and light, and the lines were silk and beautifully smooth. The lines for dry-fly fishing were coated with deer fat and they were double tapered.

The flies were marvelous—brilliant minute splashes of feathered color. There were flies tied with silver, flies with silver bodies, and flies tied with gold. There was a fly called Scarlet Ibis and a Silver Doctor and gray and brown hackles. There were leader flies and droppers—he was at once familiar with all this and vague about it—and remarkable plugs for bass fishing. There were wooden plugs and metal plugs with joints, and white strips of pork in a bottle. There was gut for leaders, and tackle boxes and knives and leather books and long waders. For the spring. It was different in the late fall. Then men bought heavy rods, incredibly big hooks, the enormous reels, for fishing in the South. Or else, at the end of winter, they brought their tarpon rods and reels in to Gideon Plantner and Son to have them overhauled for the approaching tarpon season.

In November they sold rifles—with a great talk of trajectory and muzzle velocity—for the open deer season. John Livsey heard the hunters talk about the mountains of Pennsylvania, the sea islands of South Carolina, the moose hunting of New Brunswick. The law, he would hear, was out on does for that year. Men returned from fishing and hunting and stopped in at Gideon Plantner and Son to relate their adventures and exploits to Henry Plantner. John Livsey, when it was possible, listened to them. "The moose stood looking at me and the guide shouted, 'Crack down on him!' Well, it was five hours before we found him. Tracked him by the blood on the snow." Or else, "I gave it up and told the captain to go back to the landing. It was past midnight and the slack water was done for that tide. 'Wait a minute, captain,' I said; 'my hook is caught on the bottom.' 'Bottom,' he yelled—'bottom hell! That's a tarpon.' And then, in the moonlight, he jumped."

The sporting-goods department, under Henry Plantner, was even more comprehensive; there was a wide selection of archery goods—bows a man couldn't bend unless he had the trick of it, arrows with steel points and different dyed feathers, targets—only they were called butts—and leather guards for your arm and fingers. Ladies came in to look at the archery goods. Mr. Bennington, who had charge of that department, strung the bows and the ladies tried pulling them back. Sometimes they fitted an arrow on the string and shot it for a few wabbling yards. Henry Plantner, if he was near, made a joke of that, about Cupid. The bows and arrows, however, didn't make John Livsey think about Cupid. They brought to his mind, vague and powerful, the English forest. The past. Men in bright green, with feathers in their caps, and long bows.

John Livsey thought of meadows and little towns with turrets and walls all made out of gray stones. The roofs were pointed. Men in a leafy forest with bows and arrows. Men with shirts of steel links. Sparkling streams under banks of moss and violets. Nights wide with stars. Pink daybreaks in summer and sunsets across the snow of December. Deep open fires and hot drinks with roasted apples in them. That was what bows and arrows made John Livsey think of. Hot drinks and crabapples.

It was different again about the games—the games didn't take hold of his imagination and no more did they flourish at Gideon Plantner and Son. Even Henry Plantner had failed to make the games move. Take golf; at one time a big shipment of golf clubs had arrived. A rack dividing one kind from another was constructed in a corner and a space left large enough to make swinging a golf club comparatively safe, but it had not been a success. Boxes of golf balls stayed on the shelves all through the summer, the clubs with metal heads quietly rusted. John Livsey could plainly see that there was nothing to golf. There just wasn't nothing to it. He was relieved when the clubs and balls, the fingerless gloves and boxes of pegs to set the balls up on, disappeared. Yes, Henry Plantner, at least there—there anyhow—had been wrong. A game wasn't a thing that put you in mind of anything. Even the horse-racing games had no spirit to them. Little lead horses in grooves. Tennis, where John Livsey, Gideon Plantner and Son, were concerned, was hardly better. For one racket you sold, a half dozen went loose in the strings. The people who came in to buy tennis supplies had nothing to say. John Livsey didn't know a more uninteresting set of people. Anybody who played a regular game—as a practice, that was—was a nincompoop. He was willing to include games of cards. That was, if you excepted poker. He could imagine railroad magnates playing poker in their silk shirt sleeves, moving forward over green baize green and yellow stacks of chips. Highballs! A thousand dollars and not a quiver. Seventy thousand. Railroads and steamship companies

Continued on Page 80

Rosemunda Said, "That's the First I Ever Heard You Say Anything With Any Nerve to It. You're Usually Afraid to Speak"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 25, 1929

The Capital Gains Tax

MR. C. E. MITCHELL, president of the board of the National City Bank of New York, proposes to solve our harassing credit problem by the immediate repeal of the Federal tax upon capital gains arising from the sale of securities and the concurrent abolition of credits for capital losses. Mr. Mitchell will find many to share his opinion that the tax on capital gains is one of the prime causes of present difficulties; that it has created artificiality in the security markets, in the credit structure and in interest rates; that it has created scarcity values in stocks, which have forced up prices and have caused an enormous increase in the loan account.

Every investor, great and small, has felt the secondary effect of this tax. The country teems with holders of securities who have paper profits, but who refuse to realize them on account of the burdensome tax to which they would render themselves liable. This means that they must call upon the banks to help them maintain their old holdings or to finance their new commitments. It means that current buyers must pay artificially stiff prices and must expect to see a constant expansion of the loan account. It means that the whole securities market labors under an incubus which has the effect of putting a brake on free trading and prevents the natural turnover and interchange of securities.

Mr. Mitchell appears to have searched as diligently for objections to his proposal as for considerations which favor its adoption. The obvious criticism is that the repeal of the tax on capital gains on securities would do away with a proportion of our national revenue, which would have to be replaced by levies in other quarters. Turning to the figures for the year 1927, which are the latest available—a year of rising prices and great stock-market activity—it is seen that capital gains, including those upon real estate as well as those upon stocks and bonds, amounted to only ten per cent of our total reported individual and corporation incomes. It seems likely, moreover, that any resultant loss from the repeal of this tax would be compensated for by taxpayers' inability to take credit for capital losses.

The Treasury Department, ever sensitive to any change of policy which might have a tendency to lower its revenues, entertains no fears of the results of a repeal of this tax. Year after year this department, in its annual reports, has been directing attention to the inequity, unwisdom and economic unsoundness of this tax, giving clean-cut reasons for its opposition to it.

Every member of Congress should give Mr. Mitchell's brief the thorough and careful study to which it is entitled. Existing credit conditions are a real menace to the highest prosperity of the country, and they are likely to become still more threatening if wise and well-thought-out corrective measures are not promptly applied.

The Dominant Issue

PRESIDENT HOOVER was unquestionably right in saying, in his New York address to the press, that the dominant issue before the American people is the enforcement of and obedience to the laws of the United States, both Federal and state.

The President's remarks were well documented. As usual, he had the facts and the figures. He reminded us that more than nine thousand human beings are lawlessly killed in the United States each year; that little more than half as many arrests follow; that less than one-sixth of these slayers are convicted. He rubbed in other prickly statistics, such as the records which show that in proportion to population there are twenty times as many homicides in the United States as in Great Britain; that, proportionally to population, burglaries are three times as common here, and robberies are fifty times as numerous; that murders can apparently be committed with impunity, and such crimes as embezzlement and forgery thrive unchecked.

For years the country has been discussing and denouncing the conditions so strikingly set forth and has even made some scattered and puny efforts to combat them; but nothing like a whole-hearted, nation-wide drive on crime has yet been launched.

We hail with somewhat tempered enthusiasm Mr. Hoover's expressed intention to appoint a commission to study and report upon the whole of our problems involved in criminal law and its enforcement. There is no reason for doubting that the personnel of this body will command the respect of the country for its wisdom, integrity and technical acumen. There is no ground for the supposition that it will not do careful, thorough work and submit recommendations whose whole-hearted adoption would bring about a vast betterment of existing conditions; but there is small encouragement to believe that the result of its labors, after having been a nine days' wonder and after having been commended by the press of the entire country, will not be tossed into the dust bin to keep company with similar studies and reports we have been reading and disregarding for the past generation. We have long known all that need be known to form an opinion as to the desirability or undesirability of prohibition, to simplify our criminal law, to expedite trials, and to thrust aside the barrier of technicalities that protects the professional criminal at the expense of society.

The bitter truth of the matter is that too many of our criminal lawyers do not wish to see these reforms brought about. They will fight tooth and nail in the future, as they have in the past, to bring them to naught. A motley army of machine politicians, corrupt police departments, crooked contractors, dirty-work men, bootleggers, dope sellers, gangsters, promoters of commercialized vice and receivers of stolen goods, backed by the entire rank and file of the underworld, will stand shoulder to shoulder to resist any serious effort to make crime less safe or less profitable.

If we fondly harbor the delusion that we are a free people, it is only because we close our eyes to what is going on around us and childishly underestimate the paralyzing strength of the unseen army which constitutes our vicious minority—an army which acts as one man because it is bound together by a common desire to go on making a living by defying the law and preying upon society. Arrayed against it is that larger army of decent citizens, right-thinking when it thinks at all, lukewarm and indifferent, too often smug in its own righteousness, content with hollow academic theories, prideful with shibboleths on our national greatness, and quaintly triumphant when some peculiarly bloodthirsty or careless criminal is brought to tardy justice. Whenever the country really wants law-enforcement instead of conversation about it, we shall have it. We have a President who sincerely desires it and has the will to go through with it. All that is needed is a little less softness on the part of the American people, and a little more clear thinking on the consequences of permitting present conditions to continue.

Old-Age Security

THE quickened interest in New York State in the problem of old-age security is a healthy sign of public conscience. Expert opinions may differ concerning the wisest method of providing comfort for old people, but the reality of the obligation upon society and the individual becomes plainer as time goes on. Nor is it a question confined to any one social class. Secretary Davis and other students of wage conditions keep emphasizing the hardship upon laboring men who are displaced early in middle life. At the other end of the scale we have the disappointments of the Carnegie system of pensions for college professors.

As sanitation, public-health work and medical science keep an ever-increasing proportion of the elderly folks alive, financial provision must be made either by themselves, by their children or by society in general for their later and unproductive years. Formerly old men and women lived on the farm and puttered around with the work. But they are expensive to support in city apartments, and the demand for younger workers puts the older ones on the shelf sooner than in the past. Of course, those who are able to save enough in their productive years in the form of bonds, stocks, real estate, life insurance, annuities or other kinds of property, present no problem. But many do not save; nor are all those of the lower manual wage earning classes by any means.

There is a real danger at present that public opinion will be misled in respect to the solution of this problem. So much is being said in favor of state pensions that persons whose information on the subject is casual may jump to the conclusion that the only action needed is to put such systems into effect. But state pensions can hardly be more than a substitute for or supplement to the present systems of poor relief. State pensions are essentially for indigents and paupers, and therefore have a limited scope, although important enough within those limits.

State pensions provide a bare stipend of a dollar or so a day to very elderly people who have practically no other means of support. This may be a far better system than the present almshouse arrangement, but it holds little promise to enormous groups of the population, outside of protection against actual starvation. The state, indeed, can do little more than this. If it attempts to assure the great middle classes against pinching and discomfort in their later years, the burden upon the taxpayer will be utterly unbearable.

Taxpayers and industry together—and they are often one and the same—must always provide for the feeble and aged at poverty levels. But how shall the middle and educated groups be cared for? The problem calls for co-operative effort. The employer and the employe should make joint contributions to a fund to that end. Simple arithmetic demonstrates the value of such an arrangement. Besides, it has the advantage of providing pensions by right rather than by favor. The free pension system, whatever motive may prompt it, is inherently unsound. As the number of employes and the size of their salaries increase, the employer or benefactor finds himself swamped.

This is the difficulty with the Carnegie pension system. With an unexpected increase in the number of college teachers and the even more astonishing rise in salaries in the past ten years, it has become necessary to cut and cut, with consequent feelings of thwarted expectation. Thus industry and education both begin to realize that the sound system of pensions consists of a series of contractual annuities, based solely upon deposits or contributions actually paid into a fund by both parties, all calculated upon a small but guaranteed rate of interest and based upon specified tables of mortality.

About These Mystery Stories

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

IT IS an odd fact, frequently commented upon by thoughtful observers, that most of the great plagues in history have crept on the world insidiously and without warning. Nobody notices that anything in particular is happening, until one day the populace wakes up to find the trouble full-blown in its midst.

In the Middle Ages, for instance, everything was perfectly peaceful and normal—knights jousting, swineherds tending pigs, landowners busy with soc and seizin and all that sort of thing—when one morning—on a Tuesday it was, six weeks come Lammas Eve—a varlet, strolling along the road between Southampton and Winchester—where the filling station is now—encountered a malapert knave and fell into conversation with him after the sociable fashion of those days.

"How now?" quoth the varlet.

"Ye same to you," said the knave courteously.

After which, as usually happens when two sons of the soil get together for a chat, there was a pause of about twenty minutes. At the end of this period the varlet spoke.

"In my village there hath chanced a happening," he said, "which hath caused much marvel. Rummy, is ye general verdict. Old Bill of ye Mill suddenly turned black yesterday."

"Black?" said the knave, wondering.

"Black is right."

"Well, by St. James of Compostella, if this doth not beat ye band!" exclaimed the knave. "Down where I live, George ye Cowherd hath turned black too."

"Thou dost not say!"

"Of a verity I do say."

"What can have caused this?" cried the varlet.

"I could not tell thee," said the knave. "I am a stranger in these parts myself."

And a week later the Black Death was all over the country, and a man who did not look like Al Jolson singing Sonny Boy could scarcely be found anywhere.

Advice to My Son John

IN MUCH the same way, quietly and, as it were, surreptitiously, the present flood of mystery stories has engulfed the British Isles. Only a short time ago the evil appeared merely sporadic. Now we are up to our necks in the things, and more coming all the time. There seems to be some virus in the human system just now which causes the best writers to turn out thrillers. This would not matter so much, only, unfortunately, it causes the worst of writers to turn them out too. The result is that this royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle, this earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, this other Eden, demiparadise, this fortress built by Nature for herself against infection and the hand of war, this happy breed of men, this little world, this precious stone set in the silver sea, which serves it in the office of a wall or as a moat defensive of a house—I need scarcely say that I allude to England—has degenerated into an asylum full of goofs reading one another's detective stories. And ninety-nine out of every hundred a dud.

A disquieting thought.

It does not seem to occur to the ordinary man how hard it is to do this sort of thing well. If I had a son who was thinking of writing mystery stories—and if I had a son of an age to hold a pen, that is certainly what he would be doing nowadays—I should take him aside and try to point out some of the difficulties lying in his path.

"James—or John—" I should say, "think well! Never forget that over every mystery story there broods the shadow of a yawning reader saying 'What of it?' You tell him that Sir Gregory Bulstrode has been found murdered in his library. 'Who cares?' is his reply. You add that all the doors and windows were locked. 'They always are,' he says. 'And suspicion points to at least half a dozen people!' you scream. 'Oh, well,' he mumbles, dozing off, 'it turns out in the end that one of them did it, I suppose?'"

That is the trouble. For the mystery novel Suspicion Handicap, the field is limited. You know it wasn't the hero or the heroine who did the murder. You are practically sure it couldn't have been Reggie Banks, because he is a comic character, and any vestige of humor in any character in a mystery story automatically rules him out as a potential criminal. It can't have been Uncle Joe, because he is explicitly stated to be kind to dogs. So you assume it must have been some totally uninteresting minor character who hardly ever appears and who is disclosed on the last page as the son of the inventor whom the murdered man swindled forty years ago. At any rate, you know quite well it's one of them.

Who Killed Sir Ralph?

IF I WERE writing a mystery story I would go boldly out for the big sensation. I would not have the crime committed by anybody in the book at all. Here are the last few paragraphs of a little thing I could write in a couple of weeks if I had not a soul above this form of literature:

"You say, Jerningham," I gasped, "that you have solved this inscrutable problem? You really know who it was that stabbed Sir Ralph with the Oriental paper knife?"

Travers Jerningham nodded curtly. I was astonished to see that he displayed none of that satisfaction which one would naturally have expected.

"I do," he said.

"But you seem gloomy, Jerningham—moody. Why is this?"

"Because it is impossible to bring the criminals to justice."

"Criminals? Was there more than one?"

"There were two, Woodger. Two of the blackest-hearted menaces to society that ever clutched a knife handle. One held Sir Ralph down, the other did the stabbing."

"But if you are so sure of this, how is it, Jerningham, that you cannot give the scoundrels their just deserts?"

Travers Jerningham laughed a bitter laugh.

"Because, Woodger, they aren't in the book at all. The fiends were too cunning to let themselves get beyond the title page. The murderers of Sir Ralph Rackstraw were Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton."

THE END

That would be something like a punch. And it is

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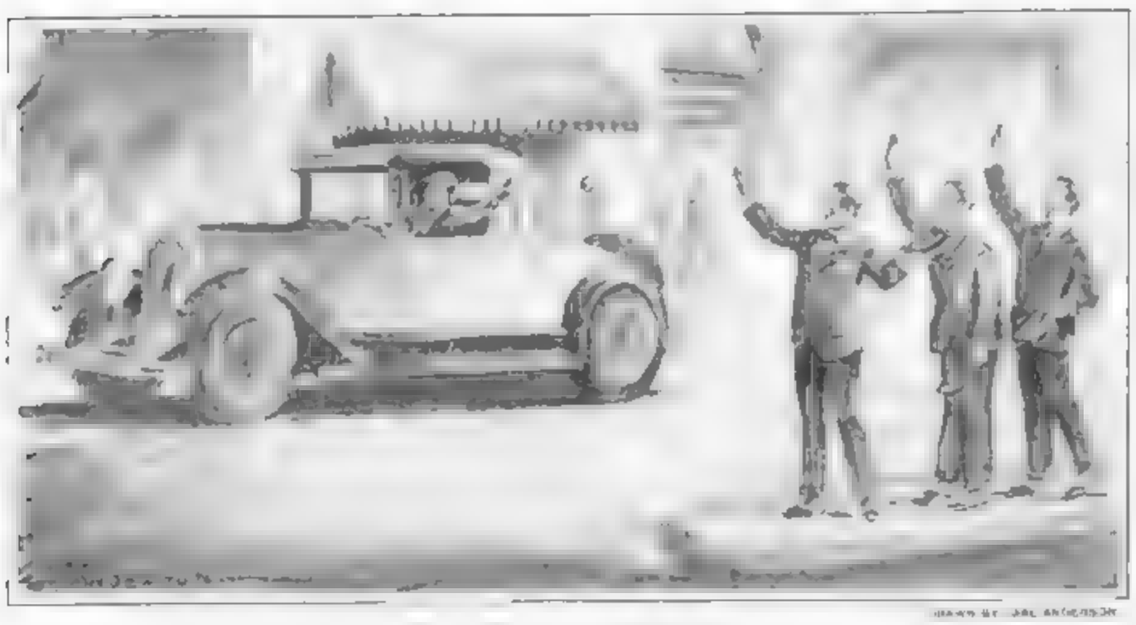
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



The Isle of Safety

Indignant Parent: "Young Man, What Do You Mean by Kissing My Daughter?"

Mrs. Dimpleton (to Distinguished Head Master of Distinguished Boys' Private School): "Your School is Difficult to Get Into, is it Not?"
"It is Considered So, Madam. An Early Application is Most Advisable. Do You Wish to Enter Your Boy?"
"If I Have a Boy."

First Love

HOW humorous the errors
We make upon our way!
You were the prologue, and
I thought you were the play!

-Mary Carolyn Davies.

The Card Trick

"I'LL show you a card trick," said Oswald as the conversation stalled for the seventh time.

"Good!" said I. "Good! I love card tricks."

"Have you got a pack of cards?"

"No."

"Well, how do you expect me to show you a card trick if you haven't got a pack of cards?"

"I don't know."

"Of course, we have a pack of cards," interposed the wife. "Don't you believe him, Oswald. He's always that way. We have several packs of cards. Unless the children have got into them."

The wife looked for the packs of cards in the desk drawer. The children had indeed got into them. They had evidently been playing some game requiring five packs of cards, colored crayons, ink, mucilage and scissors.

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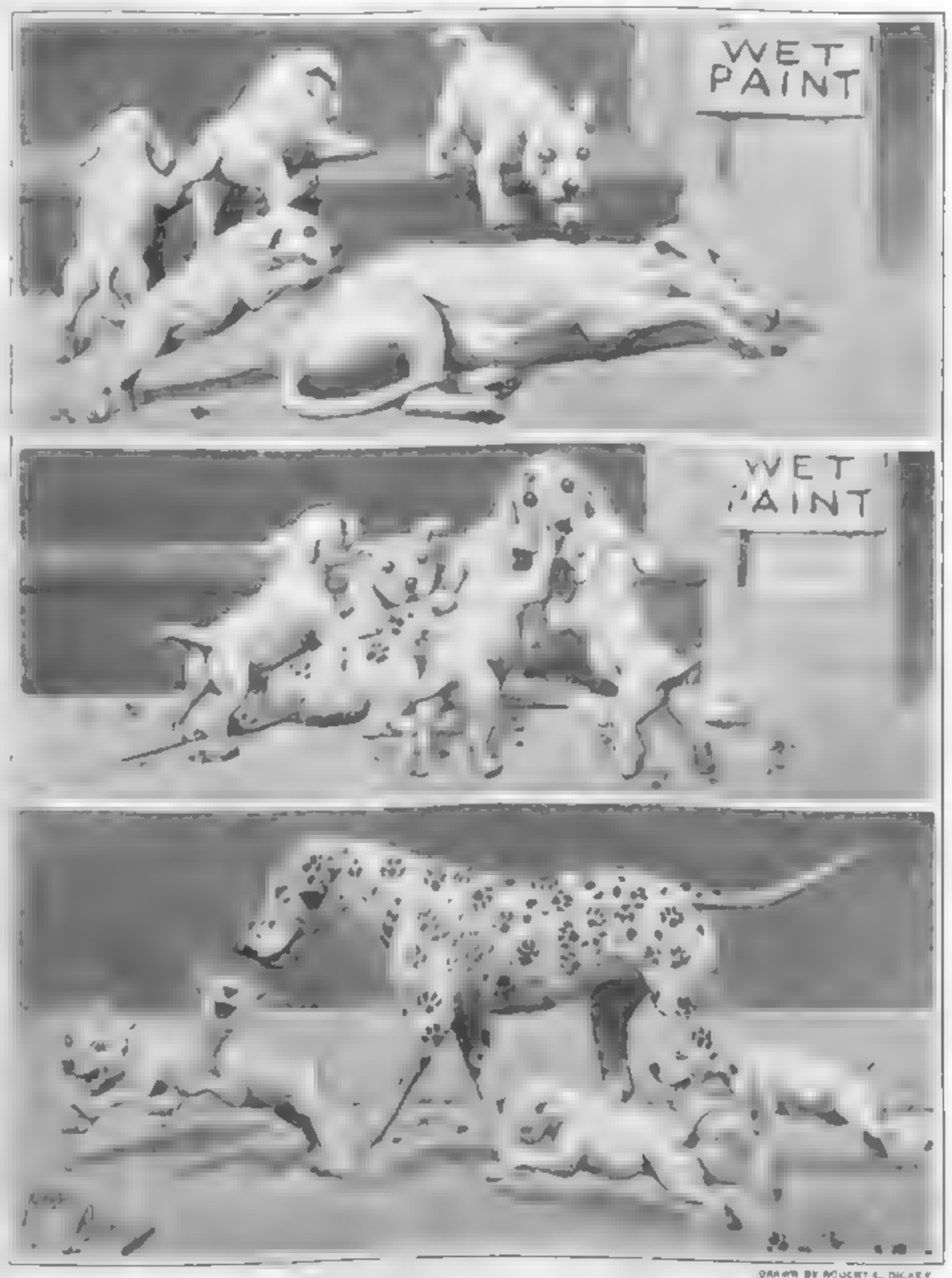

How the Dalmatian Got Her Spots

Passer-by: "What's the Excitement Here?"
"That Bird's From Chicago!"

The best-liked beans in America!

PICTURE to yourself that vast throng of women who, every day throughout the United States, set out to do their marketing for the family table. How anxious they are to obtain the most delicious food! How quick and clever they are to sense what other women are buying—and why!

Everywhere, they cannot fail to notice that Campbell's Beans are selected the oftenest and so make their way to more family tables than any other beans.

Daily at the actual "point of purchase" in the stores, this great army of buyers gets its real proof of popularity in beans. Nothing succeeds like Quality!

People have learned to expect of Campbell's a higher standard of Quality—a greater originality—a deliciousness that is unique.

They find them in Campbell's Beans. With all their latest perfection, these slow-cooked beans have that nut-like, golden brown mellowness you cannot resist. Each bean whole, yet tender! Each bean flavored through and through with Campbell's famous tomato sauce!

Let your family enjoy regularly the beans which lead all others in popularity—the beans which have that special kind of goodness everyone associates with the name Campbell's!

Slow-cooked

Golden Brown

I Gave Them What They Wanted

On the Following Day My Office Was Crowded With Anxious Friends and Relatives of Imprisoned Men and Women

V

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

THE next gubernatorial campaign opened earlier than usual and with political conditions in a state of confusion. However, that suited Mike, as it would any boss. Definite alignments based upon one really important paramount issue always work against the power of a political machine. The governor easily obtained his nomination to run for reëlection, and similarly, Darling, the speaker of the house, was nominated with only slight opposition to run against him. There was one independent candidate in the field, but he had run twice before without cutting much of a figure, so we did not pay a great deal of attention to him. His strength, we estimated, would be greater than it had been in the previous election, but that was more than agreeable to Mike, because it would help to divide the rural vote and thus give greater importance to our city vote.

The governor seemed to take it for granted that Mike and I would support him; indeed, that we were already pledged to do so. Darling also assumed that he had our support. The longer they proceeded under this impression the better the trading would be when the time came for a show-down. Out of the confusion and lack of a paramount issue one ominous fact protruded, a fact that we ought to have recognized sooner than we did. It was that the rural voters were keenly interested three months before election day, while the city voters scarcely seemed to realize that this would be an election year. Ordinarily no such division of interest would be noted; either a campaign was red-hot or it was dull for both Main Street and the country crossroads.

I judged that the growing enthusiasm for prohibition in the rural districts accounted for this phenomenon, and so did Mike, but we saw no occasion for alarm in that fact, since both Darling and the governor were ready to straddle this issue, as they had done more than once before. All three of the candidates were nominally prohibitionists. Mike smiled about that, and so did I, but we would have been wiser had we pondered the fact that this was the first gubernatorial campaign in our state that found no champion of the wets on the stump. They were now definitely a minority—still strong, to be sure, but trading where once they had unfurled banners.

When he thought the time was ripe, Mike went to the capital to see the governor and have a show-down. He wanted to be sure that there would be no vetoes interfering with the program of state highway construction that we had determined upon. Callaghan, as I have explained before, was really fanatical on the subject of good roads, but there was always a high percentage of method in any madness that afflicted him; road building would mean the extension of his political power. The governor saw this at once and objected. As a matter of fact, he also feared that Mike planned an era of wholesale graft. In that he was mistaken, but even without graft the program would increase the state's budget and thus decrease the governor's strength in the rural districts. He planned to run for United States senator after one more term as governor. There was widespread resentment against the steadily rising cost of government, but most of the outspoken protest could be heard only in remote agricultural counties. Mike wasn't well acquainted with them. It struck him as absurdly presumptuous for the governor to assume that he had our machine's support without promising anything in return, and he said so with characteristic bluntness.

"I let you run things in your own bailiwick, don't I?" the governor argued.

Mike nearly burst a blood vessel. "You let me!" he shouted. "Why, you couldn't even hire a hall to speak in my bailiwick if I didn't want you there. That's how you let me. If you think that's the basis on which we are trading, it's time for a show-down. You can make the road program the paramount issue and be elected on it, or you can pass it up and I'll elect Darling."

"That suits me right down to the ground," the governor answered, and the conference was over. Mike called me by long-distance telephone and asked me to get in touch with Darling at once so that we could have our show-down with him before any rumors about that day's doings could reach him. I did so and Darling came at once. He was eager for a definite understanding.

The three of us went into session in Mike's little private office and Mike began by outlining his road program. He wanted it placed before the people by the victorious candidate for governor, so that it would have plenty of legislative support. "I'll tell you," Darling said, hedging, "that isn't exactly what the country people want. It isn't what they're talking about. Of course the roads would be a fine thing and I think we ought to do something along that line, but the thing they're talking about is regulation of corporations, lower taxes and fewer laws. Especially about lower taxes."

"Well, you can't make a campaign on those issues," Mike argued, "because that's the kind of stuff that independent fellow has been bellowing about for the past six years. He hasn't got anywhere with it. I wouldn't let myself be sidetracked by the other fellow's stuff. Come right out into the open with some of your own. Promise them lower taxes and more roads at the same time. Tell 'em you'll save the money for the roads by a better administration. They think that can be done. I'm not sure it can't either. Of course we won't lower the taxes, but we needn't raise them much. And when they get the roads they'll be satisfied. It's funny how farmers yell for lower taxes. Nobody ever got lower taxes. It just isn't done, that's all. Taxes are like cornstalks; they grow up, not down. It isn't human to lower taxes. They surely know that. I wouldn't pay too much attention to their blather. A candidate going around wailing about high taxes and how he'll lower them and save the poor people from starvation always sounds too much like a Socialist. Tell them what a great state they live in and that it hasn't got near enough roads for its enormous commerce; tell 'em the city people have got paved streets and that, by jingoes, the country people are going to have paved roads. That sounds much better than pulling a poor mouth."

Darling laughed. "Ordinarily you'd be right," he said, "but this year the country people are all wrought up and hot under the collar and milling around."

"What are they hot about?" Mike asked.

"I don't know," Darling admitted. "They've got political prickly heat and they're itching to get to the polls and

(Continued on Page 38)

Creamery fresh—that's how this butter comes to you! It is delivered by Swift & Company directly to your dealer, straight from the heart of selected dairy regions. So quickly that none of the first sweetness of the tested, graded cream is lost. Swift standards of purity and cleanliness guard it all the way. A nation-wide Swift service enables you to buy it fresh anywhere—Brookfield Creamery Butter!

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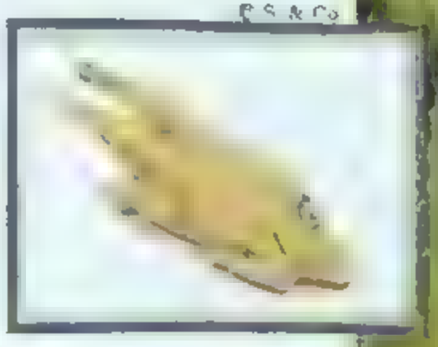
Farm and Dairy Products



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These famous packages identify Brookfield quality for you

BUTTER · EGGS · CHEESE · POULTRY

(Continued from Page 36)

vote against something. They're not going to vote for anything this year."

"That's bad," Mike mused. "Still, nobody in his right mind votes against good roads."

"I'll tell you what let's do," Darling proposed. "I'll promise them the roads and you deliver me this county and cut loose with that dynamite about the blind asylum. That'll blast the governor out of the race and I ought to win. The road program won't help me any, so I can't bear down hard on it, but I'll use enough of it to pledge my administration. How does that suit you?"

"Fair and square," Mike said.

We then took up the matter of campaign expenses and other details. The bargain was definitely closed. And now I knew that I would not be supporting my friend, the governor, for reëlection. In practical politics real friendships are almost impossible. Of the men you meet, more than half are on their way to political oblivion. Trying to build up a wide circle of warm acquaintance with some semblance of friendship in it while serving in a public office is very much like introducing yourself to the passengers on a sinking ship. You meet a man and like him very much, and swish! he disappears. You meet another man and are friends for a while, and presently he forges so far ahead of you that he also has disappeared just as definitely as the other one who sank. Not all the men who are marching toward oblivion are failures, either. Take, for example, a governor whose term is nearing its close. He certainly is not a failure, since he holds the highest office in the state. However, unless he is going to run for another term or for the United States Senate, his political career is about over. And if you are in politics, no matter how dear he is to you, you are so concerned with the incoming governor that you have little time for the retiring incumbent. It makes little difference to you whether he is going out at the top or at the bottom—he is going out. Nearly every high official is a lonely man during his last month in office. The most enduring friendships among politicians are those which cross party lines. If it is understood in the first place that the other fellow is your political enemy, you can be personal friends for life. Within your own camp, however, you have your hardest fights and continuous struggle

The governor and I had come to be fairly good friends. I knew that he would feel that I was an ungrateful wretch. Perhaps I was, according to ordinary standards. It is precisely these standards that you dare not apply in practical politics. If, out of gratitude and friendship, I had supported the governor, he would have been through in two more years anyway. It is the business of a politician to make governors, not to love and honor them.

I knew him well enough to guess what his course would be after the show-down. His record as a prohibitionist was fairly good, and now it would be the part of wisdom for him to accuse Darling of straddling that issue in order to obtain Callaghan's support. Not having to straddle himself, there was no reason why he shouldn't gain all the strength possible from exposing Darling's strategy. I wanted to stop this if I could. It seemed to me that the prohibition issue was becoming dangerously overaccentuated. All of us were using it continuously; if we kept this up the state might go dry. Of course at that time I didn't realize that the whole country was definitely headed toward the Volstead Act.

I went to the capital on the day after our conference with Darling and called on the governor. He had just finished writing a speech attacking Darling on precisely the ground I had feared. I read the speech at his invitation. He stated briefly and very truly that Darling had been elected to the legislature three times as an antiprohibitionist and once as a prohibitionist; that he had run for speaker of the house as a prohibitionist and received nearly all the antiprohibitionist votes; that he was now running for governor as a prohibitionist and would receive the support of the crookedest, wettest political machine in the state. He challenged Darling to deny this if he dared by denouncing Mike Callaghan as a corrupt politician in league with lawbreakers.

"Governor," I said, "I don't want that kind of a campaign. It will take some dry votes away from Darling, but it will give him a lot of wet votes in return. The only certain result will be an injury to the good name of the city I represent. Mike's organization is not so clean as it might be, but it is vastly better than people realize and there are influences at work inside of it to make it better. I am one of those influences. I don't want you to make that speech."

"Is that all?" the governor asked, smiling. He knew that there would be a threat attached.

"No, governor," I answered, and then I told him about the bombshell that could be exploded with reference to the blind asylum. He was astounded.

"I didn't have a thing to do with that," he said. "This is the first time I have ever heard of it."

I reminded him of the fact that politically that wouldn't make any difference. "The question," I said, "is whether we explode both bombshells or neither."

He became thoroughly angry then, and though I knew what my job was I couldn't help sympathizing with him, at least a little bit. From his point of view he had leaned over backward to trade with Mike and with me, and now we were not only throwing him over but trying to muzzle him.

"I am not afraid," he said, "of any disclosure you can make about those circulars mailed from the blind asylum. I had nothing to do with it, knew nothing about it, and I can prove it. On the other hand, what I have to say about Darling carries its own proof. I'll take my chances with your scandal in order to tell the truth."

"All right, governor," I said. "I just wanted to give you a chance. I'm not supporting you, but we've been good friends. I'm not here to advise you. I just wanted to lay the facts before you in ample time."

I could see that his resolution was not nearly so firm as his declarations indicated, so I brought the conference to a close at once. To leave him in a state of indecision seemed to me better than to press for an understanding.

On my return I learned that Mike had gone to hear the independent candidate for governor speak in a small town

(Continued on Page 180)

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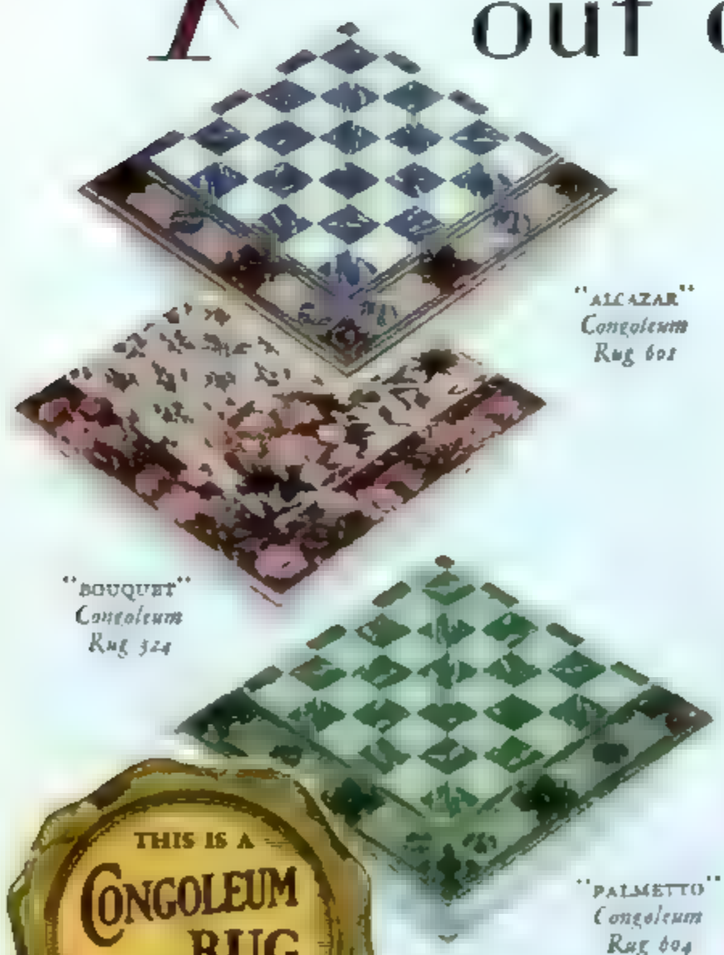

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XXX

AMID the somewhat gloomy splendors of the red suite, Dutley contemplated for some time with profound distaste the almost tragic situation which had been forced upon him. Opposite him sat Sir Matthew, a little censorious, a little contemptuous, however grievously he may have been suffering inwardly from loss of self-esteem, still clinging with a sort of desperate bravery to the reputation in which he had lived and which he had enjoyed for years. Even now, his attitude toward Dutley was one of partial condescension.

"Lucky I was downstairs, Dutley, when you arrived this evening," he remarked. "Why on earth were you trying to make yourself look like a tramp? No wonder they didn't want to give you a room."

"I rather overdid the thing, I suppose," Dutley admitted. "You knew I'd taken on another adventure, didn't you? Home affair this time. I've been living up at Highgate under the name of Charles Dennis, clerk to a firm of fruit merchants, and this was the attire I thought went with the part."

"What on earth were you doing that for?"

Dutley threw his first bomb. "I was keeping an eye on Mr. Thomas Ryde and his associates," he said.

"You were what?" Sir Matthew demanded.

Dutley did not repeat himself.

"You see, Sir Matthew," he explained, "directly you told me how serious the loss of the formula was, I went to have a chat with them at Scotland Yard. I saw their difficulty at once. It is part of their job, of course, to work for the recovery of any manner of stolen goods, but it is even more of their job to arrest the criminal. What I felt, and what they acknowledge, was that the moment the men who were in possession of the formula realized that they were in danger, the formula would be destroyed. That is why I thought I had better look round and see if there was any chance of getting the formula back myself."

The world seemed falling away beneath the Yorkshireman's feet. He gripped the arms of his chair. A new man appeared to be seated opposite him in Dutley's likeness—a new man with the same voice, the same drawl, but something utterly unsuspected behind. It was the man who had apparently been born into a new self on the day of the meeting of the directors of Boothroyd, Limited, who, among that assembly of men, older in years and experience, had suddenly played the revolutionary, and had treated with good-humored disdain the advice of a unanimous opposition.

"I haven't done so badly," Dutley continued. "I know where the formula is; but then, after all, so do you."

There was a queer, empty silence. Dutley had spoken in his usual tone of voice. There was nothing in his manner to indicate the fact that he was launching a terrible accusation against the other man.

"I'm not very fond of talking," Dutley went on, "and it's tiresome having to repeat oneself. We'll leave it that I found out what I have found out. The formula lies in a safe of the International Safe Deposit Company, and the receipt for it is held jointly by five men. I have one share myself, which I take it, Sir Matthew, formerly belonged to you. I've arrived at that stage in the proceedings now when I'm getting ready to become a collector of more scraps of paper."

In some curious fashion the great Yorkshireman seemed to have fallen away in physique, to have shrunken in size almost correlatively with the mortal blow which had been dealt to his pride. His cheeks seemed to have sagged, his eyes to have retreated. His backbone had temporarily gone.

"Grace," he faltered—"she knew?"

"Nothing about you," Dutley reassured him. "Only about the formula."

Sir Matthew laughed bitterly. He lived again through that moment of agony when Grace's eyes had first met his lit with the horror of knowledge.

"You don't know what happened?" he demanded.

"I know nothing except that Grace wrote me a mysterious note and said that she was going back to Leeds."

"They're after me like wolves for my share of the receipt," Sir Matthew confided, "because I've put my foot down, because I've sworn that Glenalton will never have the formula. I took it out of my pocketbook the other evening, when I was in her sitting room. Suddenly she gave a little cry. I looked up, and she was staring at it as though she had gone mad. I thought she was ill; I never dreamed that she knew. She took it away from me for safety. The next morning she had gone."

"Poor Grace!" Dutley murmured. "It's all right about the paper, Sir Matthew. I've got that."

"You!"

Dutley nodded. "She sent it to me. Just in an envelope, with scarcely a word. It's safe enough. Don't you worry. I've five more pieces to collect, and then we'll be humming along down to Marlingthorpe again."

Sir Matthew laughed, hardly, boisterously, mirthlessly.

"You reckon you'll get the other five pieces, lad?"

"I think so. I'm very lucky in some things. I got on the trail of this thing through sheer luck. I don't fancy Mr. Hartley Wright or Doctor Hisedale ought to be impossible to deal with. Thomas Ryde will be my only trouble. I suppose he has two pieces—his own and the piece of the man he murdered."

Sir Matthew was past emotion. His shiver was purely physical. "You mean Huneybell?"

"Of course, Huneybell was asking for it," Dutley acquiesced, "living in association with a man like Thomas Ryde. Ryde knew that sooner or later Huneybell would give away the show if he were left alone. His behavior was perfectly logical, even if a little merciless."

"And will you tell me how, lad," Sir Matthew asked, "you think you're going to tackle Thomas Ryde? With what you've found out, you could have the law on us—jail for the lot of us any moment—but you wouldn't get the formula."

"That's been the difficulty all along," Dutley conceded amiably. "And don't associate yourself, Sir Matthew, with that gang. You see, on the night of the burglary, by the grace of Providence, you were speaking at the Mercers' dinner in the City."

"Thank God you know that!"

"I know that, and I know who dragged you into the small share you had in the affair," Dutley went on. "I was going to have a serious talk with you about that fellow De Breet within the next few days. How much have you paid on account of the Dulkopf Iron Company?"

(Continued on Page 43)

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(Continued from Page 41)

"Eighty thousand pounds," Sir Matthew groaned, "and he's at me for another fifty. I've lost all the brass I had in the world with that young man."

"If he turns out to be solvent, you'll get every penny of it," Dutley assured him. "I've had an accountant in Amsterdam for the past fortnight looking into that young man's affairs. He's made a lot of money now and then, but it's been for himself, and not his clients. It was to get your money back, of course, that De Brest inveigled you into this."

"I hadn't a shilling in the world left," Sir Matthew confessed. "First of all, I was to have had a sixth share of what they got for the formula if I helped them a little toward the burglary. I let them have the keys of the offices, and I arranged that the formula should be in that safe. There was absolutely nothing else that I did. I was to have had a million, according to De Brest, and, harken, Charles Dutley, I knew right well that Rentoul knew that formula backwards. He could have made the stuff without the slightest trouble. What was I giving away? Our formula, without a doubt, which is worth a good deal to a competitor, but it would take anyone in the world three years to catch us up, and I never let on that we should be manufacturing just as well as ever. That's how I figured it out—a million for me and little loss for anyone. I reckoned without Thomas Ryde. He tumbled to it. He made sort of friends with Rentoul. That night Rentoul had a note that something was going on at the works. He thought one of the stills in the laboratory was wrong. He came down and Ryde made sure of him. They took the note away out of his pocket."

"Really," Dutley murmured, with a suggestion of something that was almost admiration in his tone, "I think they'll put Thomas Ryde in Madame Tussaud's!"

Sir Matthew was rather like a drugged man, struggling back into sanity, a new world and a new light.

"That telephone message?" he asked presently.

"Yes, I sent that," Dutley admitted. "I thought it just as well for you to know where the formula was going."

"Then it was you behind the newspaper in the corner when I marched out," Sir Matthew declared triumphantly. "I could have sworn it was your voice asking for a mutton pie, only you put me off with all that rubbish."

"Yes, it was I," Dutley assented. "I was afraid I might have got you into trouble, but I felt pretty certain that Thomas Ryde was too clever to risk a shindy there if anyone else was about. How did your pal De Brest explain matters? He was there, wasn't he?"

"Oh, he swore that they were only trying it on. All that they meant was to make me unconscious with a blasted hypodermic needle, and I suppose they'd have searched me for the receipt for the formula, which, as a matter of fact, I hadn't brought. They looked a bit uglier than that though. I could have laughed when I heard your drawl out there, ordering a mutton pie a few feet away from where they were going to lay me out. How they ever drifted together—that little gang—I can't imagine. They've got no conscience, but, except for Thomas Ryde and Hisedale, they've got no courage either. They go halfway and then they get the shivers. They let me walk through them as though they were putty, after they'd heard your voice."

Dutley nodded. "Amateurish, all of them, except Thomas Ryde," he agreed. "I suppose it had to be like that. They wanted a financier, they wanted a chemist, they wanted an American safe opener. Where Huneybell came in, I don't quite understand. He's out of it now, anyway, poor chap! They're losing their balance. Getting in outside help to do the dirty work, and that's always dangerous for anyone in their position. They gave me a little sport this afternoon. Now let me see."

He produced a small diary from his pocket and studied it.

"Today," he meditated, "is Wednesday. Friday is settlement day here and on the Continent. I expect I shall hear from De Brest before then. We'll wipe him off the slate. That leaves Hartley Wright, Hisedale and Thomas Ryde. Hisedale one might deal with differently. Thomas Ryde may need him, and therefore Hisedale may remain; but do you know, Sir Matthew, I positively cannot see Ryde allowing a man like Hartley Wright, who really has been the most useless of the survivors of the gang, to touch that two hundred thousand pounds. I shouldn't be at all surprised if Ryde saved me some trouble with Hartley Wright. That would mean three shares of the receipt with him. That would leave only Hisedale to be dealt with. . . . Sir Matthew, do you know what I should do if I were you?"

"Jump into the Thames, I should think," was the gloomy response.

"I should do nothing of the sort," Dutley declared cheerfully. "Things aren't looking badly for us at all. You've made a great mistake, Sir Matthew, if you'll allow a younger man to say so, but the cleverest men of business in the world have always been duped by the Sigismund de Brest type of shark. As regards the conspiracy itself, you've had very little to do with it. You're not in any way responsible for what happened to poor old Rentoul and, except for this year's bad trading, the burglary isn't going to do us any harm. The formula," Dutley concluded, with a queer, hard light in his blue eyes, "is either coming back to Boothroyd's, or going to vanish from the face of the earth. Don't feel too desperate about it all, Sir Matthew. Things haven't gone too far. I've felt sure of that all along. That's why I wouldn't sign that statement. I don't care about the investing public or the stock exchange. What I propose is to address the shareholders direct. I had to put Wendell Cooke off yesterday, but I'm drafting a short circular letter which I am sending to him tonight. I am just going to explain that, owing to the tragic death of our chief chemist, serious disorganization ensued in the factory which has resulted in the manufacture of a considerable amount of unsatisfactory material. The difficulty, however, is only temporary, and the directors are convinced that in a very short time everything will be as usual. I shall go so far as to say that it is the considered opinion of us all that the fall in the price of the shares is utterly out of proportion to the losses sustained."

"I hope you are right, young man," Sir Matthew prayed. "You seem to have suddenly acquired the knack of seeing things right somehow. I agree, of course."

"Lucky I had a bit of cash put on one side," Dutley remarked. "I was able to go in and buy, and that's what's upset De Brest's apple cart. Now we come to the point I was going to make. What were you thinking of doing with yourself for the next few days, Sir Matthew?"

"Nothing," was the dejected reply.

"Then let me make a suggestion," Dutley begged. "Go back to Leeds. They'll give you no peace here. They'll think you still have your portion of the receipt, and you'll be in danger all the time. Put a bit of pep into them at the works. Drop them a hint down at the laboratories that the formula may be back in a few days, and don't discharge any more workpeople."

"How do you think you are going to get the formula back again?" Sir Matthew demanded doggedly.

"Fight for it, very likely. We may cheat them, after all, with the law. Steal it, if necessary. Wangle it away somehow. By the bye," Dutley continued, stretching out his hand and drawing a time-table toward him, "there's a good train at seven—dining car—10:35 Leeds."

Sir Matthew rose to his feet. He had the air of a man still in great confusion of spirit.

"I don't understand all this," he admitted. "I can't get used to it. Except that there are flashes of your father about you now and then, I should have thought that I was dreaming."

Dutley laughed as he pushed him toward the door.

"You go and catch your train, Sir Matthew," he advised. "Tell Grace that everything's going to be all right, and she'll hear from me in a day or two."

Sir Matthew walked down the corridor, entered his room and ordered his bag to be packed, like a man in a dream. It was not until he had taken his place in the dining car of the Scotch Express and found himself surrounded by a little crowd of obsequious attendants, that he fully awoke from his dazed condition.

XXXI

"MISTER!"

"Well?" Dutley answered, sitting up in bed and grasping the receiver of the telephone a little tighter. "Dutley speaking. Go ahead!"

"They're in. Two of them, if not three. Used a latchkey and walked in, bold as brass, quarter of an hour ago."

"Is Thomas Ryde one of them?" Dutley asked, already halfway out of bed.

"He is not, or I don't know that I should be here at the telephone," was the emphatic reply. "Do I do anything about the cops?"

"Not a thing. Your job's over for the night."

It took Dutley barely ten minutes to struggle into his old clothes, make his way downstairs and out into the street. Three o'clock was striking as he hailed a stray taxi and was driven away southward. The gray, murky sky was besprinkled with masses of floating clouds, through which shone an occasional star. The pavements were wet, but no rain was falling. At the corner of Queen Street, Dutley descended and paid off his cab. The neighborhood, to him, seemed to have a singularly deserted appearance. Any festivities there may have been in the vicinity had ceased. The taxicab stand was empty. Even the customary policeman at the corner of Curley Street had disappeared. Dutley crossed the road, latchkey in hand, walked a dozen yards along the pavement, paused and quietly opened his own front door. He closed it noiselessly and stood listening. From the reflection upon the oak floor, he could see that there was a light in his study, and the joy of the chase thrilled in his blood. He was alert, tense in every fiber of his being. Not only was the light shining there very distinctly but there was the sound of movement within the room, a muffled voice. Adventure, after all, was not to be denied to him.

He lingered for a moment, his revolver in his hand, and, his mind working quickly, he ran over the resources of the household. There was Mrs. Bulwell, the cook, and her niece who acted as kitchen-maid, in one room—excellent servants, but negligible in the present crisis. There were two housemaids—fresh importations during his absence, whose names he failed to remember—also negligible. Then there was Kassim, the Abyssinian, a terrible fellow, strong as an ox, amazing in a scrap, but absolutely gun-shy. He had never let off a firearm in his life, and at the very sight of the smallest of revolvers became a coward. Burdett he had purposefully left at St. Pancras. Robert, the footman, would be upstairs, sleeping in his bed, and possibly a confrère, whose duties consisted chiefly in looking after the electric light, the boots and the ice machine. This was the entire staff. Kassim, if summoned, might have a good effect, but if a gun were even as much as pointed at him he would flee, howling. Dutley's instantaneous review of the resources of his household, therefore, made it clear to him that any help he might need in dealing with these intruders must come from outside.

He leaned down and listened at the keyhole, remaining there for several moments. He could distinctly hear the sound of papers being turned over at his table inside. His fingers tightened upon the handle of that very deadly little weapon which he was carrying. The moment had arrived! He straightened himself, swung the door open with his left hand, and his right shot out.

"Stay where you are!" he ordered sharply. "Up with your hands! Put them up, quick! You there—up!"

There were two men in the room—one seated at the writing table, and the other, on his left, bending over a small safe, the door of which stood open. The former raised his hands at once. The latter paused for a moment to rearrange his black silk mask. A bullet whistled within a foot of his head, showering him with splinters of wood from the corner of the bookcase. After that his hands shot up.

"Capital!" Dutley approved. "I like you both better that way. You can, perhaps, guess who I am. I have the reputation of being the biggest fool, but the quickest shot, in London. May I inquire into the nature of your curiosity as to my poor belongings?"

"Say, don't you try that Raffles swank," the man at the desk growled. "We're not here to tell you fairy tales anyway."

"I'm properly rebuked," Dutley admitted. "Stand up, my friend at the desk. . . . Yes, I thought so. There is a bulge about that pocket which does not please me. Stay as you are, and lower your hands if you want to be measured for a coffin."

Dutley crossed the room unhurriedly. He stood within a foot of the man who had been searching his desk, looked over his shoulder at the scraps of writing on the blotting pad, and suddenly jammed his revolver into the man's side.

"No use, you see," he explained sharply. "I'm not an amateur at this job. Keep your hands up, or you're a dead man. . . . Good! A very nice little weapon too."

He drew from the man's hip pocket a small, flat automatic of the latest type and threw it to the farther end of the room. His hands traveled lightly over his person. Afterward, he backed away, satisfied.

"You can sit down if you like," he said, "while I deal with your friend."

"Quick as you can, guv'nor," the safe breaker begged. "My arms is getting stiff."

"A professional, I see," Dutley remarked glancing at the tools upon the floor.

"Don't need to be no bloomin' professional to open a child's money box like this," the man grunted. "If that cove who calls hisself my pal had been as quick about his job as I have with mine, it'd have been home and mother long before you come in. Here, my gun's in my coat pocket. Take it, and have done with it. I'd have you notice, guv'nor, in case we're pinched, that it ain't loaded."

Dutley glanced at the breech and nodded. He threw it also, however, to the far end of the room. Suddenly, with a catlike spring, he swung around and pounced upon the other man, catching his hand as it traveled down his trouser leg.

"A transatlantic trick, this," Dutley observed, as he snatched the small, narrow gun from the man's boot. "I wonder why I felt sure that you had something in reserve. With that mask, one hasn't a chance to watch the working of your ingenuous countenance."

(Continued on Page 95)

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It's written in every line of its rakish bodies . . . written with all the consummate artistry that Fisher craftsmen wield . . . that here is a car with poise . . . grace . . . roadability . . . balance. You seem to sense that from the arch of its distinctive "cross-flow" radiator . . . from the sweep of its smartly modeled hood.

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It's always smooth and silent . . . because of its advanced engineering design. Because of such features as a counter-weighted crankshaft . . . patented rubber-cushion engine mountings that insulate the engine from frame and body . . . the Harmonic Balancer which overcomes periodic vibration in the crankshaft . . . the G-M-R cylinder head which reduces knocks and thumps to a minimum, using ordinary gasoline.

And its control is practically effortless . . . as you handle it from the properly pitched driver's seat . . . adjustable to your favorite driving position. It's easy to steer because of its highly perfected steering mechanism . . . easy to stop with its noiseless dirt-and-weather-proof internal four-wheel brakes . . . easy to ride because of its deeply upholstered cushions . . . its Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . its spring covers which keep springs quiet and resilient by retaining lubrication and eliminating dust and dirt.

Charming in its luxury . . . this New All-American. Captivating in its beauty and smartness of lines. And, in addition, it offers the poise . . . the balance . . . the smoothness of performance promised in its vigorous, arresting style.

Oakland All-American Six, $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges

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Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values.

Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

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The New OAKLAND

PRODUCT OF

The Coupe • Body by Fisher

All-American Six

GENERAL MOTORS

The Shadow Emperor of All the Russias—By Princess Marthe Bibesco

The Father of the Late Czar of Russia and His Family. In Oval—Empress Marie Feodorovna, Mother of Nicholas II

THERE is an emperor of Russia who, at the present time, may be considered by the government of the Soviets as Lenin once was by the government of the Czars—an exile, a negligible phantom, nothing more than a ghost. But for those who have watched the downfall of the Russian Empire it is not so very difficult to imagine a reversal of existing things, and this ghost may one day triumph over the reality of today. Twenty-odd years were sufficient to contain the French Revolution and all the glories of Napoleon, and then we find, at the end, a Bourbon, brother of Louis XVI, sitting on the throne of France. For my part, I believe that restoration is always successful, but that it seldom lasts. Whatever the future may bring forth, I should like to define and describe the hypothetical ruler of Russia, heir to the throne of Peter the Great, whom I knew in years past in the intimacy of his family. Remembering the expression, The Shadow Cabinet, which the English use to designate their future government while it is still in opposition, I shall call the Grand Duke Cyril "The Shadow Emperor of all the Russias."

A Millionaire by Divine Right

FROM my early girlhood I took an interest in him for two reasons: He was a naval officer, and he was the hero of a love story such as one reads of only in old romances. It was at the court of Rumania in the intimate circle of his cousin and sister-in-law, the crown princess, who became Queen Marie of Rumania, that my interest in him was awakened, and that is how I began my childish investigations to discover that part of his life previous to my time.

Born in Tsarskoe Selo, in 1876, grandson of the Emperor Alexander II, nephew of the Emperor Alexander III, first cousin of the czarevitch, who was to reign under the name of Nicholas II, the Grand Duke Cyril came into this world surrounded by all the glamour of an autocratic court, in a setting of Romanoff splendor. His name was at once inscribed on the list of imperial allowances at the chapter of the appanages, and this made of him, as it did of every newborn grand duke, a millionaire by divine right. His father was the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, brother of the reigning emperor; his mother, Marie Pavlovna, born Duchess of Mecklenburg, was known at the court of Rumania under the name of "Auntie Michen," which was given to her by the crown princess and by her numerous other nieces.

Before entering on a description of the Grand Duke Cyril, I would recall an anecdote which I recently heard. It is the story of a European journalist who was imprudent enough to write during his first stay in New York that all the women in the United States looked like queens and were treated as such, but that the same could not be said of the men of that country. Next morning he received a deputation of three young athletes, citizens of the United States, as handsome as Apollo, who said to him in chorus: "We don't want to look like kings!" And each of them gave him the name of one European monarch to whom he preferred not to bear any likeness.

Any young man of any country might have been proud to resemble the Grand Duke Cyril. He exceeded in beauty all the statues of antiquity. In admiration of his classical features his cousins, Marie of Rumania and her three sisters, the four Princesses of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, had nicknamed him "the marble man." It was the eldest of them—Marie—who first told me the marvelous story of love and war which made of him in my childish eyes an incontestable hero. Later on, when experience of life came to me, as it does to all of us, I might have been somewhat less certain as to the merits of the grand duke, after I had heard his character severely criticized, both before and after the Russian Revolution, by more than one person in his country and in other countries who were endeavoring to shake him from his pedestal.

But it is my first impression, in all its fresh and youthful sincerity, that I want to review now; and who knows if youthful sympathy has not a better insight into character than jealousy, fear or interest?

Every summer Princess Marie of Rumania left her residence at Sinaia to spend some weeks in Germany at her mother's home at Tegernsee, near Munich. The Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—born Grand Duchess Marie of Russia—had found after her widowhood a peaceful summer retreat on the shores of this little Bavarian lake. She gathered around her her four beautiful and high-spirited daughters in an atmosphere of gayety and homeliness, not deprived of grandeur, as I experienced for myself some years later during a brief visit I made there after my marriage.

Tegernsee was for the Princess Marie and her favorite sister, the Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, a well-loved holiday, as it represented for them freedom from their small courts and tiresome court etiquette. Above all they loved being together under their mother's autocratic but kindly government, as in the not very distant but yet past days of their happy girlhood. "Sister Sanda," now Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and "Sister Baby," the future Infanta of Spain, were also of the family party. But the two inseparables were the two eldest, the Crown Princess of Rumania and the Grand Duchess of Hesse; "Maddy" and "Ducky," by their pet names. Their beauty—one so fair, the other so dark—far from causing rivalry, seemed to complement each other by the spell of magnificent contrast.

The Emperor With His Crown Off

FOR that reason, also, they liked to appear together in public, and they used to enter the ballroom arm in arm at fêtes which were given for them in Bukharest soon after their marriages. I was too young then to take part in these festivities, but I remember with what admiration my parents spoke of the fancy-dress balls given then at the Court, when the crown princess and the grand duchess appeared, one dressed as a white lily, all clearness and candor, and the other, dark and beautiful, as a red lily. On a similar occasion the two princesses made their entry, one clad as the sun, all gold, matching her golden hair, and the other in the blue and silver of the moon; both equally dazzling and enchanting the spectators.

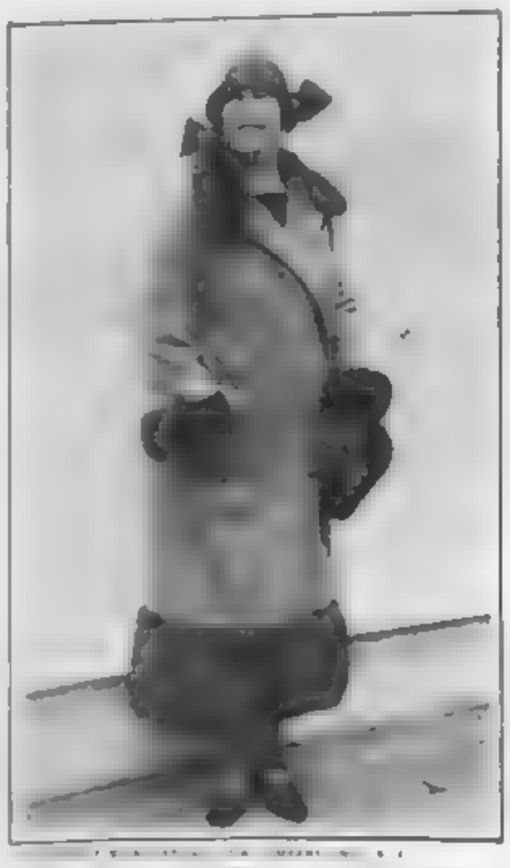
I remember having often contemplated their photographs in these costumes. In spite of the change in æsthetics brought about by fashion in figures and hairdressing, they were still beautiful to me in the light of my early dreams.

After this short and brilliant period a rumor was heard of dissensions in the grand-ducal household, and Victoria Melita—dear "Sister Ducky"—confided her troubles to her sister by letter only and ceased for a time her visits to the Court of Rumania.

It was about this time, after the return of the crown princess from Tegernsee, that I became aware of the existence of the Russian cousins, the sons of "Uncle Vladimir" and "Auntie Michen." From her last holiday at Tegernsee the crown princess brought back numerous snapshots she had taken, which she allowed me to look at.

The three grand dukes, Cyril, Boris and Andrew, played a great part in the amusements which the camera had immortalized. They frequently visited their aunt at Tegernsee, and then the whole party went to Darmstadt on a visit to the Grand Duchess Victoria Melita. There also came as a guest their other first cousin, the Czar Nicholas II, and his consort, Alexandra Feodorovna, the sister of the Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse and, in consequence, the sister-in-law of Victoria Melita.

I still remember how vividly interested I was in turning over the leaves of the albums of snapshots the Princess Marie had taken during this happy holiday. For each picture she gave me all the explanations I wanted. What fun it was to see the Emperor of all the Russias playing about like a boy in the midst of his family. The children, the dogs, the horses—I knew them all by name, and I could see them disporting themselves at liberty under the sheltering trees of the park during those short holidays snatched from the strenuous life of one of the most powerful monarchs in the world. Many of these photographs showed the Emperor Nicholas and his cousins



Her Imperial Highness, the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia

(Continued on Page 50)

BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

Christopher Columbus—1929

For a fleeting moment, dreams! Then shrieks of delight—and swift and sudden *action!*

The world is far from "flat" for *your* little adventurer! But dangers lurk unseen. Childhood is joyously reckless!

Reckless—but thoughtfully protected by scientific safeguards unknown a few generations ago. Science walks ahead of our boys and girls these days—halting many a dread disease that besets childhood's pathway.

Just a century and a half ago the world stood helpless before the devastating sweep of smallpox. Today, wherever vaccination is the rule, smallpox has practically disappeared.

But preventive medicine has not stopped with the conquest of smallpox. Diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, tetanus and rabies have also been brought under control.

Only a generation ago, diphtheria menaced practically every child. Frequently it carried off all the children in the family. Today toxin-antitoxin treatment has robbed diphtheria of its terrors, and children of any age can be rendered immune.

Now, in early summer, is the best time to have your physician immunize your children against diphtheria. Though the entire protective treatment is given within two weeks, immunity does not usually develop for several months. Treatment should be begun right away in order to get as much benefit as possible by the time school starts in September.

* * *

Constant research in the Parke-Davis laboratories has resulted from time to time in discovering and perfecting new medicines, serums and vaccines, used by physicians for the prevention and cure of disease.

Happily, preventive medicine deals largely with the prevention of *children's* diseases. To contribute ever so slightly to the health and happiness of the youngsters of the world, is one of the richest rewards of an organization thoroughly imbued with the traditions of research.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

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Purity, uniformity, dependability—here are three distinguishing characteristics of Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia. Because of the high quality of its ingredients, and because of the exacting care that marks its manufacture, you can always depend upon the medicinal activity of our product. Yet it is so mild and agreeable to the taste that children take it readily. Ask your druggist about Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

PUT IT TO THESE

The only true test of performance is personal experience. Take a trial drive in an Oldsmobile and find out for yourself, not only what it does, but how it does it. Match it against other cars and make comparisons. Give it these eleven tests . . . or any others . . . and check results by any standard of performance you care to set.

This emblem identifies the fine car of low price

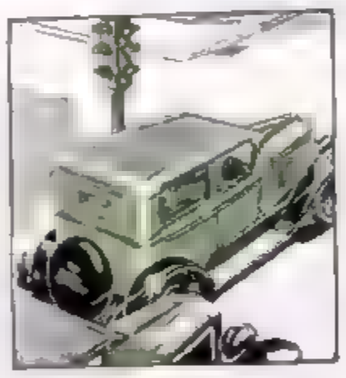
* * * *

Test Ease of Control

When you relax in the driver's seat, notice its comfort—the convenient arrangement of the controls and dash instruments. Try the new Fisher adjustable front seat. See how easily it moves forward or backward to the most natural position for you. Oldsmobile's adjustable steering wheel adds still further to your comfort. Step on the progressive-contact starter and note its positive, prompt engagement. Test the easy action of the clutch—the silent easily-meshed gear-shift—the restful pad-type accelerator.

Test Getaway

Observe how easily and smoothly Oldsmobile gets away from the curb—how promptly it responds to controls—how easy it is to steer. Pull up to a stoplight. Then flash ahead when the signal says "Go." Measure Oldsmobile's swift, stageless pick-up in all gears. Note how quickly and smoothly you can shift from low, through second, into high—leaving less spirited cars behind.



Test Handling Ease

Drive through thickest traffic. Note the sensation of security—the feeling of readiness for any emergency—that comes from Oldsmobile's sure, accurate handling. Observe how Oldsmobile's instant response to accelerator, brakes, and steering wheel simplifies city driving. At any rate of speed, in traffic or on the road, Oldsmobile is easy to handle and restful to drive.

Test Smoothness

Drive Oldsmobile on the open road. Note the smoothness and quietness of its 62-horsepower engine. Cover the face of the speedometer with glove or handkerchief—take your accustomed touring pace—then check the speedometer reading . . . you will be astonished to find how fast you are traveling.

Test Riding Comfort

Oldsmobile seats are wide, deep-cushioned, and form-fitting. Interiors are luxuriously roomy and restful, with plenty of head room and leg room. Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers function in harmony with Oldsmobile's special alloy-steel springs to smooth out all road irregularities. Drive this finer Oldsmobile over choppy pavements, over ruts and bumps. Whether you take them at high speeds or slow, you'll find that all roads ride comfortably in an Oldsmobile.

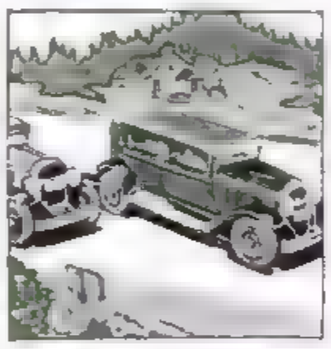
OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF

ELEVEN TESTS

Test Acceleration in High Gear

When you pass other cars on the road, mark Oldsmobile's quick response to the throttle in all speed ranges—the smooth, effortless acceleration in high gear—the surge of power that enables you to sweep into the lead easily and surely.



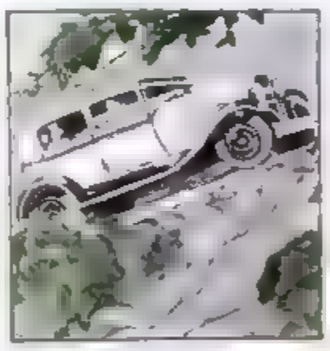
Test Speed

Seek a straight, level stretch of open highway and give Oldsmobile its head. You'll thrill to speeds far higher than the average motorist ever uses. Yet you'll feel secure, perfectly relaxed—for Oldsmobile speed is as restful as it is exhilarating. Oldsmobile's engine is smooth, quiet, and free from vibration at every speed. And Oldsmobile's famous stamina enables you to maintain high speeds mile after mile and hour after hour.

NEW LOWER PRICE
TWO DOOR SEDAN
$875
f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Mich.
Spare Tire and Bumpers Extra

Test Hill-Climbing Ability

Send Oldsmobile up the longest, steepest hill you know. Make several tests—starting from the bottom of the hill at different speeds. You'll find that the tremendous power reserve in Oldsmobile's big 62-horsepower high-compression engine provides wonderful hill-climbing ability. If it's power you want, you can't match this Oldsmobile at its new lower price.

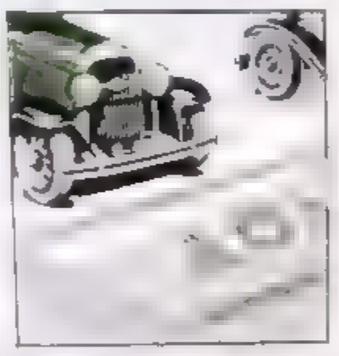


Test Roadability

One of the greatest joys in driving this finer Oldsmobile results from its splendid roadability. Drive it on all types of roads—concrete, gravel, dirt. Try it on short, sharp turns and long, sweeping curves. A low center of gravity, properly balanced weight, and four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers all are contributing factors in this finer Oldsmobile's ability to hug the road at any speed.

Test the Brakes

Test Oldsmobile's braking system for ability to bring the car to a full stop from any speed in an unusually short distance. Observe its quickness and sureness of action. Oldsmobile's mechanical four-wheel brakes not only are exceptionally efficient, but are smooth and quiet at all times, and easy to operate as well.



Test Parking Ease

Deliberately select a small space at the curb and park this Oldsmobile. Fingertip steering and a short turning radius make it easy to slip into small parking places. And the sureness of control that results from easy clutch, brake, and gear-shift action allows you to take full advantage of every inch of space.

* * * *

These eleven tests will give you a comprehensive idea of Oldsmobile performance. They also afford an excellent basis of comparison with other cars. (Thousands of motorists who have given Oldsmobile these and other tests have made it the car of their choice.) Oldsmobile rests its case in your hands. Come, drive this car and judge it by your own standards of performance and value.

OLDSMOBILE

GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 46)

in the most comical postures, making fun of one another. In one photograph the emperor was sitting in the perambulator of his youngest daughter, laughing heartily, his legs sticking out, while one of his cousins held a bunch of grapes above his head just out of his reach. Another snapshot showed the grinning faces of all the men guests peering between the bars of the balustrade on the terrace of the castle at Darmstadt. Here were all the protagonists of the future tragedy—the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Grand Duke Boris of Russia, the Czar and the Grand Duke Andrew—and then another. This last face attracted my attention. It was neither laughing nor grinning; it was a calm, beautiful face wearing a somewhat sad expression.

When All the World Didn't Love a Lover

"WHO is he?" I asked the crown princess

"That is the marble man," she said; "my cousin, the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia. We call him that because he is very handsome and also very impassive."

That was the first time I had heard the Grand Duke Cyril spoken of. By degrees I became interested in him. I saw him in several family groups wearing his naval uniform, tall, slender—a Greek god. As I put more and more questions about him, finally his story was told to me. He had been loved since his boyhood by his cousin Victoria Melita, whom he loved in return. But the laws of the Orthodox church forbid marriage between first cousins. Since the Russian expression for "first cousin" is "brother of brother" or "sister of brother," it is easy to understand why the prejudice is so strong against this kind of marriage. The obstacles seemed insurmountable to the parents of the young people, and they had to obey.

Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovitch of Russia

For political reasons Princess Victoria Melita then became engaged to the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, who also was her first cousin on her father's side, both having a common grandmother in Queen Victoria. But by chance he was a Protestant like herself, and the laws of the Protestant church did not forbid them to marry. In spite of this cruel paradox, which prevented her marrying the cousin she loved and allowed her to wed the cousin she did not love, Victoria Melita continued to care for Cyril and he for her. A great and tragic event was to reveal their eternal love for each other. When the Russo-Japanese War broke out the Grand Duke Cyril sailed as officer on the Petropavlovsk, the admiral's flagship. Unfortunately the vessel was blown up at the Battle of Port Arthur. The news of the disaster reached Europe without any details.

For two days Victoria Melita believed that Cyril was dead, and her despair knew no bounds. It was after she heard of his miraculous escape that she made up her mind to renounce the grand-ducal throne of Hesse, separate from her husband and consecrate her life to the man she loved, whatever the consequences might be. It seemed to her that God Himself had saved her beloved, who, in the midst of that frightful wreck, had found a floating spar to which he clung until he was picked up by a boat, while hundreds of other men had been drowned. She retired to her mother's castle at Coburg, and when Cyril returned from the war he found her there.

She had not long to wait for the consequences of her act: Reprobation, opposition, suppression of allowance. Queen Victoria, the grandmother of the separated couple of Hesse-Darmstadt, on principle had never admitted divorce. The English court, faithful to the old queen's ideas, refused to admit it either. As for the Russian court, it was different. There divorce was allowed, several grand dukes having married divorced women. But in this particular case there was the question of relationship. The absolute intolerance of the Russian church, which had first prevented Cyril and Victoria Melita from being happy together, was the official reason given for the reprobation, but there was another key to the situation. The Empress Alexandra-Feodorovna, sister of the Grand Duke of Hesse, could not forgive her former sister-in-law for having abandoned Darmstadt, the home of her family, the whole tradition, and gravely offended Grand Duke Ernest in his pride as a German prince. Help and protection the two lovers found nowhere except at Tegernsee, from the dowager duchess. She was an intelligent and proud old lady with a warm and ambitious heart for her children; and besides that, she was Russian and knew the secrets of her people, the Romanoffs.

As in the operas and fairy tales, love ended by triumphing over every obstacle. In October, 1905, in spite of the strong opposition of the courts of Russia and Germany, and the manifest displeasure of the court of England, His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovitch, married his first cousin, Victoria Melita, the divorced Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt. The Almanach de Gotha registered the bare fact.

Queen Marie of Rumania

The bride had abjured the Protestant religion in favor of the Orthodox church, and taken, in consequence, the name of Victoria Feodorovna. Her conversion had been facilitated by her love, which helped her to share the beliefs of the man she adored. Besides, it was also her mother's religion. The conversion had been advised by the far-seeing dowager duchess, who knew many secrets about the Russian court of which others were ignorant. The religious ceremony took place in the Duchess of Coburg's private chapel at Tegernsee, and the benediction was given by the Orthodox priest, her own chaplain.

This union, so long hoped for by the newly married pair, was considered no less than a crime by the Czar Nicholas II, who acted not only as chief of the Romanoff family and as emperor but also in his capacity as supreme head of the church and head of the army and navy. His verdict brought immediate chastisement. One can hardly imagine today what the disapproval of an autocrat meant in Russia to a member of the imperial family. First, the culprit's position was ruined. The grand duke was a naval officer, and the long list of his military and naval titles, honorary and other, filled nearly a whole page of the Almanach de Gotha. He was deprived of his commands, both effective and honorary. He ceased to be aide-de-camp to the emperor and captain in the navy, commanding a cruiser; he ceased to be the chief of the Seventy-second Regiment of Infantry of Vilna, *à la suite* of the regiment of the Preobrajinski Guard. He ceased to be colonel of the regiment of Dragoons of the Guard, of the Imperial Marines, and so on. Then he was ruined materially. He ceased to receive his allowance as a member of the imperial family. His appanage was crossed off the big book. His duties and his honors could be taken from him, but nothing could alter the fact that he was the first cousin of the Emperor of all the Russias, and, failing the Emperor's only son and only brother, the heir apparent to the throne.

A Photograph of the Imperial Russian Family and the Rumanian Royal Family Taken at the Royal Palace in Constanta Before the World War

The Marble Man and His Bride

HIS aunt, who had now become his mother-in-law, perhaps reckoned on the known fragility of the two lives which came between him and the throne when she gave her help and protection to the second husband of her daughter. Exiled from Russia, poor and discredited, the young wedded pair made their home in Paris.

In 1907 we heard that the Grand Duke Cyril and his wife intended to come to Rumania on a visit to their sister and sister-in-law, the Crown Princess Marie. The news made me as happy as if I had heard I was to see Tristan and Isolde, Romeo and Juliet, or Elsa and

Continued on Page 64

How would you like to own a genuine gas range and have real gas to cook with in your country home?

You can immediately with Pyrofax

YOU country and suburban housewives who live beyond the city gas mains, how would you like to have a shining, spick-and-span gas range to add beauty to your kitchen and pleasure to your cooking? A *genuine* gas range!

You *can* have one, probably as soon as tomorrow. You can have a genuine gas range and genuine gas, with Pyrofax—a real gas, refined from natural gas, stored in steel cylinders and delivered to your home through a nation-wide chain of distributing stations. Pyrofax burns with a bright blue flame, very clean and very hot. Instantly ready, completely controlled, as perfect to cook with as only real gas can be.

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Do not compare Pyrofax with gasoline, carbide or kerosene. It is not a liquid fuel. It is a true gas, odorless and sootless, keeping a kitchen cool in summer and free from any disagreeable odors in winter. Pyrofax cooks perfectly because of its easily controlled flame and temperature. It is used exactly like city gas.

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Hundreds and hundreds of voluntary testimonials* have poured in from Pyrofax users. From New York, "Your gas is wonderful. It has made my life much brighter." From Massachusetts, "It is very satisfactory—absolutely. Rest assured I am a booster for Pyrofax." From Indiana, "It is all that is claimed for it. Let the good work go on." From Florida, "Very satisfactory indeed. Only sorry I didn't have it sooner."

Many users are particularly well impressed with the promptness, efficiency and dependability of Pyrofax service. A high standard of service is made possible by the size of the manufacturer—a unit of one of the largest corporations in the country. Once install Pyrofax and you can depend on continued, well-organized attention.

*Writers' names on request.

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A small down payment enables you to start cooking with gas at once. Spread the balance over a full year, if you like. Pyrofax equipment, including the gas range of your choice and complete installation, is surprisingly low priced.

AS LITTLE AS **$37.50** *DOWN*

With a small initial payment you can have a genuine gas range and real Pyrofax gas in your home immediately. Convenient terms easily arranged. Pyrofax equipment, including the gas range of your choice and complete installation, is surprisingly low priced. By all means have a demonstration of this perfect fuel. Let us send you literature and the name of the nearest dealer. Return the coupon.

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MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac		x	x		x	x
[illegible]	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
Chrysler	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	[illegible]	x				x
Cunningham		x	x	x		x
[illegible]		x	x			x
Durant	56 60 66	x	x	x		
[illegible]		x	x	x		x
[illegible]		x	x	x		x
Essex	95 [illegible] 120	x	x			x
[illegible]		x		x	x	x
[illegible]	All	x	x	x	x	x
[illegible]		x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige		x	x	x	x	x
	621 [illegible] 35	x	x		x	x
Hudson and [illegible]		x	x	x		x
[illegible]	[illegible] 6	x	x	x	x	x
	[illegible] 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan		x	x	x		x
[illegible]	[illegible] 25	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	126	x	x	x	x	x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
[illegible]	All					x
[illegible]	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	86 & 88	x	x			x
	8	x				x
Marmon			x			x
	Roosevelt	x	x	x		x
M. Parlan	All	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	3rd 6	x	x	x		x
	All	x				x
Packard	All	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	8	x	x	x	x	x
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	x	x		x	x
	The Master	x	x			x
Reo		x	x	x		x
Stearns-Knight	6-80	x	x	x	x	x
	8-90	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker						
[illegible]	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	8	x	x	x		x
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	x	x	x	x	x

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

THE RODE BIRD

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I Got More Francs Than a Paymaster. What I Need is This ——"

SIX pairs of socks!" The company supply sergeant's symptoms indicated a heart attack. "What are you—a centipede? What do you want with six pairs of socks?"

Cawpril Slim West draped a sneer around the last quarter inch of a cigarette and dragged until his finger got hot. "Well, I'll tell you, sarge," he said pleasantly. "I figgered I'd drape my dogs in a dry pair. Then I figgered I'd make me a pair of antimoan ear muffs out of the second pair. That leaves four pair. Eight socks. Me and my squad figgered we might drop some couplin' pins in the toe of them eight socks and beat a few hell out of whatever louse tightwad of a company supply sergeant happened to be closest when the massacre started -that's all."

"Lissen, wild man, there will be no socks issued today!"

"Hand me them twelve socks before I issue a couple fer your jaw! More socks and less talk! Come across before I ——"

The loot, entering the supply sergeant's domain at a fast walk, checked the attack of the sock troops.

"Sergeant Hoarder, issue the new rifles to the company," the loot ordered. "Turn the souvenir Krags over to the regimental Q. M. Draw new blankets for the company. Issue the second O. D. uniform and all the rest of the company raiment before five o'clock this evening. The regiment moves for New York around ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

When the loot had gone, Slim West laughed a hollow mocking laugh. "Busted high, wide and pritty. Pick up your playthings, you pawnbroker! Bankrupt again! O-o-ow, boy! There will be no socks issued today! Baby, you flang snake eyes!"

Ten minutes later, explaining his troubles to the top kick, "If I could have Squad 1 for a work detail, it would be O. K.," the supply sergeant suggested. "Cawpril West and his squad are built for the heavy lifting. How about it? We got to handle those gun cases and there'll be a lot of hard work between now and midnight, juggling the company's gear. Strong backs is what I need."

"You got 'em." The top trailed Slim West to the tented lair where, with Squad 1, he had begun to make the best of an interval free of drill. The invader interrupted the squad's siesta and broke into Slim's recital of his victory over the tightwad supply sergeant. "'No socks today,' sez he, like he was the king-snipe sock general of the known world! I aim to ride that bird some day when ——"

"Squad 1," the top interrupted, "roll over and roll out! Report to Supply Sergeant Hoarder fer work. Stick till you get it done!"

On the way to the work zone, "When do you aim to ride him, Slim?" a memorizing member of Squad 1 inquired.

Cawpril Slim growled a reply without turning his head: "Nix on the history. Hide them teeth before I crown 'em with a fin full of knuckles. Can the comics! I'll ride him plenty when the ridin' starts."

Under pressure of seasickness and other military matters incident to the trip to France, the riding process was postponed. During all this time, no doubt from a spirit of sheer perversity, Supply Sergeant Hoarder functioned efficiently as a guardian of army property.

"Settin' there with six clerks workin' day an' night, winnin' the war with lead pencils. It makes me gag."

Sergeant Hoarder's industry acted as a red flag on the bulls of Squad 1. "I aim to ride that bird," Slim West repeated.

Common sufferings and bow waves had cemented fraternal bonds, and in spite of the diversity which characterized the individuals of Squad 1, they landed in France bearing up under a common cross.

Unkind shafts of criticism found their mark and in a little while after the regiment landed, Sergeant Hoarder's name was prominent whenever the subject of plagues came up.

"I was a rider from away back before I hired on as a ground gripper with an electric power line crew. Just changed the style of my spurs," Slim West announced one night in council, while the pattering rain of sunny France softened the harsh language. "I ain't forgot my ridin' days, and the first chance I git that Hoarder bird gits rode."

Various aggravating events intervened to delay the rodeo of revenge.

"Lissen, gang," a bringer of bad tidings announced, "Hoarder has got himself promoted out of the company. Regimental supply sergeant is goin' to run the warehouses on the piers and Hoarder is promoted to takin' his place."

"The dirty sundowner! I knew if he kept lickin' around with his overtime bookkeepin', workin' night an' day, something would happen to him."

"He ain't out of danger yet by forty-four miles," Slim West commented. "Main reason he works so steady is that nobody in the outfit would have nothin' to do with him. Everybody else havin' a good time, and nothin' left fer him to do but bury himself in figgerin' out how much canned goldfish he could fake on a beefsteak ration. Trouble—he's savin' it up, that's all. Us birds out in the rain climbin' bald-headed trees an' stringin' telephone copper whilst he set in front of a desk, high, dry and soft. It's all wrong. That's the kind of breaks that makes anarchists."

"Ride 'im, rough boy!"

"I'll ride him when the time comes. That regimental ringtail of a supply sergeant will be rode, raked and released by me personal before anybody else drops a loop on him."

The riding event was sidetracked in favor of a job of work which kept Cawpril Slim West and his crew out of Sergeant Hoarder's territory. Engaged in constructing a twenty-mile telephone line to base headquarters, Slim and his line crew found enough diversions in their work to eliminate Sergeant Hoarder as a principal subject of one-way repartee. The lopsided truce lasted for a week, but with the completion of the line the old refrain was resumed.

Precipitating a particularly violent outburst of language, a slug of gossip was relayed to Slim West by a member of Squad 1. This hero, speaking fluent French, had been stationed at the camp switchboard: "It serves you right fer pulling that language exhibit in front of the loot. You're spiked on this Central job—mebby fer life. Mebby it'll learn you to talk English in public next time, and nothin' else but."

"I ain't kickin' about the job," the six-foot Central returned. "It's fair enough layin' inside where it's dry, with nothing on your mind but a head set. All I miss is the traveling ruckus with you guys, swimmin' up and down the country in an ocean of vang rouge and home cookin'. You birds got all the luck, and I hate to be left out."

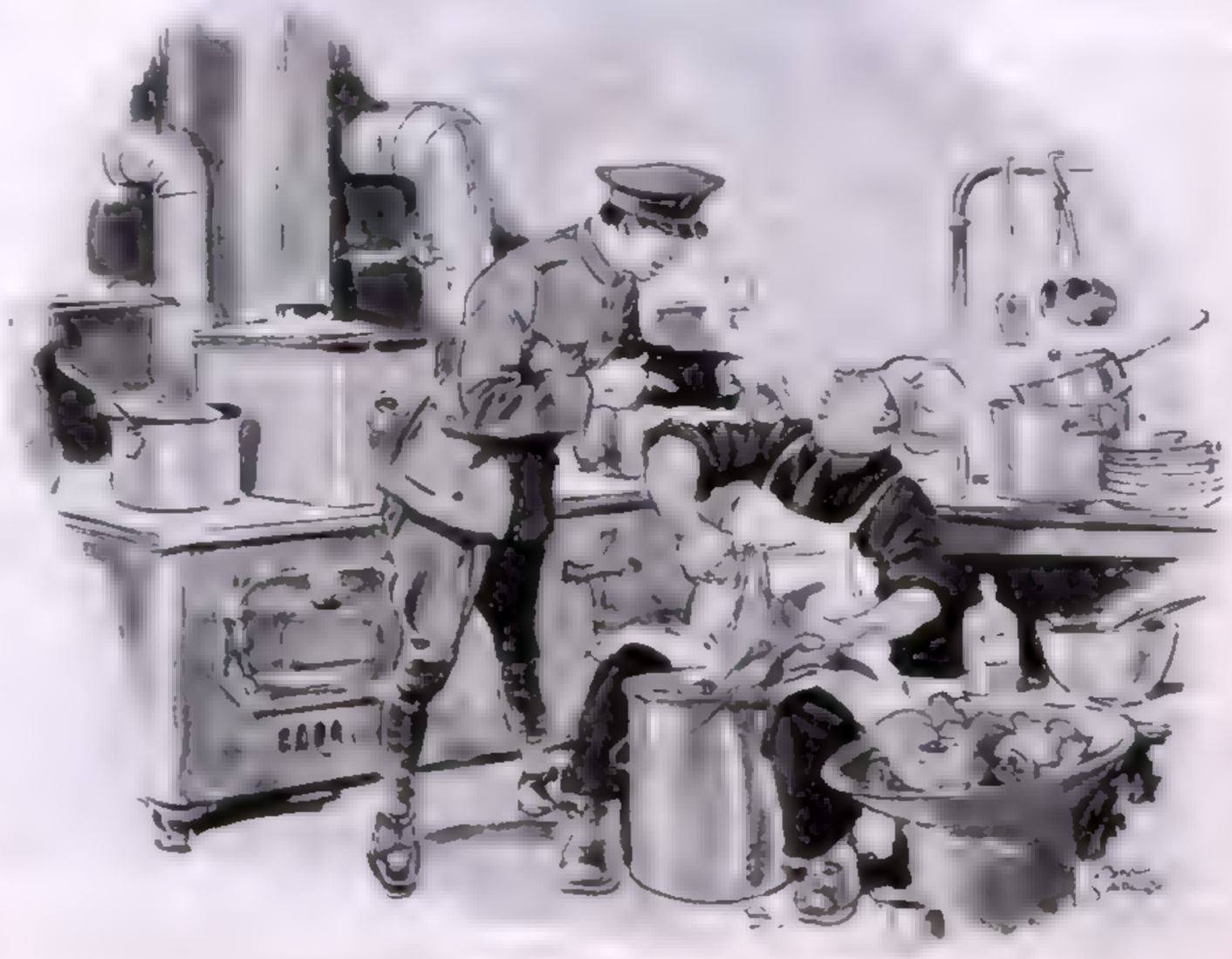
"We got all the luck, includin' hard labor and lots of wet climate. I haven't had on any dry clothes fer a week," Slim answered. "Lissen to the gossip and amuse yourself. You're sittin' pritty, but you don't know it."

"I ain't sittin' so pritty as you might think. There's seven hundred wild men on the line, and all they do is bawl out Central with hearty language they been savin' up fer the last ten years in the United States."

"Plug 'em in on a dead end and they'll git tame."

"Nobody's gonna git tame around here. Everything that happens is something worse. . . . Lend me the makin's, Slim. There ain't even cigarettes enough in the outfit to let a man drag a lungful of smoke to tame him down when things go wrong. Half the military language today has been from heroes tryin' to borrow tobacco. Even the colonel—keep quiet a second—it's headquarters."

Central's voice changed, and in a military manner—"Yes, colonel, I'm ringing the regimental adjutant," he answered, speaking to



"Shorty," He Began, "Lissen Heavy to What I Got to Say"

unseen authority. Thereafter, staying on the line, he acquired an earful of interesting information. When the colonel's conversation had been completed, the Central man turned to Slim West with a relay service.

"What d'ya suppose the colonel was chewin' the rag about?" he asked, as a preliminary to his announcement. "You couldn't guess in a thousand years. All he talked about with the adjutant was a list of promotions."

"My name in the pot?" Hope bloomed for a brief moment, and then withered under the scorching rays of common sense.

"Yeah—they're gonna make you a general," Central announced. "Over and above that, the main thing he talked about was the louse champion. Hoarder—Regimental Supply Sergeant Hoarder. . . . Gimme that tobacco."

"You mean the colonel has promoted that bird?"

"From what I got, all they did was cinch his papers makin' him the regimental supply sergeant, but they were speakin' about commissions fer eight or ten high guys and master engineers, and they spoke about him along with that outfit. Don't it give you a pain in the neck?"

"Boy, the bigger they are the harder they drop. Don't forget that. Hoarder is due to git rode and I rides him. . . . Hand me back that tobacco. Where do you git them manners—puttin' it in your pocket?"

"G'wan and rustle some more. I haven't had any of my own fer a week. You've got a chance to git some, ramblin' all over the world while I stick here in this jail."

"Well, keep the tobacco, kid. Go easy on it. Them homegrown makin's is mighty hard to get, and there ain't no kick in the frog stuff. . . . So they're aimin' to crown little bright-eyes queen of the May, are they? Lemme know any more you git on that stuff. If there's any crownin' done on bright-eyes, I aim to do it myself—mostly with a sledge hammer. I'll ride that bird and ride him ragged when the time comes."

The roughrider left the telephone shack and started out on an expedition calculated to renew his supply of cigarette tobacco. In common with the rest of the gang, he had long since abandoned all hope of ever achieving ownership of any tailor-made cigarettes. Mingling with various work details on his search, he met in each instance the same refusal:

"Roll one if you want it, but rebate the bag. That stuff is the family jewels with me."

When the market quotations on cigarette butts reached one franc a throw, a man in Squad 1 got a letter from home containing vital news:

We will continue to send you a carton of cigarettes every week, in spite of what you say happens to them in transit. Perhaps the mail clerks do find the packages broken, my dear boy. It is impossible to think that they would deliberately rob the soldiers' mail of cigarettes.

That was a graceful and generous thing the New York actresses did in sending supplies of cigarette tobacco to every overseas regiment. I hope you and your comrades enjoyed the ones received by your regiment.

At this point the recipient of the letter stopped reading and gazed into the past. He came out of his trance and rounded up three of his pals.

"Whadd'ya suppose my old man is talkin' about in this letter—the cigarette tobacco these New York gals sent each regiment?"

"He might be talkin' sense. We heard something about somebody passin' the hat fer cigarettes the day we left New York."

"Yeah, they was a piece in the paper about it. I didn't believe it, though. Nobody never put out no welfare yet without a price tag on it."

Coming in at that moment, Cawpril Slim West listened to the gossip concerning the mysterious donation of cigarette tobacco.

"Lemme read that part of your letter." When he had finished, "There might be something to this," he said. "I've seen bokoo makin's bein' used by Hoarder and his commissary crew since he got to be regimental supply sergeant. Just like that louse to be holdin' out on us. I'm gonna do a little prowlin' around, and in the meantime the play is to keep quiet."

There followed on the part of the prowling cawpril a day of high-grade sleuthing. The results of Slim's investigation prompted further effort. He hunted up the top kick.

"Next time you need a work detail around headquarters warehouse, handlin' groceries or anything, I wish you'd let my gang take a crack at it. They're about fed up on the weather—coughin' their heads off from the rain. The next time Shorty the cook needs any grocery jugglers when he draws his rations, how about lettin' my outfit take the job? A little indoor work might keep us all from ketching the flu."

"Where d'ya git this indoor-work idea? You run out of telephone lines? How about that Paris wire you were gonna connect up between the frog Central and the colonel's headquarters in the big burg?"

"Lissen, top, you run the Army and let me run this wire stuff. Under your hat, we been stallin' a week on that Paris wire job so as to have an excuse to go to town whenever we craved to. I got the Paris wire run into headquarters switchboard a week ago. Ten minutes' work is all it needs to connect it up. That's the dope, and you needn't spill it around any. Over and above all that, how about the indoor job for my gang next time Shorty wants a crew?"

"Lissen to That Sawed-Off Son of a Gun Hand It Out!" One of the Home Guard Commented. "I Don't See Why Them Birds Stand for It. He's a Bad Actor"

"O. K. with me," the top consented. "Tell Shorty about it. Fer the love of the dog-robbin' quartermaster, lend me the makin's, will you, Slim? I haven't had a smoke since yesterday."

"I can stake you to a chew off of a French cigar I bought fer two francs. That's the best I can do in the nicotine line. Here, don't dig too deep with them fangs, either. Spit out the sawdust and the feathers when you come to 'em and that tobacco don't taste so dog-gone bad."

Leaving the top, Slim hunted up the company cook. "Shorty," he began, "lissen heavy to what I got to say."

For the next five minutes, interrupting the orator only once for the purpose of pouring out a couple of shots of lemon extract, Shorty listened.

"Leave it to me, boy," he said when Slim had finished. "Tomorrow is issue day. Tomorrow I grabs your squad. Tell 'em to report here after breakfast. You better explain part of the deal to 'em so they don't massacree me when I begin to git rough."

"I'll tell 'em. Go as far as you like."

"Right! If you got any spare jack, you better split with me. I'm short, and this deal will need bokoo francs."

"That's your grief. I been broke fer two weeks—me and the squad. They ain't francs enough in my gang to pad an aviator's bunion. Fight that franc battle yourself, and if you lose, let me know and we'll try to git some off of the loot."

"Fair enough. You be sure to tell them wild men I don't mean nothin' when I start ridin' 'em."

"They'll be wise. When the big ridin' begins, it'll be me in the saddle and that sidewinder of a Hoarder gittin' rode. I aim to ride him plenty before very long."

To Squad 1, ten minutes before taps blew that night "Lissen, gang," Slim said, "the big play is framed like I told you. One thing I forgot. When Shorty begins to bawl you out, take it smilin', without no comebacks. His roar is phony, but it's got to sound natural. Git me?"

"We git you. If we're lucky enough to cop the cigarette prize in this layout, Shorty can call me anything he pleases. I'd give a month's deductions fer a sack of makin's."

Taps blew, and Squad 1 settled down to dream of tailor-made cigarettes in carload lots and sacks of flake tobacco as big as bales of hay.

While Squad 1 slept and dreamed its tantalizing visions, the company cook was wide awake. Shorty was trying his best to ruin Nick the Greek, who, running a blackjack game in a back room of a near-by café, was far enough ahead to render him deaf to bugles loaded with taps.

"Hit me!" Shorty ordered. "It's pay or bust."

Nick the Greek flapped a face card which took the victim over the top.

Shorty gave a grunt of disgust and walked around the blackjack table until he could speak a private message into one of the overhanging ears anchored to the cranium of Nick the Greek.

"Lissen," he said, "how about a tenderloin steak? You got me broke, and the rest of these guys is runnin' mighty light. C'mon to the cook shack while I issue some private chow and a shot of coffee with coonyak enough in it to curl your hair."

"I go weeth you, Shorty. . . . Real tenderloin steak?"

The tenderloin steak and other favors cost Nick the Greek the loan of his bank roll. "All I want is to use them francs till pay day. You got to be mighty careful with that game, Nick. Somebody might blow on you, and from then on you'd be breakin' rocks fer the Army free of charge. You know what the loot said about heavy gam'lin'."

Blackmailed, Nick the Greek surrendered. "Take thees money, Shorty. Pay me back whenever you get ready." Shorty pocketed the roll.

Next morning, reporting to Slim when the latter had led Squad 1 over to report on the commissary work detail, "Ease your mind about the coin, big boy," Shorty said. "I got bokoo jack to play with."

"You bust the Greek?"

"Well, you might call it that. I was about to bust him with a meat cleaver, but he backed down. The gang understand about the rough lingo I got to baptize 'em with?"

"I told 'em. Go the limit—and good luck."

(Continued on Page 73)

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

In Winning Racing Cars

For seven consecutive years New Departure equipped cars have won the gruelling Indianapolis Motor Speedway Race, the International Classic of the year. In 1928, the makers and drivers of 37 of the 38 cars entered chose New Departure Ball Bearings *as exclusive equipment*—an overwhelming tribute by men who staked their reputations and their lives on New Departure strength, endurance and efficiency. Because of these same qualities, New Departures are preferred by the builders and owners of most of America's passenger cars.

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ART AND ARTFUL ART

As Told to Edward H. Smith

THE works which the faker palms off on the public are generally the replicas of or assimilations to something very fine, something infinitely more beautiful than the generality of men would otherwise possess. Little besides the history is false. Genuine *objets de vertu* are both too scarce and too costly to accommodate the modern demand. It may be objected that honest reproductions would perform the function of education or dissemination more economically and efficiently, but even this is open to doubt. A recognized reproduction never gives the romantic satisfaction of an unsuspected fake. Still more important, the public will not have imitations if it is admitted to the secret. I speak from long and sorrowful experience, and if I seem to justify either myself or my fellows in artistic artfulness—well, we need it.

Objets d'art, as we have learned to call them, play a part hardly inferior to that of pictures in the furnishing of a home and in the life of the collector and his dear foe, the faker. Indeed, of recent years the trend has been away from paintings and toward other art goods, partly because of the abandonment of houses and resort to apartments in the big cities; partly on the advice of interior decorators, some of whom are incompetent to judge or select paintings and often are the veriest amateurs and tradesmen; and partly because of public distrust of the dealers. Fundamentally and permanently, of course, a fine painting in oil is the art object supreme, the aristocrat of decorative possessions. I state this fact for the benefit of the many who have been led astray by crazes and fugitive tendencies.

At the same time, the importance of other cultural products and accessories of elegance is not to be gainsaid, and I shall deal here exclusively with such things as were once almost slightingly referred to as bric-a-brac, curios, antiques, and the like. Today they command both respect and prices. It follows like a Q. E. D. that they have been and are being faked. The law of faking is concealed here—namely, that whatever becomes expensive, from a Venus to an old bottle, by that token grows perilous. The fake follows the flag of price.

Though I set out in life to be a virtuous painter, and had no intention, when first misled into commerce, beyond the purveying of vicarious beauty on *ersatz* canvas, opportunity, that cheat and cozener of men, soon made a general fraud of me. As best I can recall now, it began with Phenician tear jars.

If You Have Tears, Here is Your Chance

MOST readers will be familiar with these little greenish or golden, iridescent bottles and flasks, called Phenician for no better reason than that the great traders of antiquity imitated and disseminated the glassware of Egypt. The little ancient glass tubes, probably used for scents, got the name "lachrymatories" and a romantic tradition from the fact that many of them were found in Egyptian, Greek, Carthaginian and Roman cemeteries, where they were supposed to have been buried with the tears of mourners; occasionally a truth perhaps. On account of their shapes and strange luster, as much as because of the legend connected with them, these little bits of glass came into recognition at the beginning of the nineteenth century and were still highly popular with minor collectors when I began business. They never brought really high prices, except in the case of a few fine museum specimens.

A great deal of false Phenician glass has been made for decades in Italy and other Mediterranean countries for the discomfiture of the infatuated tourist. Just as the guide of twenty years ago used to stumble and kick an ancient Roman coin from the dust of the Forum, albeit the thing had been made a few weeks before in the garret of some ingenious numismatist, so the oily and vocable convoyer of the succulent American visitor to antique burial sites has known how to do a little impromptu digging, with the inevitable discovery of tear glasses such as now ornament many of our parlor curio cabinets.

Modern glass, belonging to the past three centuries, is, as most will know, one of the current crazes. What seems to have escaped the attention of some of our collectors is the fact that many grades and varieties of blown and cut glass are being reproduced in Czecho-Slovakia and exported in huge quantities. Imitations of American Stiegel glass and molded glass generally are also reported, but I personally have yet to see any samples that might pass muster with any but the saddest tyro. Since our native glass is, however, growing more expensive every season, we may confidently expect better fakes in the near future, if that thought affords any comfort.

The reproduction of old glass has reached almost incredible proportions. All the curious person has to do for conviction is to visit the smart shops. He will find whole sets, of a hundred or more pieces, absolutely complete and undamaged, offered for sale at prices ranging from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars each. Such services cost nearly a thousand dollars to make and import, so that profit taken by dealers in these wares is not excessive. Needless to say, there are few whole sets of antique glass extant; if there were their price would be out of all reach. Nevertheless, palpable reproductions are sold every day, and not always under their true colors. The good people who buy them wouldn't deign to look at them if they weren't supposed to be old.

Ceramics are an older vogue than glass, and the more gross frauds are no longer quite so easy, owing to the public's knack of getting suspicious after every season of disastrous credulity. For many years the traffic in imitation Lowestoft vases was heavy, and the losses to inexperienced collectors were sad. Many imitation Chinese pieces have been made in France. A few years ago this faked Chino-European ware brought high prices at auction and in the shops of dealers.

Chinese ceramics of nearly all the desirable periods are, to be sure, being fairly skillfully reproduced in Japan and may be found in America. These counterfeits do not deceive the expert or even the experienced amateur, but they nevertheless find their way into the homes of many honest but green lovers of beauty There are also numerous Chinese factories which are turning out all manner of modernizations to satisfy the craze, which still persists with persons of a certain level of taste Probably there is no original purpose of offering such wares as old, but when a fool steps into the lair of a faker centuries pass in the twinkling of an eye and yesterday's brummagem becomes the treasure of antiquity.

The vogue of Tanagra figurines as well as that of ancient bronze statuettes has passed, largely owing to the multiplicity of frauds. Nevertheless, specimens of both these charming families crop up ever and again, often with the usual painful results.

The little Bœotian terra cottas, first found about 1875 in the necropolis at Tanagra, and since dug up in large quantities from many ancient burial sites all over Greece, enjoyed a tremendous popularity because of their grace and charm. They came very near dispelling the enduring tradition of Bœotian vulgarity A real Tanagra is, accordingly, not only a choice antique but a thing of intrinsic beauty and cultural notability, but such things are full of peril for the amateur. Imitations are made by taking a cast from an original. Because the clay shrinks in drying and baking, the fakes are usually somewhat smaller than the genuine, but since there was no standard size in old times this disparity can mean very little unless one has the genuine piece in hand for comparison.

Old bronzes are imitated in much the same way, by making models from them in clay or wax and then preparing molds in which the new pieces are formed. Both bronze and terra cotta are readily aged and provided with the all-important patina by artificial means. Collectors of any experience know this and avoid such treasures.

Brass, which has been and remains popular, affords one of the broadest possible fields for faking. New York once was the brass center for this country, and its landmarks were three or four dim shops, where dusty accumulations of brasses might be pawed over and occasional treasures found. A ten-dollar bill was usually enough to fetch even the largest and most obvious piece in these murky curiosity shops—but no more. All kinds of old brasses have doubled, quadrupled, and finally magnified in price until good pieces that might have commanded three or four dollars before the war may bring fifty times as much.

Doubling in Brass

CANDLESTICKS of early American, English, Russian and Dutch make; Italian and German brass plaques; Dutch, Russian and English candelabra; Italian, Russian and Dutch wall sconces; Turkish, Persian and Mesopotamian bowls and Eastern brass articles in general—all bring good prices and all are, naturally, being faked. Brass, even more readily than bronze, can be mishandled, treated with acids, artificially aged and covered with antique-looking oxidation, or patina. The naïve buyer is deceived with the utmost ease and, owing to the fact that brasses do not bring really high prices, there are few competent experts.

Old marbles are, of course, among the most beautiful and precious of all the curiosities to which one may devote himself. By that token the artistic bit of Carrara stands as one of the perilous and abasing lures for the festive hunter after *objets d'art*. The faking of old marbles, no matter what their period or character, is a work for artists, and the success with which it is done depends largely upon the ability of the imitator. That the thing has at times been carried out with amazing skill is attested by the fact that certain fifteenth and sixteenth century Italian fakes of Roman and Greek marbles stand today as museum pieces on their own merit. The fakes themselves have become precious.

Strangely enough, fake marbles have no terrors for the common sucker. For him the frank reproductions which may be seen in shops at popular resorts are sufficient lure. He may buy these things as something old or original if he likes, but no such pretension is made. The pieces are frankly reproductions, and the artist-mechanic who produces them is usually on the spot to show his method of working. The only catch lies in the prices exacted from uninformed tourists.

An entirely different kind of marble appears in the shops of some dealers and occasionally in the auctions. Such pieces are usually made in Europe—most often in Italy. They are generally assimilations to genuine treasures of the past. The fakers who make them go about their work as the original sculptors undoubtedly did, by modeling in clay, casting in plaster and copying in the marble. The style, faults, attitudes and technic of the ancients are sedulously copied. But when all this is done the faker has still nothing but a new piece. He must now make it old.

The first step is to reproduce the ravages of time. The reproduction is chipped with the chisel or the hammer, scuffed with various abrasives and robbed of its sharp corners and fresh edges with acids, by rubbing, by brushing and in a variety of other ways. If the imitation is to be palmed off as a Renaissance or later European piece, supposed to have stood in private collections for several centuries, it must be given the old ivory hue which fine marbles take on under the gentle hand of age. This is accomplished by dipping and touching with various chemical solutions. Copperas, or green vitriol, is one of the commoner substances employed. Other sulphates are likewise employed for this purpose, and they must be applied by someone who knows his business, for a marble does not color uniformly. Only the student and artist can duplicate that

(Continued on Page 59)

Ultimate Challenge

By HARRY KEMP

ESPECIALLY if their lading be a dream,
Ships must go lonely if they'd voyage far;
Feeling the upsurge, through each brace and beam,
Of fuming oceans; top and shrouded spar
Set to the following of a single star!
There's no safe compass, when the hidden gleam
Sits behind clouds, and when blind tempests stream,
Except the guiding laurel faith would wear!

There often bide black gales and bursting beams
And sails that fly in rags from broken spars;
There are no charts for ships that follow dreams
And crowd up sails against the beckoning stars.
Don't sign aboard unless you're certain you
Can dare a wreck and deem it glory too!

A NEW SIX AT A PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF MILLIONS

AT BUICK DEALERS JUNE 1ST

Marquette

Set aside Saturday, June 1st, to view Marquette—the newest triumph of Buick craftsmanship. Designed by Buick engineers—and priced within the reach of millions—this new car will lead its field as Buick leads the higher price division.

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan • Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The PRICE You Pay for those SQUEAKS in your car

Is Far More than Embarrassment and Annoyance

Every Squeak Means Burning Friction—and Friction Means Lack of Proper Lubrication—the Cause of 80% of All Repair Bills

A car that squeaks is far more than an annoyance. It's a costly proposition.

Squeaks mean metal rubbing against metal—destructive friction calling for IMMEDIATE LUBRICATION.

Proper lubrication means quiet, economical driving. Improper lubrication means noise and embarrassment, expense and trouble. 80% of all repair bills are charged to improper lubrication of cars.

Correct use of the Alemite equipment on your car is the answer. Not greasing at unknown irresponsible Greasing Stations—sometimes with greases totally unfitted for use in the Alemite Systems, but scientifically correct lubrication—Alemite-ing at authorized Alemite-ing Stations.

Your Protection

Genuine Alemite-ing stations now are everywhere. The yellow sign shown here identifies them. Efficient mechanics serve you in those stations. Genuine Alemite Lubricants, especially for use in the Alemite Systems and developed by the makers of those systems themselves, are used in those stations. Consider what that means

Go to them for service. Ask to have your car Alemited. You will find, as thousands of motorists everywhere have found, that MOST REPAIR BILLS are avoidable. Find, too, squeakless riding, longer car life and far greater pleasure from your car.

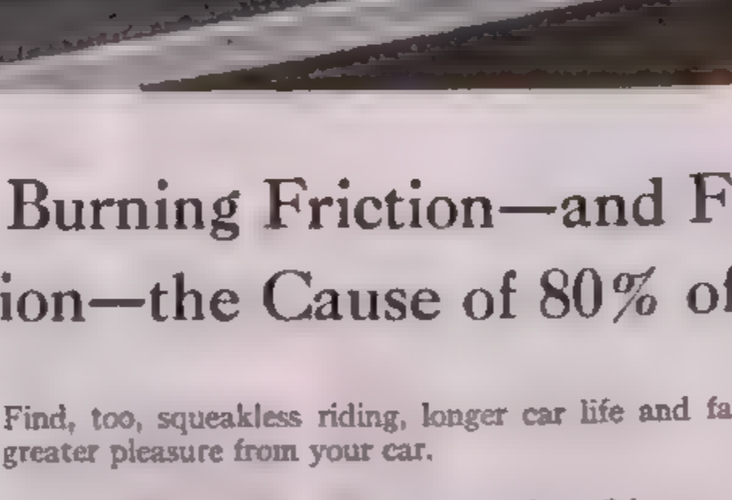
What Alemite-ing Consists Of

1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

2. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown above, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.



ALEMITE

Over 95% of the cars selling today, including the new Ford, are equipped with either the Alemite or Alemite Push Type System. Both are equally efficient. In buying Alemite fittings be sure that the word "Alemite" is stamped on the body as shown at left.

ALEMITE PUSH TYPE

Alemite Manufacturing Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2666 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

A New Service

Ask your dealer, garage or service man for details on the new Alemite Service R. A. S.—Recorded Alemite Service

A plan that will warrant a remarkable increase in the *resale value* of your car. A plan endorsed and sponsored by leading car dealers throughout the country . . . R. A. S.—get details from dealer, garage or service stations

(Continued from Page 56.

varied and finely shaded discolor which is so characteristic of fine old stone.

On the other hand, if the imitated piece is to pass for an ancient work dug up from classic soil, the process of coloring will be quite different, for the marble must show the discolorations due to contact with the earth and its minerals. To attain this effect all kinds of methods are employed.

Old ivories of every period and character are reproduced by a somewhat similar technic.

First, the crucifix, the jewel box, the Chinese animal figurine or Buddha, the diptych, icon, mirror case, statuette or whatever it may be must be carved in imitation of the period to be represented, with the characteristic naïveté and preferably with tools then in use. This done, it must be rubbed and toned. The cracks which are so common to old ivories are readily produced by alternate chilling and quick heating.

Putting a Suit on a Button

But with all such fakes the matter of reproduction is only the first and, I think, the least important step. Remarking once more that anything can be successfully imitated if the man who does the work has the knowledge, artistic ability and patience, it by no means follows that the product, be it ever so excellent, will find a market that will yield enough to pay for the trouble taken. An imitation old ivory or marble, produced under modern conditions and at modern wages, could not possibly be offered as what it is, for it would not fetch the workman's hire.

Armor, of course, owes its rage to snobbery. It came into popularity first in France after the bourgeois revolution of 1830, when all the democrats of the kingdom found it expedient to possess what might pass with some as the evidences of knightly descent. Since that time the mania has spread to all countries.

There may be said to be just two kinds of fraudulent armor—that made for the tyro and that created for the more exacting taste. For that matter, this distinction pertains in all classes of fakes, to be sure. The armorers of today are mostly German, Swiss and French, with a few Belgians and Italians chiming in.

Armor faking, like picture faking, may be total or partial. It is a common and probably a legitimate practice to take ruined suits of old mail, from which parts are missing, and restore them with modern sections. As in the case of old paintings, the question will always rise as to the point at which restoration ends and fraud begins. Some of my happy colleagues seem to hold that so long as there is a single link or button belonging to medievalism the attached iron gent's furnishings must be regarded as authentic. Thus a vestigial tail is often made to wag a very large dog.

The armor fakers of whom I have spoken despise any such concessions to respectability, and make everything to order. In European countries the practice is to make up the various parts from the antique kinds of metals with the tools used by the armorers of chivalrous times. The character of these metals is, to be sure, well known, and the tools may be copied from those in many museums. In this way we get a product that is very hard to distinguish from the genuine.

Once more the difficulty reposes in the finish, in that ineffable charm and distinction which only time can add to the products of human artistry. Some of this aging is again accomplished by rubbing, acid baths, and the like, but the chief reliance is placed upon natural rust and discoloration.

To bring this effect out as rapidly as possible, the finished and articulated suits of armor are buried in very damp ground. At the proper time they are exhumed or exhydrated, cleaned, toned and presented to the waiting world.

Which brings us to the subject of rugs. Early American floor coverings of the kind now in considerable demand to accompany the highly popular Colonial furniture have as yet received slight notice from the faker, mainly for the reason that they do not command large prices. There is a good deal of misrepresentation rife, to be sure, but it usually takes the form of offering early nineteenth-century rugs and mats for samples of earlier handiwork. Since hooked and other handmade rugs are still commonly produced in various older communities, particularly in Nova Scotia, New England, up-state New York and Pennsylvania, some modern reproductions also get to the market, but these are so readily detected that the collector of even the narrowest experience ought not to be cheated. The yarns and stuffs available today are different from those used in the days adjacent to the Revolution, and from these any fraud may be read with ease.

On the other hand, the very function of collecting rare and artistic specimens of Oriental rugs would furnish material to read like the adventures of an explorer combined with the spirit of the devotee of beauty. The men who have made the attempt in recent years to bring exceptional pieces out of Persia, Turkestan, Bokhara and other Eastern lands deserve to rank with the heroes of the hunt and the pole quest.

Aged in the Dirt

It will interest all those who own fine old rugs to know that the supply of such pieces is practically exhausted. Even twenty years ago Persia had been combed again and again by rug collectors and dealers from all over the earth. At that time, however, the rug bazaar at Constantinople was still rich with fine coverings. The first authorities on this subject tell me that the end of really artistic Eastern rugs has been reached. Even the finer grades of commercial rugs having sufficient age and merit to make them valuable are becoming more and more rare every day, and their prices may be expected to show this fact more clearly as the years go by.

All older rugs are, of course, more valuable than those made in recent years, especially since the outbreak of the Great War. One reason for this is the fact that an Oriental rug requires many years of use on the dirt floors of Eastern houses, pressed by the unshod feet of the natives, to acquire the tone and ripeness necessary to beauty. Most of these rugs as originally woven are barbaric and garish in color. They have color, but not tone.

With modern rugs this tone is achieved artificially, by washing with various acids and other bleaches. Once this toning was done in the East. Later it was taken up by the importers in this country. Bales of rugs, as they came from the ships, were treated and made ready for showing by the wholesalers. The point of importance to the buyer is that a treated rug will last from one-fourth to one-half as long as a rug that has been aged. Forty years of wear under Eastern conditions add to the value of any carpet. One trip to the chemical works will probably take at least 50 per cent out of a carpet's life.

The rare rugs are the Ispahans, of Persia; the Kubas, of the Eastern Caucasus; the Joshagans, also Persian; and the Ghiordes and Kulas, from Anatolia. Antique Chinese rugs must also be mentioned here, with the reservation that they must be antique.

Exterior Decor tion

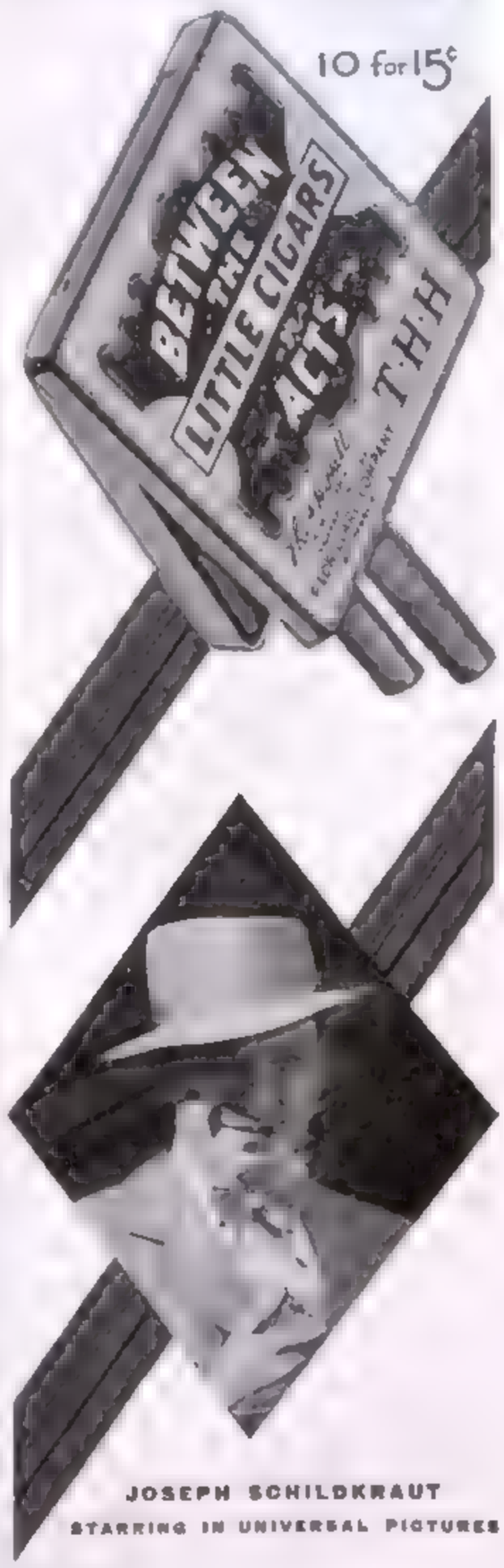
In the most recent years a few good old Samarkand rugs, made at the ancient capital of Tamerlane in the first years of the nineteenth century, proved a happy discovery, since they were Persian in weave and Chinese in feeling. Good specimens were rare, however, and the supply was exhausted in four or five years. Old Bokharas will soon bring very high prices. Of commercial rugs the high-grade Sarouk is now the best.

Rug faking today, aside from the low and common trick of imposing a cheap make on ignorant people for one of better antecedents, is confined to the reproduction of antique pieces and their artificial aging. The usual practice is to make a replica of some beautiful and rare old carpet in one of the modern factories with which the East now abounds, and then subject it to various treatments which are designed to make it look like a genuine product of the colorful old days. Such rugs are first toned by chemical means, then rewashed to remove any traces of the media, and next sandpapered on the back to simulate the effects of wear, scorched, rubbed with dirt, touched here and there with somber dyes, worn on the nap by rubbing, and finally shipped off to that dear America where every man is rich and a sucker. Sad to chronicle, a good many of these spurious pieces have lured the money out of easy bank accounts by the thousands.

English garden ornaments—a charming substitute for the iron dogs, stags and nymphs of our fathers' front lawns—are in demand. A good leaden pair of the Queen Anne or Georgian period may fetch two thousand dollars or more. Unfortunately, there are, outside Hampton Court, Knole Park, and a few other well-known British seats, very few authentic examples left. These objects are of cast lead and often painted outside to protect them from weathering. Time deals ungently with lead, and ornaments old enough to be interesting are not strewn by many waysides. Accordingly the fakes are numerous and the tales of imposture varied. I myself have passed through some harrowing adventures with these outdoor decorations.

Remodeler: Shows What Vision and Imagination Can Do. Soon as I Saw This Little Shack I Knew How I Could Fix It Up"

BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS
10 for 15¢



JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
STARRING IN UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Well known members of the BETWEEN THE ACTS CLUB

Throwing away a half-smoked cigar because you haven't time to finish it is like being called away from dinner just as the soup's brought on. It's no fun at all. Which explains the growing popularity these days of BETWEEN-THE-ACTS . . . the 15¢ cigar in 10 installments. Sized to fit the busy man's smoking moments yet packed from tip to light with real Havana charm. And economical! There's not a penny's waste in a packetful.

Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

© P. LORILLARD COMPANY, ESTABLISHED 1760

FOR UP-TO-THE-
MINUTE MEN

Men who keep pace with the fast-moving pulse of modern life are always on the alert for quicker, better ways of doing things. That's why so many successful, up-to-the-minute men use Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Squibb's is literally made for men who like to do things quickly and well. Its speedy, smooth-running work—its freshness and its easy comfort give you a new idea of shaving satisfaction.

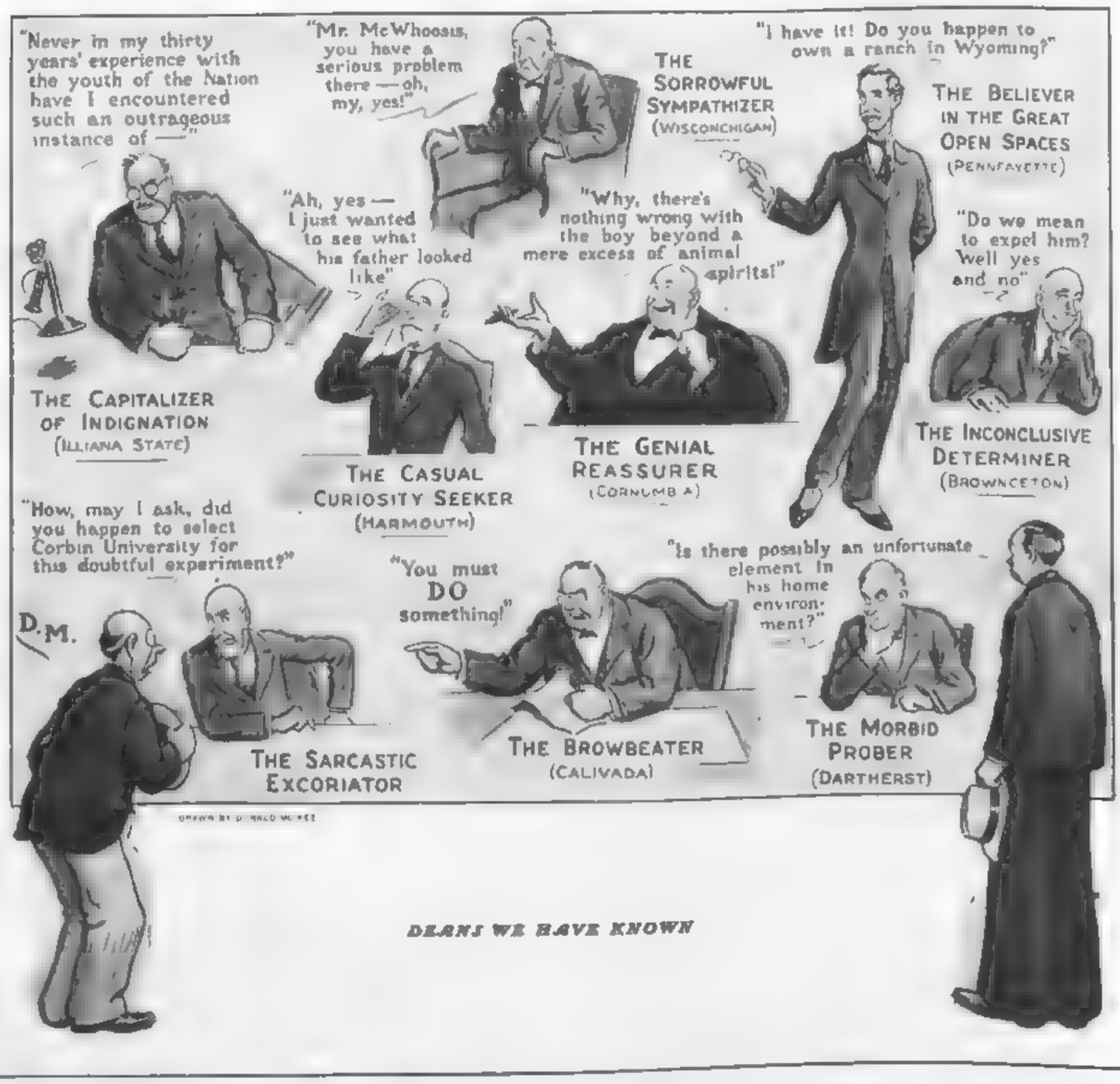
Lather up with Squibb's Shaving Cream tomorrow morning. Notice the brisk, clean-cut way the razor slides over your face. Feel how braced-up and freshened your skin is at the finish.

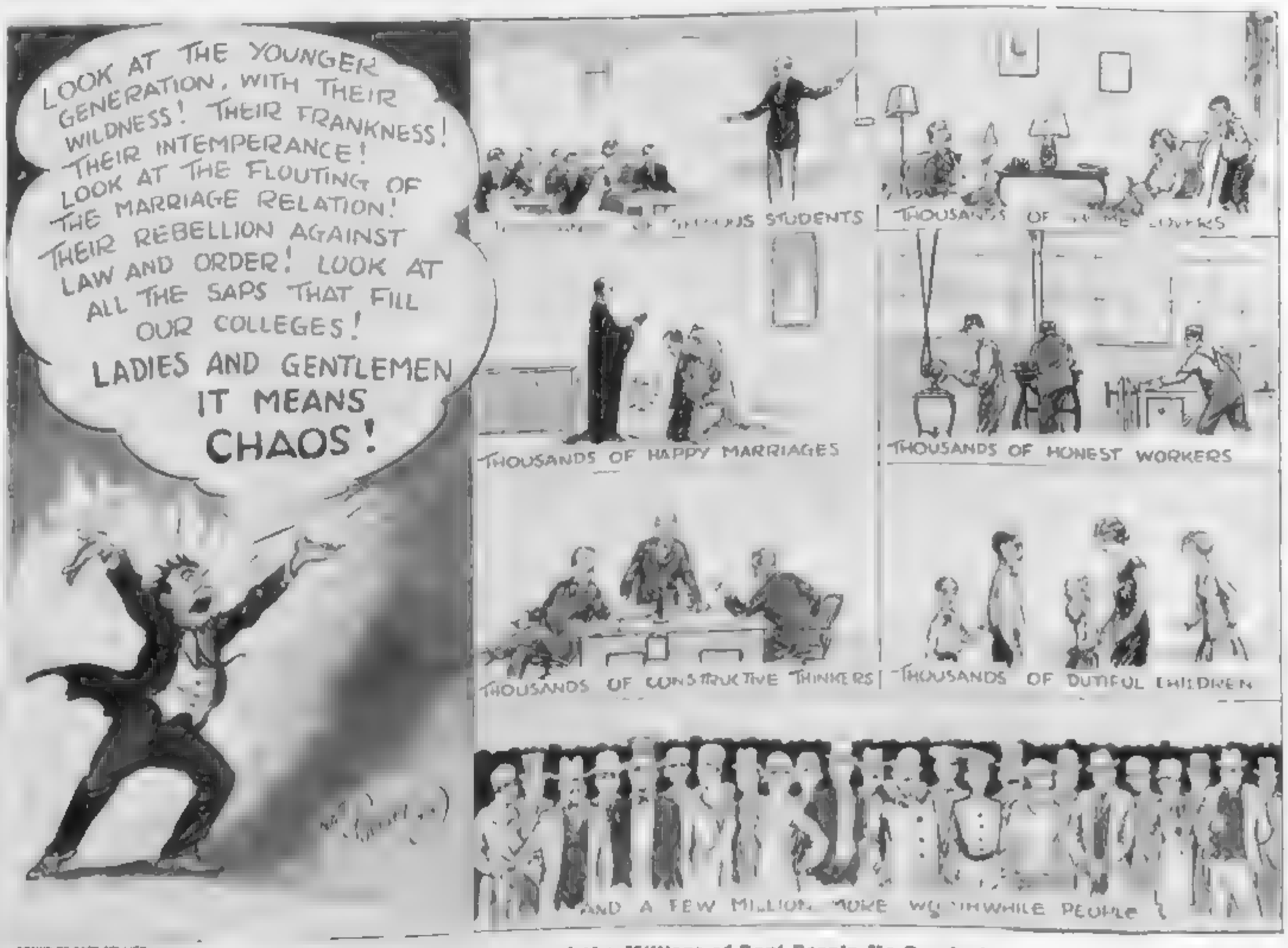
Squibb's Shaving Cream is sold at all drug stores, in large-sized tubes. Priced very reasonably at 40c.

A SHAVING CREAM
By SQUIBB

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

Cartoon and Comedy


"Never in my thirty years' experience with the youth of the Nation have I encountered such an outrageous instance of —"
THE CAPITALIZER OF INDIGNATION (ILLIANA STATE)
"Mr. McWhoosis, you have a serious problem there — oh, my, yes!"
"Ah, yes — I just wanted to see what his father looked like"
THE CASUAL CURIOSITY SEEKER (HARMOUTH)
THE SORROWFUL SYMPATHIZER (WISCONCHIGAN)
"Why, there's nothing wrong with the boy beyond a mere excess of animal spirits!"
THE GENIAL REASSURER (CORNUMBA)
"I have it! Do you happen to own a ranch in Wyoming?"
THE BELIEVER IN THE GREAT OPEN SPACES (PENNFAYETTE)
"Do we mean to expel him? Well yes and no"
THE INCONCLUSIVE DETERMINER (BROWNCETON)
"How, may I ask, did you happen to select Corbin University for this doubtful experiment?"
D.M.
THE SARCASTIC EXCORIATOR
"You must DO something!"
THE BROWBEATER (CALIVADA)
"Is there possibly an unfortunate element in his home environment?"
THE MORBID PROBER (DARTHERST)
DEANS WE HAVE KNOWN


LOOK AT THE YOUNGER GENERATION, WITH THEIR WILDNESS! THEIR FRANKNESS! THEIR INTEMPERANCE! LOOK AT THE FLOUTING OF THE MARRIAGE RELATION! THEIR REBELLION AGAINST LAW AND ORDER! LOOK AT ALL THE SAPS THAT FILL OUR COLLEGES! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IT MEANS CHAOS!
THOUSANDS OF HAPPY MARRIAGES
THOUSANDS OF HONEST WORKERS
THOUSANDS OF CONSTRUCTIVE THINKERS
THOUSANDS OF DUTIFUL CHILDREN
AND A FEW MILLION MORE WORTHWHILE PEOPLE

The Calamity Howler—and the Millions of Real People He Overlooks

LOYALTY

SUCH AS FEW LEADERS KNOW

This message is not an advertisement in the usual sense of that term. It makes no attempt to sell a single Buick automobile. It is rather an acknowledgment to more than two million Buick owners, who have awarded Buick the finest tribute ever paid to any motor car.

Men rarely extend the gift of friendship to any but living things. But the word *friendship* is the only term that describes the tie existing between hundreds of thousands of men and women and the Buick car.

These men and women . . . and Buick . . . are old friends. They have worked and played together for years, and remained true to each other all the time. And together they have written the most wonderful chapter in all motor car history, and perhaps in the history of all manufactured products.

More than *eighty per cent* of this great family of owners *buy Buicks again and again*—the most impressive record of owner allegiance ever won by any motor car.

Some have purchased as many as ten—fifteen—even twenty Buick cars—during the quarter-century that Buick has been building automobiles.

Moreover, *these owners alone* purchase more Buicks, year after year, than the total production of any other individual car in the Buick field.

It is these old friends—and an ever-increasing number of new friends—that have enabled Buick to perpetuate its record of winning more than twice as many buyers as any other car priced above $1200.

Buick has given to the world its most favored quality automobile; but these men and women have given to Buick something even more precious.

They have given Buick loyalty such as few leaders know—and the inspiration to still greater achievement. Is it any wonder that the builders of Buick exert every effort to repay them with a finer and finer Buick—that friendship so pleasant may go on forever.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factory: McLaughlin-Buick, *Oshawa, Ontario*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
• BUICK WILL BUILD THEM •

He needn't have Worried if he'd shaved with Small-Bubble Lather

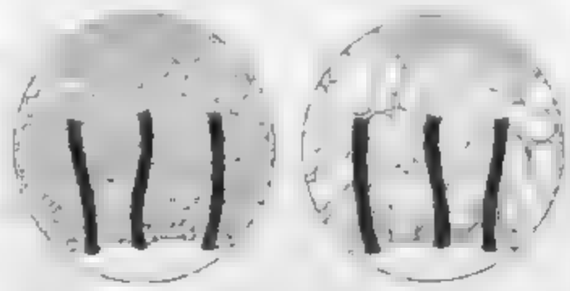
Now that morning shave can last much longer. Closer shaving than ever gives millions of men new satisfaction.

A SHAVE that lasts . . . what man does not seek it? And how easy to attain it now that small-bubble lather has been perfected by Colgate chemists. More moisture at the base of the hairs—so they cut off closely. Note the comparative pictures . . . you'll see the point. Better still, you'll *feel* the difference, once you try Colgate's.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1.—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2.—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

Thousands of men, after various trials with ordinary lathers, have adopted Colgate's as supreme. To prove its superiority, mail the coupon below. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion —refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

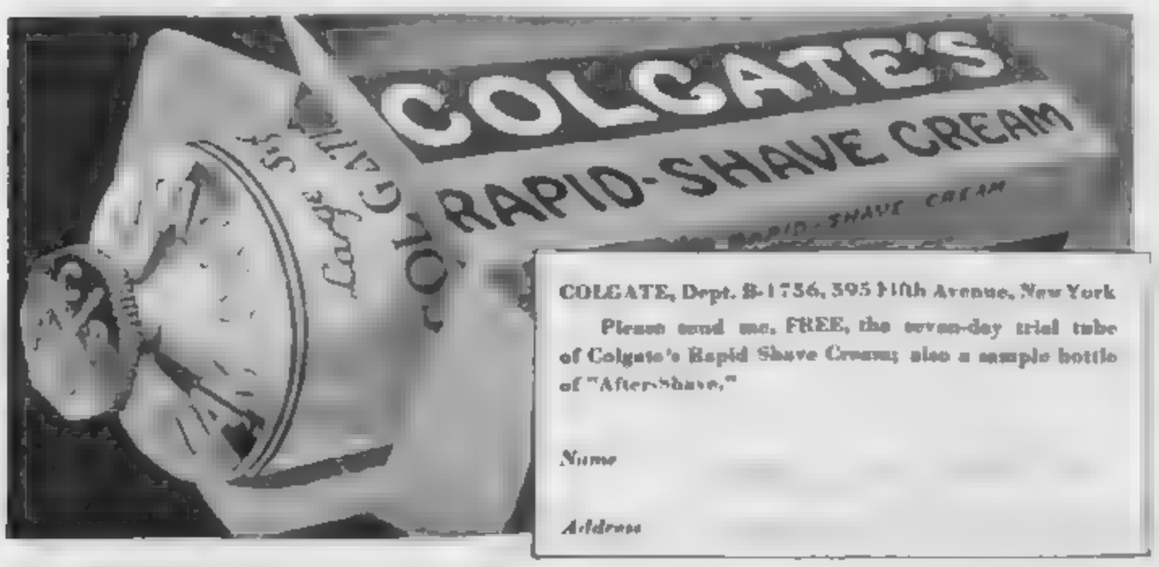


COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture content with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle, scientifically authenticated and proved out by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard sufficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water



COLGATE, Dept. B-1756, 595 10th Avenue, New York

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name

Address

THE SLOWEST TOWN ON EARTH—By Wallace Irwin

Grover Whalen's Perfect Plan

SCENE 1

[New York. A surface view of Somewhere near Fifth Avenue. The barricade is very dense, suggesting sudden violence. Seven steam shovels stand at pause like dinosaurs with wagging jaws. Seven red wagons block the right; they're plainly labeled Dynamite. Twenty-two blue piano vans lean listlessly against the curb near eighty trucks of garbage cans marked, Driver Resting, Don't Disturb.

One traffic arrow points to east and one severely points to west. THE PERFECT COP *inspired by yeast, pulls a tin whistle from his vest. He blows tweet-tweet, which plainly proves his heart's all right—but nothing moves.*

A SERGEANT *saunters down the beat and seems to say, "It's time to eat."*

THE SERGEANT *(pulls a typewrit screed and languidly begins to read):*

"General Orders Forty-nine:
Turn all the eastbound traffic north
Up to the zodiacal sign
Of Capricorn, then back henceforth.
Reverse the one-way streets and stress
Rule 60, Column X—see Crime—
No parking is allowed unless
The car's in motion all the time.

"P. S.: If questions should arise
On any Rule or Regulation,
See Mr. Whalen, who'll advise
Quite cheerfully on application."

THE PERFECT COP:

Good morning, good morning, good morning, friend Sergeant,
With buttons of gold and insignia argent,
Be friendly and answer my question:
When I've just seen a murder that's very atrocious,
How can I give chase to the villain ferocious
If stopped by the traffic congestion?

SERGEANT:

Why bother your head with the problems of crime?
Your duty's the traffic—one job at a time.

A truck, containing paving stone, hits something with a gassy groan

CHORUS OF TRUCKMEN:

O holiday! O holiday!
What very charming weather.
If here we have to spend our lives
Away from home and hearth and wives,
We're glad we are together.
Tra-la. Tra-la.
For we can sing and dance and swear,
Play round-the-ring and solitaire.
Like birdies of a feather,
We're glad we are together.

[But lo! What's this? With shake and shiver a STRANGER *in a time-worn flivver floats through the mess in frail distress like cardboard on a swollen river.*

THE PERFECT COP *(without baloney, but falling back on ceremony):*

Hey, whaddaya think ya are,
And wheredaya think ya're goin'?
And whaddaya got and whaddaya say,
And whaddaya mean when ya say it, hey?
And whydaya sit there blowin'?

THE STRANGER *(falling from his seat and sitting weakly in the street):*

Be merciful, be pitiful, O Cop with shining brow!
I've come to this great city and you'll not desert me now.
Renew my hopes. You know the ropes. You're young and big and strong.
Now harken to my story, for I'll not be very long.

VOICES FROM THE VANS:

Tell your story, kid; we'll love it.
Take your time; there's plenty of it.

THE SERGEANT *(in a bass Wagnerian as beer Bavarian):*

Stranger, before you proceed further,
Relate to me, explain to me,
Just how you got on this here street.

FULL CHORUS:

O horrors! O terrors!
How does HE know,
How do WE know,
How does ANYONE know
Just how we got on this here street?

THE STRANGER *(points to a building high two blocks off as the airships fly):*

My destination's over there.
Alas! My cheek is lined with care
Where once it showed a dimple.
I thought it was so simple

THE PERFECT COP:

Ah, don't you know, deluded man,
That since we drew our Traffic Plan
There's nothing really simple?

THE SERGEANT:

Lean on my arm and take your ease.
Now tell your story, if you please.

THE STRANGER:

My name is Tibbs. I come from Needle's Eye,
A town so small the map doth scarce record it.
We have to flag the trains when they go by,
We have no night clubs, for we can't afford it.
Right up the street you'll find the village store:
We visit folks by walking there and back, sir.
It don't take long to finish any chore
Because our town is off the beaten track, sir.

Of yore my cousin, Reginald Van Doo,
Moved to New York and prospered in insurance
Last month he wrote me saying, "Why don't you
Seek the Great City, shake your rustic durance,
Come where all life is sped by lively wires,
Make one with Hustle and with Rapid Motion?
Here's my street number."
So I patched my tires
And came—oh, woe, why did I take the notion?

(Continued on Page 64)

WHAT IS BEHIND GRIGSBY-GRUNOW CO.

The two Armitage Avenue Chassis plants contain 125,000 square feet of floor space and employ 2500 people. Part of the plants shown have just been completed and will require 3000 more employes.

The four plants at Dickens Avenue are 375,000 square feet in area, and in them 4500 employes make the cabinets, speakers and power packs.

Plant No. 7, nearing completion, adds 50,000 square feet of space and will employ 1000 more men and women.

In this modern tube plant, 1000 employes are making Majestic Tubes of the same high quality as Majestic Radio Receivers.

Every Sunday evening, from 9 to 10 o'clock Eastern Standard Time, Majestic presents headliners of the Stage and Screen over a coast-to-coast hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the American Broadcasting Company.

Time payments in the purchase of Majestic Receivers are financed through the Majestic Plan at lowest available rates.

Manufacturers of

Majestic

—ELECTRIC—RADIO—

THE world knows and acclaims Majestic radio as the most outstanding receiving set ever built—outselling all other makes by so great a margin that wherever *Radio* is talked of, *Majestic* is talked of.

So meteoric has been the career of Majestic, so tremendous has been its sale, so universal its popularity, that only a very few have come to know the real story behind Majestic success—a story that reads like a chapter from Arabian Nights, yet one that is packed with hard business sense and sound merchandising principles.

It is due the public to know something about the organization behind Majestic, which made possible the slogan that has swept America, the slogan that is true, and the slogan that the public believes—*"You can't buy a better radio set than Majestic at any price."*

Unlike Topsy, Majestic didn't "just grow"—Majestic is the realization of a dream, as all great business successes are realizations of the indomitable spirit of wishing to do something better for the world than has ever been done before. Back of Majestic radio is an organization of men who have put their souls and hearts into building a product better and finer, at a price so low that the whole world may enjoy *all* the thrills and *all* the pleasures of modern radio.

Starting with this ideal—the will to accomplish—Grigsby-Grunow Company within a short space of seven years has grown from a small plant employing a few people, to its present size, where eight great plants, making every part of the Majestic radio receiver, give employment to more than 8000 people. Each working day more than 4000 complete Majestic sets are produced in these eight great factories.

More than thirty carloads of steel, fine cabinet woods, wire and other raw materials are received each day, and more than forty carloads of complete Majestic radio sets are shipped out to more than 12,000 Majestic dealers the same day. To insure its receiving the very finest of raw materials, Grigsby-Grunow's own men are stationed at the sources of supply to select the best, and speed its shipment to Chicago. The company operates its own veneer plant, and has even gone so far as to purchase stumpage, to insure a constant supply of the best panel woods for cabinet construction.

Besides more than 8000 employes in Chicago, a small army of Grigsby-Grunow field representatives travel the entire country, assisting dealers to help you get a greater appreciation of what Majestic is doing and more enjoyment from your Majestic set.

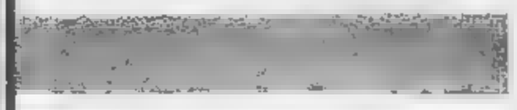
The Grigsby-Grunow policy is not to rest on present achievements, but to look into the future. Scores of the finest engineers in the entire field of radio are constantly experimenting, testing, and planning to make Majestic a still greater value, and a still greater source of enjoyment.

The Majestic story cannot be told in an advertisement. But something of the spirit behind the product can be conveyed, that you may understand Majestic leadership is not transitory, but reaches into the future.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY

General Offices: 5801 Dickens Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates



Majestic Radio-Phonograph Combination gives you—at moderate cost—the greatest instrument for musical entertainment the world has ever seen. *Everything* in Radio—an *electric pick-up*, electric motor phonograph—in a cabinet of beautifully matched butt burl walnut.

(Continued from Page 62)

[THE COP *presents a first-aid handkerchief.*
THE STRANGER *(changes meter in his grief):*
When I drove in to this here town
And saw that building high
Out flew a cop and signaled, "Stop!
Turn back, turn back, you guy."

So when I turned, a creature spurned,
Lost in a desert drear,
On every side the sign I spied,
"Keep Moving—Don't Turn Here."

With hopeless honks I crossed the Bronx,
Where I was forced to pause,
When twenty cops arrested me
For breaking twenty laws.

I fled from jail, I jumped my bail
And seized the wheel again,
And shimmied down Manhattan Isle—
Ah, careless hope and vain!

Again I found the haughty street
Where Reginald Van Doo
Retains his lofty office seat—
Another whistle blew.

"Go west, young man," a traffic voice
Distinctly said to me.
So westward like a haunted thing
I sought my destinee.

Thus, days and days, around and round
I've spun as spins the top.
I get a summons when I move,
Another when I stop.

Oh, Sir Policeman, do you think
I'll ever reach the spot?
[THE SERGEANT *slowly wags his head and moans, "Most likely not."*
[THE PERFECT COP, *with look astute, comes to a very smart salute. His brow shines bright, as if to say, "Oh, goody! I have found the way."*
THE PERFECT COP:
Oh, this is great.
I have a plan
To liberate
This poor, lost man!
Remove the paper from your cap
And glance across the Whalen Map
Beyond the Zodiacal Sign
In General Orders Forty-nine!
ALL:
Fine! Fine! Celestial sign!
General Orders Forty-nine!
[THE SERGEANT, *surveying the paper in question, demonstrates symptoms of faulty digestion.*
SERGEANT:
General Orders Forty-nine,
As clear as mud, as sweet as brine.
That easy thinker, Doc Ein-stein,
Would make a scene
And sprain his bean
On General Orders Forty-nine.
THE PERFECT COP:
Please don't be stupid, Sergeant, dear.
Give me the paper —— See, it's clear.
(With gestures which an actor needs to give effect he stands and reads):
"P. S. If questions should arise
On any Rule or Regulation,
See Mr. Whalen, who'll advise
Quite cheerfully on application."
SERGEANT:
Patrolman, you've sure saved the day!
Now, stranger, be off on your way.
If you're lost in the city
Don't ask us for pity,
But see Mr. Whalen straightway.
THE STRANGER:
Oh, thank you a thousand times o'er,
The jungle I love to explore.
If I never return
Tell my girl not to yearn
And my dog not to yelp at the door.
[*The flivver rattles on, while a Subway explodes and several coal trucks get rid of their loads, a heavy steel girder comes down with a shock and bumps seven speak-easies out of the block, a criminal lawyer escapes through a van hole while a* TAXI QUARTET *marches up from a manhole.*
TAXI QUARTET:
Too-ree-lay! Too-ree-lay!
We can't get away, since we're stuck
here to stay.
Too-ree-lay! Too-ree-lay!
And the pride of New York is her Traffic
Police.

UNCERTAIN CURTAIN

SCENE II

[*The Park by City Hall. Two weeks have passed since did befall the drama we have just beheld. Now see* THE STRANGER *looking eld, and very weary, weak and worn. His hair is long, his coat is torn, and, ah! his sunken eyes now wear a monomaniacal stare.*
[*The City Hall, observed afar, is gay with bunting; star on star and stripe on stripe the banners curl. A band is playing She's My Girl as* MAYOR WALKER, *smartly dressed, steps out to greet a* FOREIGN GUEST. *And now appears the* WELL-DRESSED MAN *with silken hat and spats of tan, a tie proclaiming haberdash, and that world-advertised mustache. His handshake demonstrates such skill the frenzied* CROWD *enjoys a thrill.*
THE CROWD:
Our Whalen, oh, our Whalen!
Our Prince of Whales,
Our King of Males,
With energy unfailin'
He shakes the hands of kings and
queens
And aviators in their teens.
Those who from Europe sailin'
With medals won in foreign court
Or realms of art or field of sport
Must meet the Greeter of the Port,
Our Whalen!
[*Here* WHALEN, *reaching down beneath his coat, brings out a laurel wreath.* THE STRANGER, *in a forward rush, is almost beaten into mush, while patriots hiss, "How dare you, sir?" and others harshly, "Back, you cur!"*
THE STRANGER:
Again I'm foiled.
The plot is spoiled.
[*He weeps, and from a bench near by an* OLD PARK BUM *comes limping nigh and views the wreck with watery eye.*
OLD PARK BUM:
You, too, are working to see Grover, hey?
Be warned in time. I tried it in my day.
Now I am growing lame and stiff and
blind.
It can't be done, boy. Get it off your
mind.
STRANGER:
Ah! But a nice policeman said to me
That Whalen was the man that I should
see.
I came afoot. Last week I took my
flivver
And tossed it, for convenience, in the river.
But now, alas! I stand so very near,
How can my words attain the royal ear?
[*Again the crowd is surging cheer on cheer. The Big Parade is formed, the gang's all here, while* GROVER *in becoming coat of black helps the* DISTINGUISHED GUESTS *into a hack. Envious millions view his dapper shape; the march proceeds through miles of ticker tape.*
THE STRANGER:
That fellow in the hack-hack-hack
With medals all hung over,
He seems to have no troub-troub-troub,
No trouble meeting Grover.
THE O. P. BUM:
That person in the hack-hack-hack
With medals all a-glimmer,
He hasn't any troub-troub-troub—
For he's a Channel swimmer.
DUET:
A Channel swimmer, a Channel swimmer,
No drummer or plumber or milliner's
trimmer
Could land such a hand from the grand
band stand,
Such a Whalen smile with the Whalen
style
And the Whalen coat with the high silk
tile,
As the salt-wave skimmer whose waist
grows slimmer
Through capturing fame as a Channel
swimmer.
THE STRANGER:
Hist-hist! I have a brilliant glimmer!
I will be met
By Whalen yet—
By gosh, I'll be a Channel swimmer!
[*He rushes to a steamship co. and wildly cries, "I want to go to some nice country, near or far, where lots and lots of channels are." They put him on a liner near, and when the vessel leaves the pier he mutters, "Yea, when I return I'll meet him face to face and learn the Secret Truth for which I yearn."*
(The CURTAIN *drops, the* MUSIC *stops.)*

SCENE III

[*The action's brief and snappy.* OUR STRANGER, *semi-drowned, but happy, lies panting in his trunks of flannel. Just now he's swum the English Channel. Three lovely witnesses, afloat, approach him in their dory-boat:* MERCEDES GLEITZ, *the British champ, and* GERTRUDE ED-ER-LEE, *still damp, and* MARY PICKFORD *with her tress—we've dragged in* MARY, *I confess, to make our show a big success.*
TRIO OF FAIR CHAMPS:
Oh, Mr. Tibbs, Oh, Mr. Tibbs,
You've broke all records up to date.
The muscles bulging from your ribs
Have won you fame beyond debate.
OUR HERO:
Hooray! Hip-hip! But I must skip.
Where can I catch the nearest ship?
Pardon my haste, but I must puff
Back to New York and do my stuff.
[*The great* LEVIATHAN *appears to pick up* TIBBS; *three rousing cheers;* MERCEDES G. *and* GERTRUDE E. *and pretty-dainty* MARY P. *clasp hands and cry, "We're pulling for him. Won't* GROVER WHALEN *just adore him!"*
(Down slowly let the CURTAIN *drift and give the* STAGE HANDS *time to shift.)*

SCENE IV

[*The carnival is on,* OUR HERO *is ashore; the whistles blow, the banners flow, and guns boom four times four. They've taken him to City Hall to meet the* SILK HAT BOYS, *and* MAYOR WALKER'S *made a speech you cannot hear for noise. Ah,* HERO TIBBS, *your chest is out for medals fine to see!*
Ah, HERO TIBBS, *your hand is out to grab the City Key. And this of course is quite all right, but where among the throng is splendid* GROVER WHALEN, *whom our* TIBBS *has sought so long?*
THE MAYOR:
Your deed will echo down to fame,
An inspiration—er—your name?
OUR HERO:
My name is Tibbs, and what I've done
Is not for fame or prizes won.
'Tis this that brought me overseas:
I want to meet G. Whalen, please.
CHORUS OF ALDERMEN:
Why didn't you come a week ago,
A week ago, we'd like to know,
To get this demonstration?
You're now too late to meet your date,
For Grover, we regret to state,
Is off on his vacation.
[OUR HERO'S *knees grow very weak; he moves his lips as if to speak. The next he knows he's in a car, biting a Tammany cigar. A big brass band goes boom-boom-boom, while soldiers march and airplanes zoom; the* HERO *car has scarcely room for* HERO TIBBS *and retinue.* A BOROUGH PRESIDENT *or two are there as* WHALEN'S *understudies, but* HERO TIBBS *looks quite askew at these glad-handed greeting buddies.*
[*They march along for hours and hours. Maidens are strewing paper flowers, confetti falls from lofty towers, cameramen exert their powers, but still* OUR HERO *sits and glowers.*
FIRST BOROUGH PRESIDENT:
These here parades are my delight,
They tie the traffic up so tight.
SECOND BOROUGH PRESIDENT:
There's nothing like parades, that's true,
To sort of cut the town in two.
Ho-hum.
[*Just then* OUR HERO *sees a sight which gives him heart disease. "At last I'm here," he mutters low, and leaps as if to quit the show. For there's the very, very street where months ago he pledged to meet his cousin,* REGINALD VAN DOO! TIBBS *gazes, then falls back—wurr-oo—groaning like something in the zoo. For look! The building which he sought has simply vanished into naught. Only a hole is in the earth where shovels dig for all they're worth to build some future Tower of Babel which men may come to—if they're able.*
[*And that's a fact—while east and west poor* TIBBS *has wandered in his quest, they've gone and torn the building down. Oh, what a town—oh, what a town!*
OUR HERO:
Move on, Parade!
I understand
How nuts are made.
Strike up the band!

THE BAND:
Ta-ra, tan-ta-ra,
With a strenuous huzzah!
New York is full of witchery and
dreamwork.
Our labor's so intense
And our progress so immense
That we cannot waste our energy on
teamwork.
Our intentions are sublime;
Though we're never quite on time
At a wedding or a dinner or a play,
We pull a smile seraphic, kid,
And blame it on the traffic, kid,
For that's the regular New York way.
Tye-ump, dee-ay.

CURTAIN

THE SHADOW EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS

(Continued from Page 50)

Lohengrin in the flesh. They reached Rumania in the beautiful month of May, and I saw them for the first time, as all true lovers and heroes of romance should be seen, in the moonlight, in the heart of the forest. The Crown Princess of Rumania had arranged a picnic in the woods that surrounded Bukharest, and the guests went there, some on horseback and others by car. In a clearing in the woods, lighted by lanterns and the rays of the moon coming through the leaves of the oaks, I found myself in the presence of the Grand Duchess Cyril and her husband, "the marble man." She bore in her eyes and in all her person the naughty charm of a beautiful woman who has suffered long. Close beside her sat the grand duke in his riding costume. He was as handsome as I had imagined him to be when I contemplated his photographs, and I could well understand how he had inspired a great and faithful love. We sat down on the grass round a white tablecloth where dinner was set, and soon after, before any of the other guests thought of leaving, the grand duke and duchess asked for their car and disappeared.

To this first entertainment others succeeded also given in their honor, most of them in the open air, owing to the precocious warmth of the season. In 1907 occurred the jubilee of King Carol, celebrating the fortieth anniversary of his reign. An exhibition had been organized at Bukharest, and the fashion was for society people

(Continued on Page 58)

DR. LEONARD WILLIAMS

recommends yeast

in place of the old-fashioned cathartic

Famous Harley House, London, where DR. WILLIAMS has his office . . . One of the most prominent of British physicians, he is a Corresponding Member of the American Climatological Society and the Hydrological Society of Paris; he has served as physician at the Metropolitan Hospital, the Millar Hospital and the Princess Hospital for Soldiers; he is the author of *Minor Maladies, The Science and Art of Living*, etc.

IN the words of Dr. Leonard Williams, famous British authority on glandular and intestinal disorders, *Yeast is superior to every known cathartic.* Dr. Williams' conclusions, reprinted from articles in many leading newspapers in the United States, carry the weight of a lifetime of research.

Why does this eminent physician recommend yeast so strongly? Because, to quote his exact statement, yeast "rouses the system to full physiological efficiency."

Nobody escapes constipation completely. Between "not being sick" and being really healthy and vigorous there is a vast amount of difference.

For keener spirits, renewed vigor, a clearer complexion, and protection against colds, headaches, sore throat —eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. In a recent survey in the United States half the physicians reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass through your intestinal tract daily they combat harmful poisons and gently, naturally purify the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or dissolved in water either cold or hot—not hotter than you can drink. For full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time. It will keep in a cool, dry place. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains.

Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-89, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"Yeast possesses a power of physical purification superior to all the purgatives. It rouses the system to full physiological efficiency.

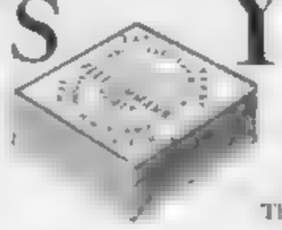
"A large number of persons at or about middle age have forgotten what it is to feel perfectly well. They are not ill but they ail. . . . For such I should like to prescribe less feasting and more yeasting."

Leonard Williams

90 per cent of your ills start here

Here is where yeast works. From throat to colon is one continuous tube. Poisons from clogged intestines spread through your body —to blood, skin, throat, head. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep this *entire* tract clean, active and healthy. Start now!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH



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The Leader of Progress in the Automobile World

CHRYSLER MOTORS
STANDARDIZED QUALITY

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

THE swift and striking growth of Chrysler Motors is the inevitable result of the rising, spreading tide of Chrysler prestige and popularity.

When Chrysler first appeared, five years ago, the whole industry needed a fresh viewpoint. Real progress in motor car designing and engineering had long been hampered and retarded by traditions—originality and initiative were at low ebb.

With Chrysler came the great awakening. Before the industry realized just what was happening, the whole world was talking Chrysler—Chrysler design, Chrysler engineering, Chrysler performance. Something *new*, something *different*, something *better* had arrived. The newcomer had become the pacemaker.

Time passed. Walter P. Chrysler and his associates strengthened their position of leadership. They rapidly built up vast manufacturing forces, perfected world-wide distribution channels and acquired additional well-established properties—all today united in Chrysler Motors. The realization of Chrysler's pledge to provide a *better public service* is thus made possible.

Centrally controlled and managed, the organization of Chrysler Motors is eminently fitted to carry out the most advanced measures of efficiency known in the industry.

The units of Chrysler Motors form *one giant force*—each sharing the efficiencies and economies of group engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and financing.

This unity of plan and purpose makes it practicable to extend the benefits of Standardized Quality throughout a group of products covering *all* markets—with the result that *each* Chrysler Motors creation is emphatically the value leader in its price class.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER "75"

CHRYSLER "65"

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

DODGE BROTHERS SIX

DE SOTO SIX

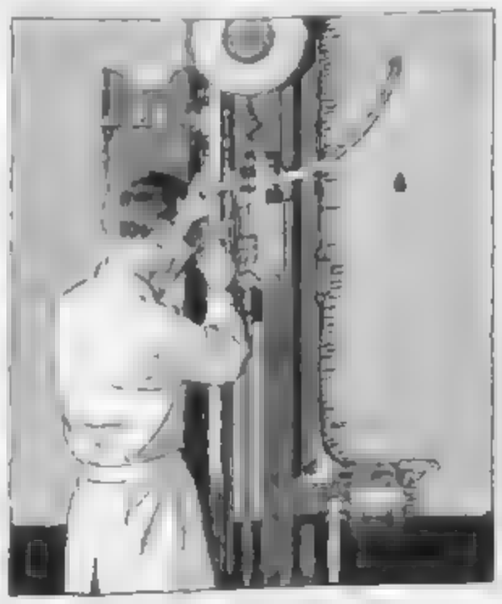
PLYMOUTH

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS

CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors



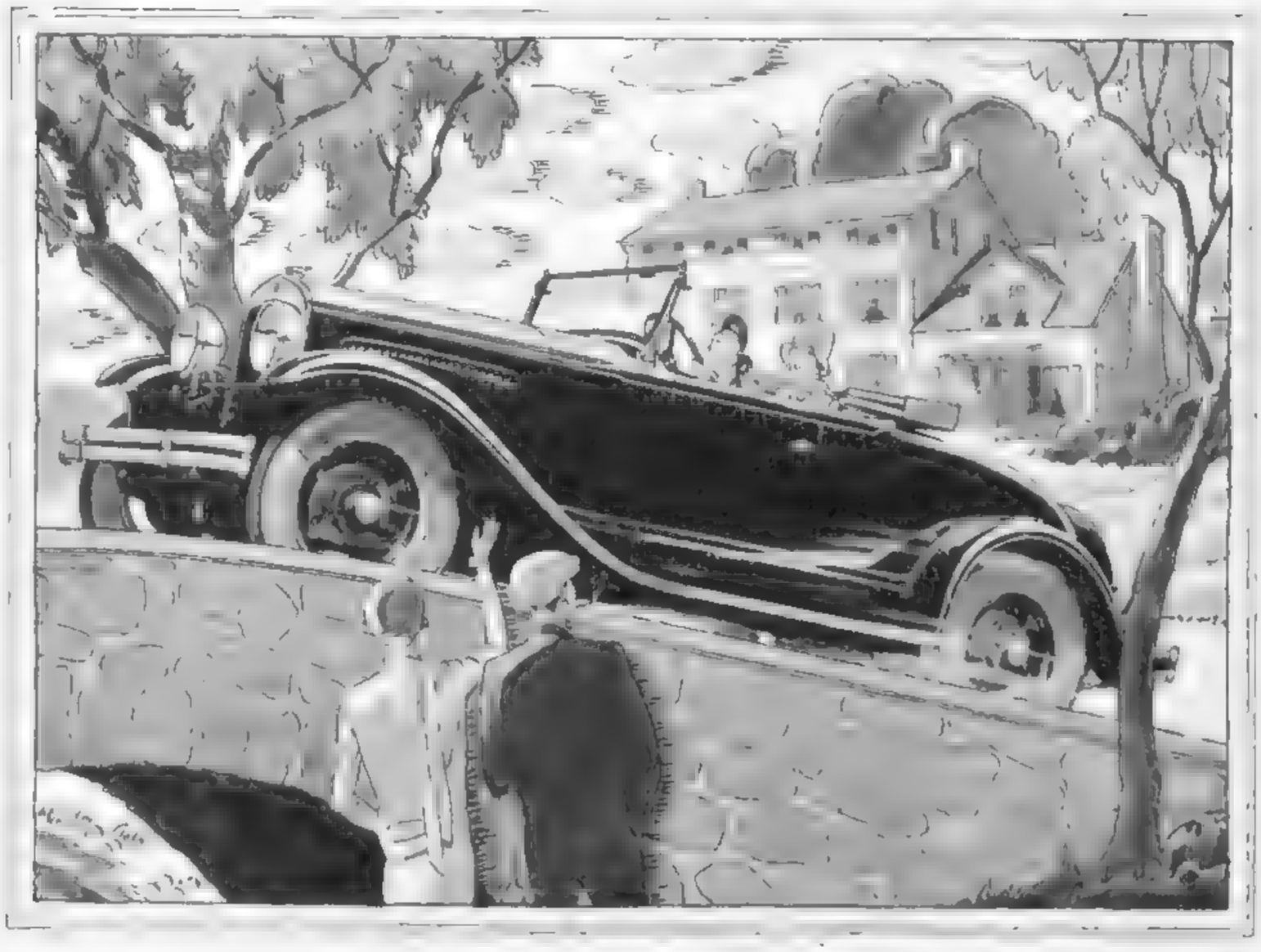
This Chrysler Motors engineer is testing the tensile strength of a sample of rubber. Tires, rubber engine mountings and even rubber floor mats must all pass exhaustive tests for strength, resiliency, purity and long life before being accepted for any Chrysler Motors car

CHRYSLER MOTORS

BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

FULL SIZE PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH—product of Chrysler engineering and craftsmanship—has been so named because its endurance and strength, ruggedness and freedom from limitations so accurately typify that stalwart band of Pilgrims who were the first settlers of Plymouth and who were among the first American Colonists



THE ROADSTER (*with rumble seat*), $675

It has the Quality characteristics *of* far *higher* price

$655 *and upwards f. o. b. factory*

THE improved Chrysler-built Plymouth is one of America's lowest-priced motor cars—but in no sense does it look or behave like one. Everywhere, today, the Chrysler-built Plymouth is giving motorists the impression of a much higher-priced car.

It is inevitable that Plymouth ownership should inspire real pride—for Plymouth's distinction is by no means confined merely to the smartness and richness of its design.

The impression of a higher-priced car is heightened when you ride in a Plymouth—when you enjoy its fine comfort and experience its smooth, flexible performance.

In today's Plymouth the Chrysler engineers have increased the stroke and piston displacement of its superb "Silver-Dome" type engine; have given it a much heavier crankshaft; have enlarged the main bearings and connecting rods; have designed a new system of full-pressure lubrication—and in many other ways have made a great power-plant greater than ever.

All this means that Plymouth is more than ever characteristic of higher-priced cars in the way it attains and maintains speed—in its pick-up—in its ability on hills—in its smooth, smooth, smoothness.

In addition to its eager responsiveness to the throttle, Plymouth handles with the lightest touch on the wheel—and has the safe, positive, easy control of Chrysler weatherproof internal-expanding four-wheel hydraulic brakes.

Its *full-size*—the length of its chassis and springs—the width and depth of its seats—its unusual interior roominess—make Plymouth an amazingly comfortable car. Also, Plymouth is unquestionably the leader of its class in all phases of economy, including the cost of upkeep.

Thus, to the pride of owning a Plymouth, is coupled a thrifty satisfaction in having a car that costs remarkably little to run.

Coupe, $655, Roadster (with rumble seat), $675; 2-Door Sedan, $695, Touring, $695, De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), $695, 4 Door Sedan $695. All prices f. o. b. factory. Plymouth dealers extend the convenience of time payments.

PLYMOUTH

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

MUSIC

wherever you go

THIS AMAZING PORTABLE VICTROLA ONLY $35.00 List Price

Here is a great boon to music lovers . . . a marvelous portable Victrola that you can comfortably take along to camp, picnic or bungalow. Possesses tone quality and volume such as you can get from no other portable. Equipped with Orthophonic-type sound box. Handy as a small overnight bag . . . indestructible . . . beautiful enough for the most smartly appointed small apartment. Records stop automatically after playing—special winding feature makes it easy to wind anywhere. Carries 10 Victor records. The finest portable Victrola ever built and one of the greatest of Victor values . . . listing for only $35.

Portable Victrola

VICTROLA NO. 2-35
LIST PRICE $35

(Continued from Page 64)

to dine there every evening, in illuminated and beflagged pavilions, to the sound of Tzigane violins. During a whole week we dined there, night after night, with the royal family and their guests, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Russia.

We used to wander about the exhibition until late in the evening, visiting the different attractions and even taking part in them. The crown princess had a preference for one in particular, and we followed her lead. The whole party used to share the delights of a marvelous water chute—at that time a new sensation. Every time I embarked, headed for a comic-opera catastrophe, my imagination carried me back to that terrible night at Port Arthur, lived through by one of our companions, when the Petropavlovsk had sunk. Being in a boat, I pictured to myself that other boat shaken by a furious sea, and the Grand Duke Cyril fighting for his life in the midst of a real catastrophe. Without ever daring to speak to him on the subject of this tragedy, in which so much of the prestige of the Russian Empire had disappeared, I could not help thinking of it each time I sailed with him on the water chute, and I kept wondering if the present circumstances ever brought the event back to his remembrance. Was the shipwreck still fresh in his mind? A few days later I received an answer to my unspoken question.

A Rocky Road for Royalty

As a rule, "the marble man" was rather taciturn. From him all one got was cold politeness, and nothing more. He seemed to take part in our somewhat foolish amusements more from duty than from pleasure. Several times I had noticed the identical words he used after an evening spent in society, always spoken with the same calm indifference. "Charming fête," he used to say, with a bow and a haughty smile. His one care seemed to be his wife, and the crown princess drew my attention to the fact that they were always the first to leave, as if in haste to find themselves alone again. This pleased me, as it seemed the proper frame of mind for a modern Tristan and Isolde.

It so happened, when the court left for Sinaia, the crown princess, who wished to show the country to her sister and brother-in-law, asked my husband and myself to take her and them in our car and make the journey by road. We were to stop for luncheon under some very celebrated old walnut trees, at a pretty village on the way called Bréaza, which overlooks the valley of the Prahova. Since then I have never passed that place without remembering all that was said under the shade of those old trees. What a tragic meaning coming events were to give to the words then uttered by the Grand Duke Cyril and his wife!

The grand duchess took her place in the front of the car near my husband, who was driving. She was expecting a child and feared the shaking of the car caused by the rough roads. The Grand Duke Cyril sat between the crown princess and myself in the back of the car, and, to my astonishment, when we were out of the town he pulled out of his coat pocket a blue chiffon veil such as women used to wear, and covered his face with it. I must confess that this action on the part of a man who had been an officer surprised me considerably.

The grand duke then explained that the skin of his face had been injured in the explosion of the Petropavlovsk to such an extent that he had to take precautions to protect it, as ever since it had had a tendency to become painfully inflamed. Seeing the interest I showed in the great danger he had been through, he pulled out his watch and showed it to me. It had fallen into the sea with him when the ship blew up, and still bore the visible traces of sea water on its face under the glass, which had not been broken. The most extraordinary thing was that the watch did not stop when it fell into the sea with its owner. The grand duke kept it like a mascot, and treasured the evidences of the accident on its enameled face.

I was very much moved by his words. They seemed to have broken the ice between us, and I thought of them all the way in the car. When we arrived at Bréaza for luncheon we found the table set on the grass under the century-old walnut trees. We were only five at the rustic meal. The beautiful weather, the solitude, the simplicity, invited confidences. The grand duke and grand duchess spoke of their difficulties with their cousin the czar. His Most Imperial Majesty, after two years' reflection, still refused his pardon, they said. They would have to return to Paris and continue life in their little flat in the Avenue Henri-Martin. Except for their holidays, which they spent regularly at Tegernsee with the Duchess of Coburg, there was no place on earth for them to go to. Residence in Russia was still forbidden to them. They remained outcasts, the pretext being that they had married without the permission of the emperor. All attempts at reconciliation had failed up to now. The combined efforts of "Auntie Michen," the mother of Grand Duke Cyril, and of the Duchess of Coburg, both aunts of Nicholas II, could not prevail against the stern secret hostility of the empress, once Victoria Melita's sister-in-law.

The private fortune of the grand duke was still confiscated, he was still deprived of his commands in the army and navy. As for Victoria Feodorovna, she had been very poor since her divorce. She and her husband had calculated the extent of their income; they had only twenty thousand francs a year to live on; which, for people of their standing, meant complete poverty. Grand Duke Cyril had been brought up exclusively for an officer's career; he had no other profession. And then a child was expected, and if this child should be a son he would be very near the throne.

They continued their plaints, which seemed to me to be well founded. Indeed, the injustice was great, when one considered the fact that other grand dukes had married without the consent of the emperor: Michael, who spent the winter in Cannes and the summer near London with his morganatic wife, the Countess Torby; Paul, who lived at Neuilly with the Countess of Hohenfelsen, a divorcée and a commoner.

The Vengeance of the Empress

These two grand dukes had been exiled from Russia, it is true, but they still possessed their appanages and were able to enjoy their immense wealth in peace and contentment. In the case of Cyril alone there had been confiscation and persecution.

It was inexplicable in view of the fact that the woman he had married was a princess of the blood royal, a cousin of the czar on both her mother's and her father's side, the granddaughter of a former emperor of Russia, and granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria. And it was she, his near relative, on whom Nicholas II had chosen to wreak his wrath.

It was she whom he had selected for the most severe punishment, and whom he had treated worse than he had the commoners married to the other grand dukes—the Torby and the Hohenfelsen.

The czar, the supreme head of the Orthodox Church, could have raised the interdiction which forbade marriage between first cousins. And it was in the name of this obsolete religious law that Nicholas II uttered the anathema which condemned them to exile, their marriage to nullity, and almost reduced them to want. Under this pretense of strict adherence to a religious tenet a woman's vengeance was concealed! The emperor's weakness of character was well known; he had acted under the fatal influence of the empress, who felt very bitterly toward the divorced wife of her brother.

But love triumphed. It replaced everything else with them. They had chosen the better part and it could not be taken from them.

The conversation under the old walnut trees at Bréaza made a profound impression on me and served later to elucidate at least one point in the Russian Revolution which otherwise would have remained obscure to me.

The day after their arrival at Sinaia the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Cyril came to spend the day with us at our country place at Posada. We played tennis all day. Then they retired to dress for dinner in the rooms I had had prepared for them. An old housekeeper, who had been in the family for many years, waited on them, and told me later how amazed she had been by the wonderful things in the Grand Duke's dressing case; she had never seen such luxury, such fine linen, such beautiful gold bottles, such a variety of gold boxes, in any man's dressing case. She had also noticed the grand duke's delicate white hands. If poverty and privations were to come, they had not yet arrived. I was to remember very vividly these details not so long after, when I heard how the grand duke lived during the Russian Revolution.

The Return to Russia

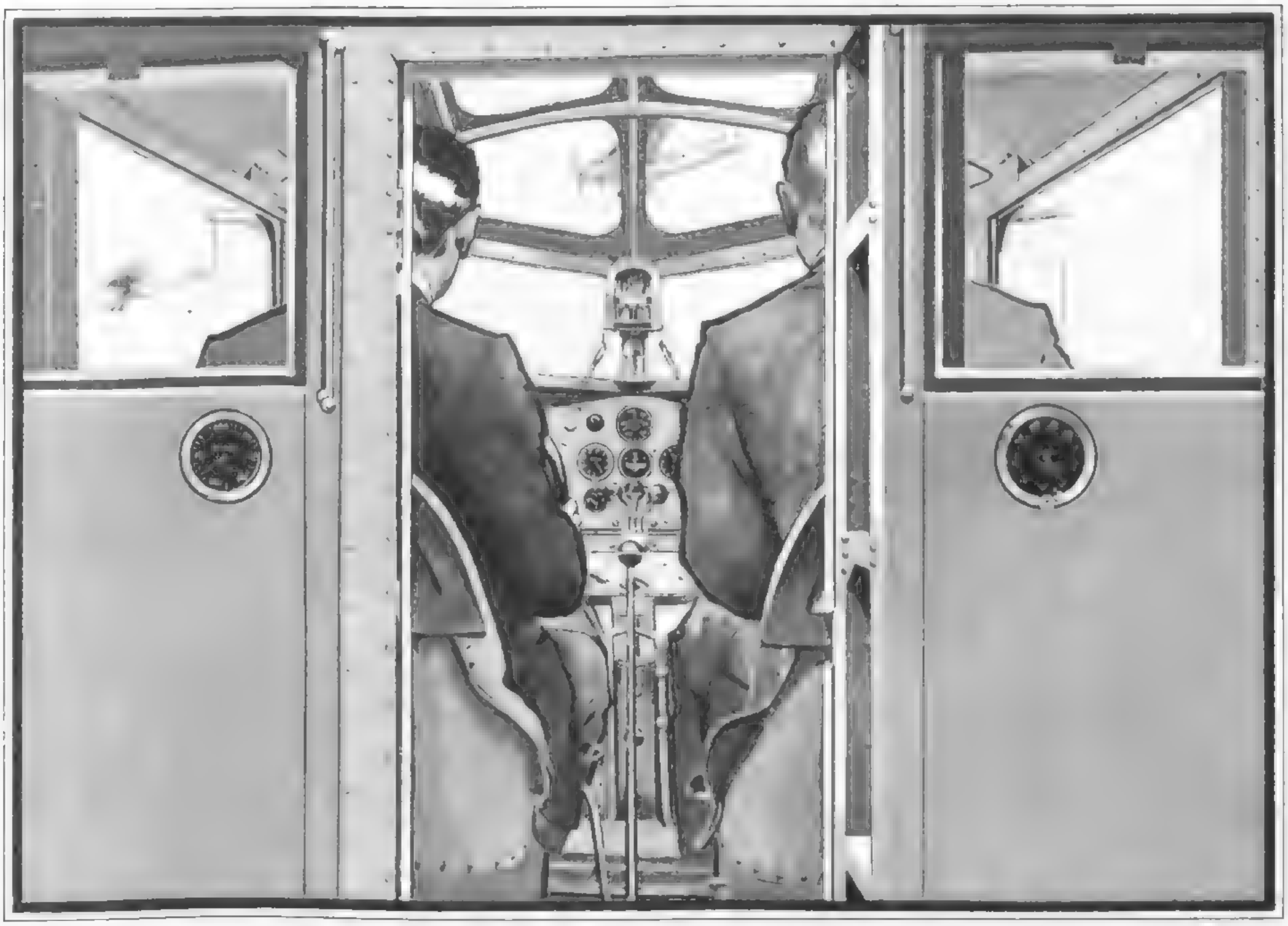
When we left Sinaia we drove our Tristan and Isolde to the frontier of Transylvania, where they were to take the train for Paris. A wonderful moon made of the valley of the Temes the dreamed-of setting for our farewell to the romantic pair. I first saw them in the moonlight of a May night, when the nightingales sang in the deep forest; I took leave of them on a midsummer night, in other forests, and again in the moonlight. I had brought flowers for them. The grand duke detached a leaf of verbena from his wife's bouquet; he liked its fragrance. He removed his gloves in order to crush the perfume from the leaf, and in the rays of the moon his pale hand shone like alabaster. Then the train left the station, carrying toward their destiny this man and woman—social reprobates, but still to be envied for their human happiness.

After this short period of intimacy I saw no more of the Grand Duke and Duchess Cyril, except now and then during the few years previous to the Great War. I saw them once in Paris in their little flat in the Avenue Henri-Martin, after the birth of their second daughter, Princess Kyra; then another time in Munich, when they were coming from Tegernsee. Materially their situation had not changed.

It was only on the eve of the Great War that the Emperor Nicholas II yielded to the Grand Duchess Vladimir's solicitations. We heard that her son Cyril had at last received permission to return to Russia and to take with him his wife and children. The time for a complete and hearty reconciliation seemed to have passed. Then the war broke out, and for two years I heard nothing of them. The last time I saw the Grand Duchess Cyril, previous to the downfall of the Russian Empire, was at Tsarskoe Selo, at the end of September, 1916, only five months before the revolution. I was coming from England and passing through Petrograd on my way to take charge of my hospital in Rumania. The grand duchess asked me to her mother-in-law's palace. She was then anxious about her sister, Queen Marie. The news from the Rumanian front was bad at that time for those who knew. The help of the Russian army was expected, but the question was: Could and would Russia seriously help Rumania?

I found the grand duchess very much concerned and looking tired and sad. She did not conceal her anxiety. Things were going badly for Rumania and also for Russia, it was whispered. The first rumblings of the revolution could be heard. The unpopularity of the empress was appalling and increasing daily. This I had also heard in Petrograd, in the embassies and also in the fashionable restaurants during the four days I was there. The grand duchess told me that she would do her utmost to go and

(Continued on Page 70)



THE WAY OF EAGLES . . .

WHEN it's rough aloft . . . or the report says dirt above the Alleghenies . . . or ice and fog over the Hump . . . then only master pilots should take to the skyways! For these men who wing their way smoothly and safely across the illimitable vault of the heavens are not only pilots of extraordinary skill, but men of clear-eyed judgment and calm responsibility.

In the sudden surge of enthusiasm that is lifting everyone into the air, it's well to realize there is an ideal that must be recognized by all who hope to follow the example of those who command the highways of the sky. The master pilots . . . like the great sea captains . . . are truly a class apart. . . .

As factors of safety are multiplied in the design and construction of airplanes and engines, dependence on pilots will continue to lessen. . . . We know of runaway planes that have leaped into the air without human guidance at all and landed without cracking up! We know of war planes that made gentle landings, with dead sticks, and dead masters! We have actually flown in great tri-motored planes that held their course in fair weather without a man near the controls. *Nevertheless, in the hands of an amateur or an incompetent, the plane is not a safe vehicle for careless flying.*

In the early half of 1928, when the first burst of popular enthusiasm was being put into practical application there was a sharp increase in air accidents . . . collisions, stalls, spins, slips, engine failures, overloading . . . due largely to the carelessness of inexperienced or incompetent amateurs, or to students who were not temperamentally or physically fit to fly planes.

Contrasting with over-eager amateurs, we have the experience of master pilots to prove the safety of sane flight. Collins, for instance, who has flown the Air Mail for well over half a million miles in seven and a half years! Dyer, of the Navy, who spent 1215 hours in the air in 1928 without an accident of any sort . . . close to two unbroken months of nights and days aloft in wind and storm and clear without accident! Mamer, former Army pilot, who carried 12,000 passengers in 4000 hours of flight, over earthquake ravaged regions, over forest fires, through blizzards! . . .

And Ford pilots, flying from Detroit to Cleveland, Chicago and Buffalo, who have flown over a million miles in a total of 518 *days and nights of unbroken flight, with better than railroad efficiency and safety.*

Years ago, Mlle. Moisant flew a plane before she could drive an automobile. Last year a girl of thirteen took a long cross-country solo flight to visit her grandmother. Flight may be as easy as that. But responsible flight must be protected by every safeguard, if aviation is to progress on sound principles.

The best pilots in America today are those who have completed the courses given by the Army and Navy flying schools. These courses require 300 hours of every sort of flying, following thorough ground courses, and rigorous physical examinations.

Ford requires its pilots to have hundreds of hours solo experience, with a brilliant individual record proving mastery of the air! While Ford pilots are not in command of all the Ford tri-motored all-metal planes that are flying in commercial service outside of Ford-Stout operations, the magnificent record of all proves the importance to commerce and industry of properly designed planes, flown by master pilots.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Quick pick-up for fast feet

The swift-footed player has more chance of winning. That's why so many champion athletes, and eminent coaches, endorse Keds. Keds have real speed and Keds' tough safety-soles are specially designed to grip the smoothest surfaces.

Keds offer the most complete line of models for every indoor sport and outdoor activity. You'll find Keds in the best shoe stores right here in town, and there's the greatest variety from which to make your selection. All prices, too, from $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, and up to $4.00.

Remember Keds are more than ordinary "sneakers." Keds are made by the largest specialist in the canvas rubber-soled footwear business. Keds are fine rubber-soled, canvas-topped *shoes*. There's nothing quite like them for fast, sure footwork.

The name "Keds" is stamped on all genuine Keds. Look for the name. That's the only way to be sure of getting *Keds*.

Write for our new free booklet containing all kinds of information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and dozens of other interesting subjects. Dept. KS-59, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

Keds

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

United States Rubber Company

At $1.00 $1.25 $1.50 $1.75 *and up to* $4.00. The more you pay, the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.

Keds "Conquest" (BROWN)

Made with the popular crepe sole, famous for wear. A special toe cap reinforcement that gives extra protection at point of hardest service. "Feltex" insole.

Keds "Gladiator"

A medium price, sturdy shoe for all round use. Patented "Feltex" insole keeps the foot cool and comfortable. Reinforced toe gives extra protection at point of hardest service. Special anti-skid sole.

(Continued from Page 68)

see her sister, Queen Marie, for whom she gave me a letter. Her love for her sister was so strong that she would even face the difficulties and dangers of the long journey. I was to say she would go to Rumania to bring her sister moral comfort, in spite of her health—she was then expecting a third child. I did not see Grand Duke Cyril; he was somewhere on the front commanding his regiment of marines.

The year 1917 brought with it several crushing disasters. The greater part of Rumania, including the capital, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. In March, 1917, when the Russian Empire collapsed, I was interned by the Germans. The following May I was released, and I left for Switzerland with the French nuns who had been working with me in my hospital. We arrived in Switzerland, a neutral country, in the month of June. There we heard more or less trustworthy reports of events in Russia. At the end of the month of August, I received a long-delayed letter from Queen Marie, containing another letter which I was to deliver to her mother, the Duchess of Coburg, then living in Zurich with her youngest daughter, the Infanta of Spain. It was from this Romanoff that I first heard what had happened to the Grand Duke and Duchess Cyril during the awful tempest which had overthrown the throne of the Romanoffs. She said they had had some hopes after the emperor's abdication; they thought the temporary government would be able to prevent Russia from sinking into the abyss of revolution. Then things had rapidly gone from bad to worse; the massacres had begun. The Grand Duke Paul and his son had been slain. The other grand dukes had had to flee for their lives. Cyril and his wife and children were now refugees in Finland, and it was there, in the little town of Borgo, on August 17, 1917, that their son was born. The duchess shook her wise old head. Who could tell what Providence meant by it all?

Another letter from Queen Marie reached me at the beginning of the year 1918, and was the cause of my returning to Zurich to see the Duchess of Coburg. She then gave me, in order that I could write to the queen, the latest news she had received from Finland. It was indeed terrible news. It had been impossible to send money there, and Grand Duke Cyril and his wife and children were living in the most abject poverty. They were lodged with their two daughters and infant son in a little wooden house, without comfort of any kind, without neighbors, without help, expecting from day to day to receive the dreaded visit of the Red Guards, who frequently crossed the open frontier from the other side of a frozen lake. From their windows poor Russian fugitives could be seen on the ice of the lake, fleeing from Russia. As they passed, the Red Guards used to shoot at them and many fell just like hares in the snow.

Factions Among the Royalists

There was no wood to be found, and the grand duke and grand duchess used to heat themselves by burning broken doors and window frames snatched from abandoned houses. Every day Cyril sawed wood and transported it with his own hands so that his family should not die of cold. When I heard these details I remembered the white hands noticed by our old housekeeper—those hands of a man who had never done any manual labor.

When I went to Paris and then to London in the month of May, 1919, these towns were full of aristocratic Russian refugees. There was an emigration in Europe, as there had been a century before, but there was a noticeable difference between the French emigration and the Russian. The French emigration had had one pretendant, the Russian emigration had several.

I saw many Russians belonging to the *ancien régime*, in both London and Paris. When I questioned them as to the future of their cause, I received the most contradictory replies. Some upheld as heir to the throne of Russia the Grand Duke Nicholas, the former generalissimo of the Russian armies during the Great War. He was a man of age and experience, who had enjoyed for a long time the confidence of the army. Others of the refugees upheld the rights of the young Grand Duke Dmitri, seeing in him the strange merit of having taken part in the assassination of Rasputin, which in their eyes secured for him the gratitude of Russia. Other Russians declared to me that the only legitimate heir, according to the existing statutes of the imperial family, was Grand Duke Cyril. As for the empress dowager, she could not believe that her son Nicholas II was dead; so for her there was no dynastic question. Around the names of the three grand dukes I have mentioned discussion was rife in the *émigrés'* camp, and each party argued in the Russian fashion, which means endlessly, like people who have the boundless steppes in their mind's eye.

The Logical Pretendant

The opponents of Grand Duke Cyril seemed many, and they argued from different points of view. Some reproached him for having joined the revolution in its early stages. They accused him of having flown the red flag on his palace in Petrograd, and of going to the Duma at the head of his regiment of marines, wearing red cockades. In time of revolution red has been the color princes and even monarchs have often had to wear, since the time of Louis XVI and his little son the Dauphin, who had to appear in public wearing the red cap. Besides, the Rumanian Minister, Mr. Diamandi, who had been a witness of those stormy days in Petrograd, told me that when the emperor abdicated he had sullenly advised all the members of his family to give their adherence to the temporary government. In going to the Duma with his regiment, the Grand Duke Cyril had not overstepped the bounds of his sovereign's orders; but whoever tries to give the devil his due in time of revolution is always in the wrong. And wearing the red cockade has never prevented a king's head from falling. Like many other aristocrats before him, Cyril had tried to ride the storm, and he had failed.

Nevertheless, it seemed that Providence did not wish him to perish, either, in the huge shipwreck of the Russian empire. He had reached Finland with his wife and children. Later he settled in France, and now he lives at St. Briac, on the shores of Brittany, where Tristan and Isolde of the legend landed long ago.

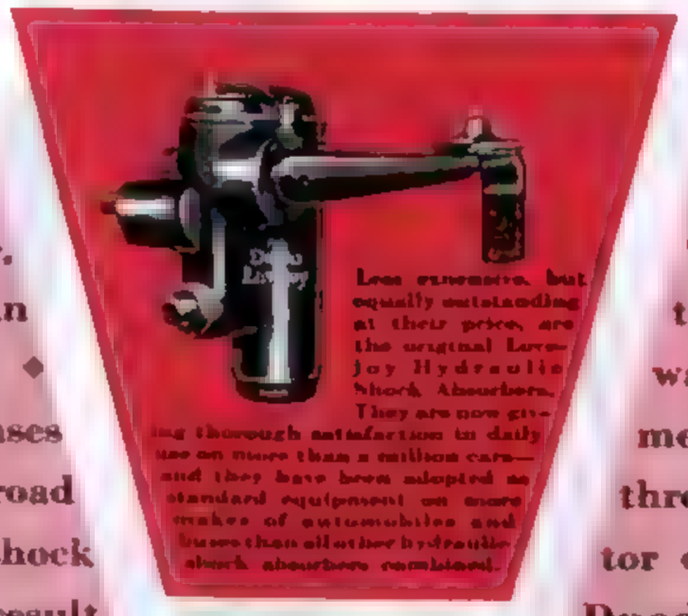
Years have passed, during which destiny undertook to simplify the political situation of the Romanoffs. Death has reduced the number of the pretendants to the throne of Russia, which was virtually occupied by Lenin, a more absolute monarch than any czar since the days of Ivan the Terrible. Old Grand Duke Nicholas, the generalissimo, died in the south of France a few months ago. As for Grand Duke Dmitri, he married morganatically a Protestant wife. Nothing nowadays seems less probable than a restoration in Russia, but I have noticed—and whoever studies history has not noticed it before me?—that history is only the report of events that have surprised contemporaries so much that they had to write them down just because they seemed so astounding. Ten years before the war, when Lenin, an exile, used to live in poverty-stricken lodgings in Paris or Geneva, who would have imagined him an autocrat in the Kremlin, the absolute master of Russia, and, after his death, his body becoming an object of idolatry? To an impartial observer it is not more impossible to imagine Cyril at the Kremlin in the future than it would have been in 1909 to imagine Lenin buried in the Kremlin. Nothing is impossible; anything can happen. I neither foresee, nor do I prophesy. I have simply taken pleasure in drawing the silhouette of the man whose legitimate claims allow me to name him "The Shadow Emperor of all the Russias."

Lovejoy

Duodraulic

FOR THE WORLD'S FINEST CARS

The new Lovejoy *Duodraulic* makes the world's finest cars as luxurious in riding quality as they are in appearance and appointment. ◆ ◆ It is more than a double-acting shock absorber. It is two hydraulic shock absorbers in one, each independent of the other. ◆ ◆ It not only checks rebound, but eases spring compression as well. Every road irregularity is compensated — every shock absorbed. Exceptional stability is the result. ◆ ◆ And in addition to unrivaled riding comfort, the new Lovejoy Duodraulic offers many other important advantages. Each large automatic relief valve maintains constant oil pressure and makes adjustments due to temperature unnecessary. The flexibility of action may be regulated to suit your preference. ◆ ◆ If you want the finest shock absorbing equipment, investigate the Lovejoy Duodraulic through any Authorized Lovejoy Distributor or Branch of United Motors. Lovejoy Duodraulic Shock Absorbers are sold in sets of four at $125, including installation.


Less expensive, but equally outstanding at their price, are the original Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers. They are now giving thorough satisfaction in daily use on more than a million cars—and they have been adopted as standard equipment on more makes of automobiles and buses than all other hydraulic shock absorbers combined.

DELCO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

SET OF FOUR $125.00

IN EVERY DOLLAR YOU SPEND FOR FUEL
▼▼▼ *is there fifty cents you can keep?*

You may doubt that Spencer Gable-Grates and Magazine Feed can save half your annual fuel bill. That is a natural doubt. Until the Spencer was invented, thirty-two years ago, man knew no better way of making heat with solid fuels than to burn them in large lumps on flat grates. Smaller fuels were thought unsuitable. Because of this, No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, for instance, is sold at about half the price of large domestic sizes.

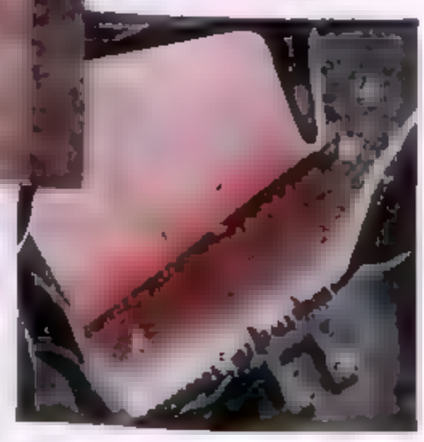
Then men found that the Spencer with its sloping Gable-Grate would burn the low-priced, small size fuels, and give a better, more uniform heat than larger sizes used in flat grate heaters. Then, too, the Magazine did away with the constant drudgery of tending a fire. This Spencer feature allows fuel to feed by gravitation to the Gable-Grates for as long as twenty-four hours at a stretch.★

At first the Spencer found its way largely into the better homes, for it then cost more than it does now. Even in its early days, when it was used only in anthracite-burning regions, it soon paid its entire cost through the saving it made by burning low cost No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite. Today it is accepted as the scientifically correct heater for burning all solid fuels, No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, and small sizes of coke and graded bituminous coal.

Demand has grown. Increased volume has brought decreased manufacturing costs and lower prices. Present prices put Spencer economy, convenience, and efficiency within the reach of everyone. Now there is a Spencer made for every heating purpose, from the bungalow to the skyscraper, at lower than ever prices that make it easier than ever for the Spencer to pay its entire cost quickly.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company
Williamsport, Pa.

The newest style Spencer, shown at the left, is the cast-iron sectional type, made in sizes to heat any home, from bungalow to mansion, or small business buildings. It can be supplied either with or without the enameled steel jacket in color.



gives maximum efficiency with minimum fuel cost. Spencer Heaters, sold and installed by all good heating contractors, bring modern convenience to the neglected cellar. Write for the Spencer Book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It explains the Spencer scientific principle in detail.

WHERE HALF THE HOMES ARE SPENCER HEATED

Mr. John M. Demarest, President, Sage Foundation Homes Company, developers of the exclusive New York City suburb of Forest Hills Gardens, writes: "We have installed Spencers almost exclusively for the past six or seven years. From practical experience we find them, from the standpoint of economy and efficiency, to be the most satisfactory boilers for domestic purposes."

★ *The Spencer scientific principle*

Once a day, fuel is put into the magazine (A). It fills the sloping grate to the level of the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed always stays at the level shown at (C), for as fast as fuel burns to ash (D), it shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the surface of the fire bed (C) is lowered by this shrinking process, more fuel feeds down of its own weight over the top of the fire bed. Fuel feed is by gravitation—no mechanical parts, no smothering and deadening of the fire. Uniform depth of fire bed

SPENCER
steam, vapor or hot water
HEATERS

THE RODE BIRD

(Continued from Page 54)

At the headquarters warehouse, drawing a truckload of rations for the company, Shorty opened up the play with a verbal rawhiding which sounded realistic enough to make Sergeant Hoarder's crew glad of the fact that they were not numbered among Shorty's helpers.

"Lissen to that sawed-off son of a gun hand it out!" one of the home guard commented. "I don't see why them birds stand for it. He's a bad actor."

The bad actor dished out another copious consignment of sulphuric language, and then, turning away from Squad 1, his manner changed instantly to a surprising affability which won over the friendship of the commissary crew before they knew it:

"Youse guys around the warehouse here must be worked to death. All these groceries and everything piled up. You got the hardest job in the Army, it looks like to me. How about a little shot of vang and a sandwich? They got the best vang in the world over in that farmhouse across the stone wall. I made a killin' at blackjack last night and I crave to celebrate."

"I'll go with you, but I don't drink no vang. Coonyak is my dish in this rainy weather."

"Come along and swim your head off in the coonyak ocean if you crave to. I'll pay all the bills. Bring the rest of your gang and we'll gulp a few shots while these lead-hoofed sons of sailors out of Squad 1 in my outfit break their backs. That's all they're fit fer. C'mon, youse headquarters guys, let's go!"

Led by their host, the commissary crew retreated in a body and marched at a trot for the cheer which awaited them in the farmhouse over beyond the stone wall.

The party lasted for an hour; and then, rallying the casualties, Shorty returned to the warehouse with the able-bodied fragments of the headquarters gang.

He found the five-ton truck loaded high with groceries and grouchy members of Squad 1.

"All set?" he inquired. He flashed a significant frown of interrogation toward the surly crew. One of them growled a reply, winking an eloquent appendix to his words.

Unobserved, Shorty heaved a sigh of triumph which left him with no more strength than he needed to clamber up to his seat with the driver of the truck.

When they were out in the clear, "How about it? Tell me quick," Shorty pleaded. "I been dyin' anxious fer the last half hour."

"Kid, we done it! Hand him a sample, somebody."

A sack of the makings dangled in front of Shorty's nose. "That looks good to me." He grabbed for the tobacco. "How much did you get?"

"All of it. They was seven boxes for the regiment. Found it buried under ten tons of goldfish. Had to move all the groceries in the world before we run onto it. That louse of a Hoarder sure had it hid."

"They was a box fer each of the six companies and one fer headquarters company. We got all seven boxes—three hunderd and fifty pounds of makin's."

"Lord, baby, talk about a gold mine! I wouldn't trade it for that much diamonds!" Shorty inflated himself with one exultant inhalation of tobacco smoke. He groaned his gratification. "Lord, boy, that's the old kick! Never mind the guard. Somebody roll me about six of these pills while I set fire to 'em all at once. . . . Shoot me now! Seven boxes! Us guys is kings of the world!"

That night, when a secret distribution of the prize had been made, each man in the company enjoyed possession of a treasure which at the moment seemed to be worth more than its weight in gold. Long after taps had blown, the company huts were blue with tobacco smoke and it was well after midnight before the nicotine orgy abated.

During the day, while the tobacco raid was being accomplished, Slim West, idle without his crew, sought the sanctuary of the little shack which housed the camp telephone switchboard. Here, he decided, he would spend the day at ease, but his plans were interrupted before the first hour of his holiday had been enjoyed. A piece of news came in, described by the linguist seated in front of the switchboard as red-hot hop.

Slim traded places with the operator and put on the head set in time to grab an earful of information which busted his holiday wide open. The regimental adjutant was giving a few words to a clerk in the colonel's office at base headquarters.

"I will read you the list of names of men recommended for promotion," the adjutant said. "Are you ready? . . . Enlisted personnel to be commissioned as second lieutenants ——" There followed eleven names, and Regimental Supply Sergeant Hoarder's name was well toward the top of the list. "When the list is completed hand it to the colonel for signature," the regimental adjutant ordered. "Forward it to G. H. Q. tomorrow by courier."

This was enough. Slim had heard plenty. He tore the head set from his ears and handed it back to the operator. "I'll be drifting along, kid. I got business in town. If you want me for any trouble-shootin', I'll be around the switchboard at regimental headquarters downtown. I got some work to do on that board."

At regimental headquarters, Slim announced himself here and there among the enlisted personnel with what seemed to be superfluous publicity. He tested each of a dozen telephones in as many office rooms and unusual affability marked his manner. At lunch time, except for an important-looking civilian clerk, the colonel's private office was deserted. Slim invaded this sanctum with an announcement of important business:

"Just cutting the board in on a Paris wire. Tell the colonel he can get G. H. Q. on a straight wire without bothering with the frog Central from now on."

The civilian clerk smiled. "You mean these telephones are connected direct with G. H. Q.?"

"That's what I mean. Tell your troubles to Central in the other office and he can give you a direct circuit."

Following this, in a room adjoining the colonel's office, the prowler came upon the object of his scouting expedition. Seated at a typewriter, pounding out a bale of military correspondence, sat a life-saver in the person of Surly Jim Franklin, whose stenographic abilities had shifted him from a pick-and-shovel job in Slim's outfit to cushions near the brass necks' throne.

"Hello, Surly," Slim growled in greeting. "How they stackin', boy?"

"Bokoo work. Outside of that, everything soft."

"They made you a jigadier brindle yet?"

"They aim to next week."

"What's the dope about all the promotions I hear?"

"There's the list." Surly handed Slim a sheet of paper. "Eleven of 'em goin' up tomorrow."

The search was ended. Slim glanced at the document. Fourth on the list, he read Regimental Supply Sergeant Hoarder's name.

He turned to the old-timer seated at the typewriter.

"Lissen, Surly, you remember the time me and Blackie hauled you outta that battle at Fresno with the native sons?"

"I'll tell the cockeyed world! Boy, that was grief! What of it?"

"You remember the time you broke your leg in Seattle and me and Joe carried you all winter?"

"Naw, I'd forgot that. All I did was starve three months before I run onto you birds. A guy forgets those things easy. What of it? You need francs?"

"I got more francs than a paymaster. What I need is this ——" Slim pointed to Sergeant Hoarder's name on the typewritten sheet he held in his hand. "What I need is for you to rub out that Hoarder name. If you'd write this promotion list over again and leave that louse's name out, it'd be known as a clerk-ial error fifty years from now when they found it out, wouldn't it?"

Surly Franklin nodded a quick comprehension of the layout. "I get you. Git to hell out of here whilst I perpetrate this crime without no witnesses. On your way, big boy! Tell the gang I miss 'em."

"Only a bird in a gilded cage. C'mon back to the old homestead Sunday and we puts on a riot for you. Switch the cut on that Hoarder promotion and you and me is square fer life."

"All set fer the big crime. Git out of here!"

With his life work accomplished, Slim West spent the afternoon indulging in a one-man celebration which lasted until the lights of the city had begun to shine. He returned to camp and forthwith sought Shorty, the cook.

"Luck? You must of hit a pay streak," he said. "I see everybody smokin' themselves black in the face."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world we hit a pay streak!" Shorty announced. "Seven cases of cigarette tobacco! We copped the whole works."

"Boy, that's welfare! Where you got mine?"

"Parked away under the blankets in my bunk."

When Slim West had garnered his personal share of the tobacco prize, he gave Shorty a quick verbal testimonial of his admiration:

"Kid, you sure done noble. You shot the biggest seven ever throwed." The next twenty seconds were devoted to rolling a fat cigarette. When the cigarette had been lighted, Slim continued his prowl until he discovered a crap game whose participants included several members of Squad 1. Slim summoned these members of his squad one by one as they went broke.

"Rally round the hut. I'm puttin' out some language." The language, highly confidential, was largely a tentative plan for the continuation of the campaign against Sergeant Hoarder. "I got him spiked and hog-tied fer the time bein', but we got to work steady to make it stick. From now on start in and gamble him broke, git him soused as often as possible, and one way and another sink his boat. When he was nothin' but a buck private, he was a good guy, but he's got terrible with the trimmin's he wears—ruined by rank. What we got to do is make him a good guy again. I aim to ride him till he gits good. Round him up tomorrow and stake him to a fancy lunch with bokoo likker. That's the first play. Deliver him back to headquarters plenty pickled so colonel can view the remains. Ride him tame!"

The riding process progressed on schedule, but something seemed to keep Sergeant Hoarder clear of the shoals of disaster. The guy was shot with luck. Some folks are born that way. The wrecking crew used plenty of ammunition, but they seemed to be shooting blanks.

"What you suppose happened now! I heard the colonel call that Hoarder snake by his first name."

"Too bad the colonel can't git that wino's number."

"Trouble with that souse, he carries his likker too good. We load him with a million francs' worth of coonyak at lunch and he carries it like I'd handle a scupper of beer. You got to hand it to the guy."

The faint tribute aroused some fresh disgust in Slim West. "I'll hand it to him! I aim to ride that bird. I'll hand him the spurs when I git him hitched up," Slim promised.

An orderly from the colonel's quarters interrupted the council of war: "Any of youse birds seen Sergeant Hoarder? The colonel wants him."

"We ain't seen him. We don't wanna see him," a spokesman for Squad 1 returned.

"Plenty soon enough for me if I never see him again. On your way, bloodhound!"

Sergeant Hoarder, rounded up at another point, reported to the colonel.

"This seems to be an opportune time to issue that cigarette tobacco which was given to the regiment by the New York people," the colonel informed his attentive supply sergeant. "Some of the company commanders told me at mess that the regiment is running short of tobacco. Attend to this, Sergeant Hoarder."

On the following night, long after supper and seconds were in the clear, seven men out of Squad 1 sat at a rough pine table, working by the aid of lantern light at a hateful and unaccustomed task.

"Us guys is telephone men," a member of Squad 1 complained to a supply clerk who was directing their industry. "This bookkeepin' is all new stuff to us."

"That ain't bookkeepin'. Just keep checkin'. How far you got down that list of them canned goods?"

"We ain't even started."

"Well, you better start. Sergeant Hoarder wants all the commissary supplies checked up before midnight tonight, and what he wants he gits. There's some stuff missin'. Hit the ball, rough guys! Can the guff! You're in the Army now."

While the seven men of Squad 1 labored overtime on a check of the commissary supplies, their leader, Cawpril Slim West, was attending a two-man indignation meeting, exchanging grief with the top sergeant of the company.

"Go ahead and ride Hoarder about it if you crave to," the top advised the belligerent Cawpril West. "He's issued half a ton of tobacco to every other company but this one. Ten rifle cases full of makin's fer each company. All he did when I roared about nothin' bein' issued for this outfit was to grin. He had me buffaloed. Prowl over and ask him about it if you got nerve enough. Me, I lets him alone," the top confessed. "That bird has got my goat."

"I've got nerve enough! I'll hand that bird the third degree on this holdout of tobacco with a roar that'll bust his eardrums."

Slim West started on the warpath and liked it fine. Old personal scores between himself and Sergeant Hoarder were side issues now that Hoarder had perpetrated a crime on the entire company.

"I'll learn 'im to issue half a ton of tobacco to every other company in the regiment and leave us out! I'll ride that bird homesick!"

The crusader found Sergeant Hoarder in the regimental quartermaster's office. Slim leaped straight at the principal subject of conversation.

"Lissen, Shylock," he said to Sergeant Hoarder, "how come you hand out a million dollars' worth of tobacco to every outfit in the regiment except our company?"

On a rough pine table in front of Sergeant Hoarder were two small packages and a larger one which might have held a pair of shoes. Sergeant Hoarder reached for the larger package.

"I understood that you birds pulled a private raid and got your tobacco—or a sample of it. What about it?"

Slim frowned. "Fergit that stuff. Never mind about the history. If you want the facts, we got seven cases fer the whole company. Here you go puttin' out thirty or forty cases fer every other company and cuttin' us out cold."

Sergeant Hoarder opened up the large package and pulled a Sam Browne belt out of its wrappings. He broke the string on

(Continued on Page 76)

For the Service of

Every MAN ''' every WOMAN ''' every Make, Size, Weight of CAR ''' every Driving NEED or DEMAND ''' every ROAD Condition ''' every MOTORING MIND

U. S. ROYALS

LIKE every other real advance step, the New U. S. ROYAL is simple in principle, logical in method, far-reaching in results.

THE PRINCIPLE—Take the Cars of today and build a Tire expressly to match. Think only of Today and the future. Build the Tire of Today for the Car of Today.

THE METHOD—Build of Web Cord for *strength.* Make the tread-blocks clean-cut, with deep grooves, for *traction.* Bring the whole width of the tread into contact with the road, for maximum *braking.* Ride the car *well up* on the tread for *easy steering.* Give plenty of depth to the tread, for thousands of extra miles of *anti-skid service life.* Buttress well at the sides for *rugged stamina.* Make the most *beautiful* tire in America.

THE RESULT—Here is the Tire of Today, the logical rolling foundation for every Car of Today—demanded by the Roads of Today, the Traffic Conditions and Driving Habits of Today—and by the *Motoring Mind* of Today.

THE MOTORING MIND—Make no mistake about it. The mind of the Motorist today runs in its own individual channels. Nothing like it has been known in the world before. Taking its tone from the Younger Generation, it demands and gets Cars of a kind which, also, have never been known before. And here, in the New U. S. ROYAL, are the *Tires* of the kind that have never been known before—the Tire of Today for the Car of Today.

US

UNITED STATES

THE TIRE OF TODAY
FOR
THE CAR OF TODAY

U S RUBBER COMPANY

(Continued from Page 73)

the smaller packages and revealed a set of collar ornaments and two gold bars.

"Lend me the makin's, will you, Slim?" Sergeant Hoarder asked evenly, replying to Slim West. "I left mine in the discarded coat."

The hypnotized belligerent handed over the makings along with a growl, taking time out to observe in a dazed way a band of braid on the sleeves of his adversary's uniform. "Here, smoke your head off. What about the tobacco fer our outfit?"

"Lissen, wild man, there will be no tobacco issued for your outfit." Some inflexible quality in Hoarder's measured speech reminded Slim of an incident in his military past when he had craved six pairs of socks. "Your gang got a fair break. Shorty copped seven cases of tobacco when everybody else in the regiment was starvin' to death for it. Next time you pull a raid, burn the evidence. Those empty tobacco cases stood out on Shorty's woodpile bigger than the Statue of Liberty. As far as the tobacco goes, you're done. Over and above that, I'm obliged to you for hookin' up base headquarters on a Paris wire. The colonel recommended me for a commission by wire after my name was accidentally left off the promotion list. I'm much obliged for the service."

"Keep the change, you dog-robber! You ain't a loot yet without them brassworks on you! You better pin 'em on pronto, because I'm goin' to orate a few language to tell you what kind of a louse holdout artist you've been ever since the show started."

For the next fifteen seconds Slim West summoned obsolete phrases of a Western vocabulary which had been discarded under the comparatively civilizing influences of life in the A. E. F. Through all of the explosion the target smiled grimly, proceeding meanwhile to adorn his uniform with glittering hardware.

"That's what I mean, you native son of a seagoing goldfish!" Hoarder put on his coat. Cawpril Slim West wound up by clicking smartly to attention. He dished out an eagle-wing salute. "That's what I think about the world's champion jasper-louse supply sergeant—lootenant!"

Lieutenant Hoarder returned the salute. "At rest, corporal," he suggested.

In a drizzling rain, fumbling through his pockets in a vain search for his sack of tobacco which he had negligently left in Lieutenant Hoarder's keeping, Cawpril Slim West returned to Squad 1, laden with bad news, talking to himself.

"I rode him rough, ragged and verbal," Slim reported to his fellows in Squad 1. "I rode him plenty—but I got throwed. That bird's an outlaw from now on for us horse handlers. That louse is all mule. He's a shavetail, hitched up in a Sam Browne cinch with a bulge in his pay day bigger'n my deductions. Gimme the makin's, somebody. I lent mine to that unrode grifter, and what he gits his hooks on is worse than lost."

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Selling Secrets

IF THERE is anything I have learned in nearly twenty years of selling and teaching other men to sell, it is that there has been a great deal too much of theorizing and yet, with all our theorizing, there is a tremendous lot about selling that we do not know. From my earliest days I possessed a yen to become a salesman. Shining shoes in the old hotel in my home town, I had opportunity to see the romantic masters of that ancient craft in their hours of relaxation. For years I watched them and longed for the day when I, too, could travel in expensive plush-upholstered day coaches, sit at ease in the armchairs of magnificent dollar-a-day hotels, kid and be kidded by breathlessly beautiful blond waitresses—the whole to be graciously financed by someone else through the medium of frequent expense checks. When a little older, serving my apprenticeship as a salesman by trying to sell sets of books to reluctant housewives, I made my first exploration into the realm of sales theory. This was in the form of a course in salesmanship, advertised as revolutionary and guaranteed to make big money for anyone at the mere expenditure of the effort necessary to clip the attached coupon. I labored over this set of assignments very assiduously and enriched my vocabulary with such terms as "pre-approach," "attention," "interest," "desire," and "action." Not much else remains with me today. A little later I purchased a book on the science of selling and spent many hours poring over it. I learned from this book that there was such a thing as an "analytical survey," that "states of consciousness" had something to do with selling and that "applied psychology," reenforced with enthusiasm and knowledge, was a salesman's best weapon.

My next venture was into a special course in character analysis from which I derived a nice, mouth-filling phrase: "Buying motives as determined by variations in physiognomy." The best single word that was added to my repertoire from study of this course was "motivation." By this time I had secured a regular territory with one of the nationally known tire manufacturers and I recall winning more than one hotel-lobby argument by trotting out this formidable word. Not fully satisfied that I had plumbed to the uttermost depths of the fascinating profession which had now become my life work, I subscribed for another widely heralded set of books which, if the advertisements were to be believed, would set my feet surely on the path to a $10,000 salary. I can still feel with some vividness the prickles along my spine as I toiled through such expressions as "mastery of the situation," "dominate the interview," "exude confidence"; and I was simply fit to be tied when I got over to "psychological determinants."

While trying to improve myself in selling technic through this kind of reading and study, I was engaged during each working day in calling on garage and service-station owners trying to persuade them that my particular tires were better merchandise than possibly a half dozen competitive brands.

I do not believe that my methods of soliciting business were at all influenced or aided by any of the theoretical study I was making on the subject of salesmanship. On the contrary, my two most valuable lessons in selling were so very simple that I am almost sure no writer of books has ever mentioned them.

The first of these lessons was just a little matter of observation and applied common sense. I had been on my first territory only a short time and had made a few sales; also I had tried to keep my eyes open and was making a real effort to figure out what this business of selling was all about. Sitting in a hotel lobby one Saturday night, the big idea came to me all in a flash. This was a hotel where many of the boys from that section of the territory made their headquarters. A group of them were playing pinochle in one corner, while another excited bunch were arguing the advisability of getting some bootleg liquor from old man Tappan and organizing a poker game. Suddenly it struck me that during my period of road experience thus far, cribbage, pinochle, baseball, girls, bootleg liquor and poker were the chief topics of conversation with which I had come in contact. I realized that many of these salesmen—most of whom I had known from boyhood—did not stand very high in their communities, never amounted to much, and here suddenly I saw them divested of glamour, a group chiefly interested not in their business but in a range of outside activities extending all the way from the idly innocuous up to the genuinely vicious.

A Thirteen-Word Selling Course

They were not the wide-ranging and romantic pioneers of progress that I had idealized in the dreams of my boyhood; rather they were for the most part semi-failures, doomed by their own carelessness and lack of application to mediocrity and failure. I formed the very strong resolution at that moment to do everything just as differently from these men as I possibly could. In wondering how I could best go about putting this resolution into effect, I happened to think that it was not yet late and that one of the local tire dealers was still at his place of business. So I went down to see him and found that he was not very busy. He seemed to appreciate having someone to talk to and we chatted for a half hour or more.

Finally he asked a question about keeping mileage records on his customers' tires, so that he could follow them up for additional sales at about the right time. I had such a suggested record in my portfolio, which I produced and went through in detail with him. He liked the plan as I outlined it, so I had to get out my order book to make the requisition from our advertising department. The rest was easy. He had never handled our brand, but I secured a nice stock order from him that Saturday night and he was one of our best dealers for years.

From that time on I made it a point to work every night after dinner, finding little competition from other salesmen; and also finding a rather warm welcome from dealers and their employes, who would rather while away the tedium of the night shift in talking with a salesman than in doing nothing. Naturally my sales increased. Somehow, though, I did not ever get around to a situation where my carefully studied science of salesmanship was of any recognizable aid, although I was constantly of the opinion that I was not so skillful as I should be. Quite often, in fact, my little visits of evenings turned out to be nothing but visits. I kept on reading my old books and such new ones as appealed to me, because I was sure I could close a larger percentage of sales if I could find some new idea that could be applied to the solution of my problem.

Eventually I found a partial answer, and this was the second great lesson which really helped my sales, but did not come from a book. I was making a short jump by local train—this was before the automobile had become practically universal among traveling men—and by great good luck happened to have Uncle Jim MacIntyre as a traveling companion. That is not his real name, because Uncle Jim is still alive and active on his territory. At that time he had been representing the same house for forty-two years, and was the salesman among them all whom I respected most. He had put by a competence, but remained on the road for love of the work and through friendship for his dealers.

I thought I would trot out some of my erudition for Uncle Jim's benefit, and told him that I was endeavoring to put into effect some of the things I had studied in one of the books. I was making, I explained, a sort of analysis of my prospective buyers from the standpoint of facial configuration to ascertain in each case what the buying motive of the prospect might be. This determined, I could adjust my sales talk to motivate him in the easiest and most favorable manner to the point of an eventual sale. For example, if his buying motive was cupidity, I could talk profits, contrariwise, if his dominating motive was love of ostentation and display, I could talk about the prestige he would attain in his own community by featuring a high-priced, quality, advertised tire such as the one I was handling.

A little of this was entirely too much for sulphuric old Uncle Jim. "Unexpurgated nonsense!" he bellowed. "Listen, young feller, I can tell you everything that was ever wrote in one of them salesmanship books, and do it in two sentences."

Rather timorously I asked for the two sentences.

Shaking a hamlike fist under my nose, he replied: "Call on a lot of dealers. And ask 'em to buy your stuff."

I was afraid to pursue the conversation further, so I let it drop without argument, but many times since I have been tempted to hunt Uncle Jim up and thank him for having given me that short exposition. For the next few days I kept thinking about his remark and analyzing it very thoughtfully; for I could not help believing that Uncle Jim knew a lot about how to sell goods. Finally I caught the point and realized where he had put his finger on a very weak spot in my own way of working. I had been calling on a lot of dealers, but in too many cases I had entirely failed to ask them to buy anything.

Filling Up the Order Book

This was a real lesson in salesmanship. I worked out a plan to get my order book out of my portfolio on every call I made from that time on and, even though I had to do it bluntly and unskillfully, I tried in every case to get in a request to buy. If possible, I took three or four refusals before finally giving up, and it was simply astonishing how many times I took orders in situations where previously I had only enjoyed pleasant visits. After a period of six months of unprecedented sales, my firm called me in to headquarters and placed me in charge of their sales school—but that is another story.

The thing I wish to stress is that, from simple observation and conversation, I worked out a method of working my territory and a piece of selling strategy, both of which were demonstrably effective in increasing sales. This after I had worked for a long time without result in trying to do the same thing by studying books. Not that I wish to convey the idea that books are valueless. I have not the least doubt that many true things are put down in their pages and I, for one, can always interest myself in reading any book on salesmanship. I read at least a dozen every year. But the truth of statement and the interest derived from reading comprise one set of facts, and actual applicability to the problem of selling a bill of goods is another. This is what I meant when I said we have had too much theorizing. We have had too much theorizing which, though it may be true and interesting, still is too complicated to be applied by a common or garden variety of salesman while in the presence of his prospect.

In the years that have passed I have had the customary run of ups and downs that most humans experience, and have had three opportunities to try out my two simple lessons in selling procedure over fairly long periods on my own territory. I ventured into business for myself, lost money, went back on the road for another house, applied my two rules, made a sales record and got another promotion. After

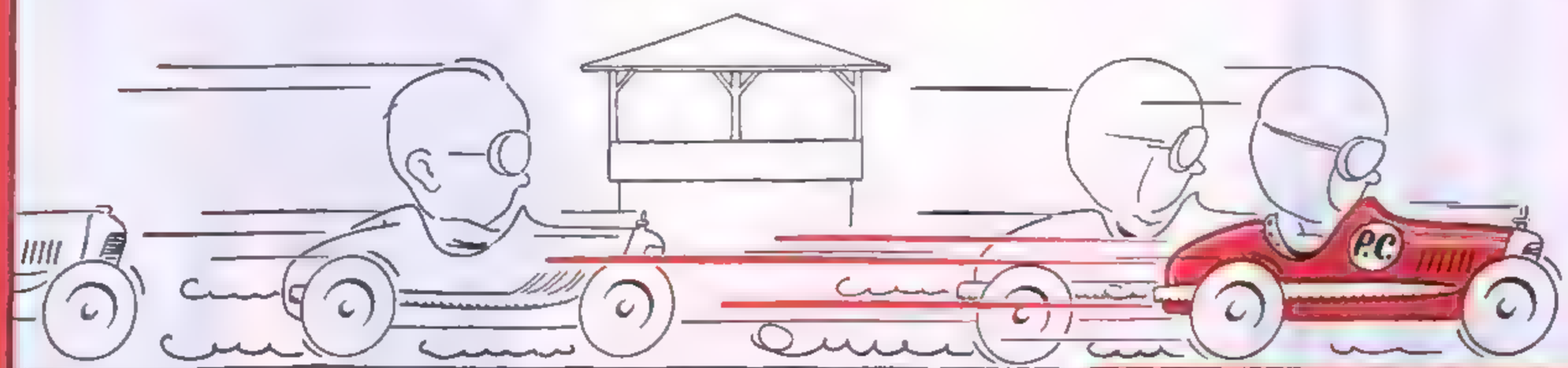
(Continued on Page 218)

There He Goes !!!

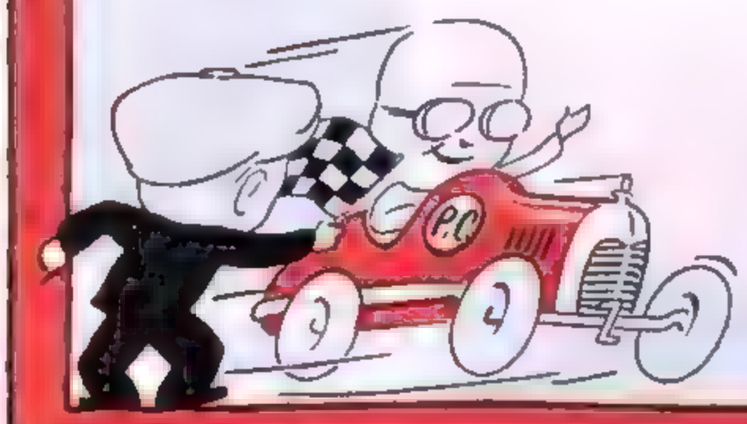
The race is on... the cars roar by
And on and on they fairly fly

You *know* their parts must be the best
To stand this long and racking test

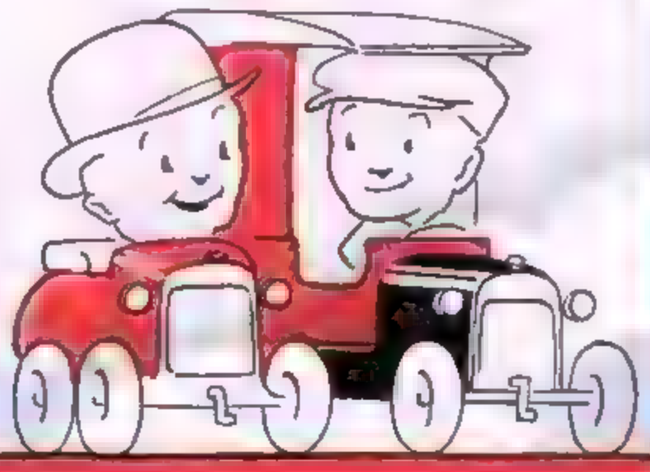
It's true that PERFECT CIRCLE Rings
Are used by most the racing kings



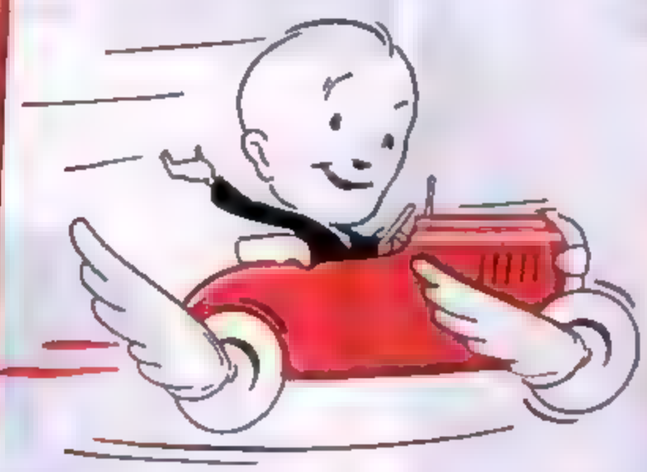
For seven years they've set the pace
By winning almost every race

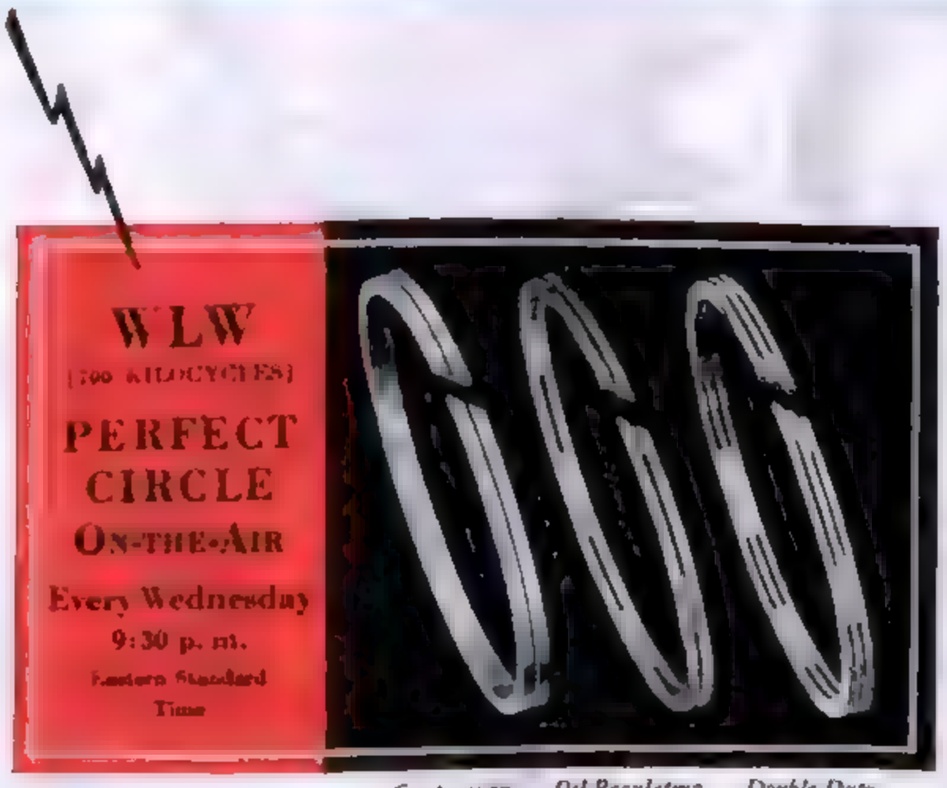


The rings that bring the racers luck
Are also best for car and truck



They'll help your motor stand the gaff
And cut your oil bill just in half





Compression Type, 30c *Oil-Regulating Type, 60c* *Double-Duty Type, 75c*
4½ inches and over, prices slightly higher

THE supreme test of the speedway has confirmed what America's car manufacturers have repeatedly proved—the superior ability of PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings to control oil consumption—*without* loss of engine speed or power... In your present car a complete set of PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* and *Compression* rings will bring back that *new-car* performance. Dealers and garagemen everywhere install PERFECT CIRCLES. Insist on them.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY • *General Offices* • HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA
America's Oldest Volume Producer of Piston Rings
Plants: Hagerstown, Newcastle, Tipton, Ind. *Export Offices: 549 W. Washington St., Chicago*

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

"The Pyramid of the Sun." Painted by Walter Klatz for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

DUAL BALLOON

Delivers its surplus of big mileage with luxurious riding comfort—the cradle-like effect of 33⅓% greater deflation than single balloons are able to stand and

without the rebound

It would be difficult to imagine the extreme development in the modern tire of today without realizing that this is not the result of a day or a year, but the steady and certain progress of quality leadership that has made tire history from the beginning. Here, briefly, is the story step by step.

~ ~ ~

FIRST CAME THE FABRIC TIRE. A little bit better than the buggy tire. It was stiff—had to have high pressure—stiff fabric breaks when it bends. Narrow—more traction than the steel rim, but still not enough. Car improvement depended upon greater traction. Then General brought out the Jumbo—the first over-size fabric tire.

~ ~

THEN CAME THE CORD TIRE. Softer carcass. More stretch, more give. General went a step farther by originating the first low-pressure cord tire. Less air pressure. More tire on the road—more traction—not so much slip—a smoother ride with gas and power saving. Progress. This low-pressure leadership established the balloon principle.

~ ~

THEN CAME THE BALLOON. Bigger—less plys, softer carcass—less air. Here were greater comfort, greater traction, more power with less slip, less internal friction or heat. Not always proof against wobble and shimmy, and it was susceptible to punctures. The first balloons were 4-ply tires. General solved most of the balloon-tire problems by bringing out the first 6-ply balloon. The balloon tire was yesterday's achievement. Still faster, yet safer, transportation had to be provided for.

~ ~

PROGRESS DEMANDED THE *DUAL*-BALLOON "8." More than a balloon—a *Dual*-Balloon—and an "8" too. Advancing beyond all former balloon-tire standards. Not just an 8-ply tire, but an 8-ply base carcass with three rubber cushion plys.

A softer but stronger tire—no slips. More non-skid tread on the road and longer lasting. More actual non-skid tread plus the hidden non-skid in the carcass itself. The rubber plys inside the tire give and let the whole tire grip the road like a cat's paw. The same rubber plys take the road shocks *in* the tire—a new departure from the old principle of depending on air pressure entirely—an amazing difference shown by impact recorder tests.

Twenty thousand, forty thousand, sixty thousand miles—surpassing even the great mileage records of former Generals. Season after season of uninterrupted mileage with never a worry about tires—never a thought and normally not a chance of puncture.

For the millions who ride on rubber the *Dual*-Balloon "8" is the epitome of progress—confirming the fact that the longest experience with Top-Quality will always lead the way. Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Company.

The New **GENERAL**

Dual-Balloon 8

—goes a long way to make friends

THE AIR IS NOT THIN

(Continued from Page 31)

in the pot. Gideon Plantner and Son sold poker chips in circular cases with covers of black grain leather.

John Livsey put his things in his especial steel locker—a steel locker of the most modern type, with perfected ventilation and a combination lock, provided by Henry Plantner—and went on out into the body of the store. It was twenty-one minutes to nine, and the doors had not yet been opened for the public. There was a discussion in progress, and John Livsey, secure in his long years of service and familiarity with Gideon Plantner and Son, joined himself, attentive but silent, to it. Henry was addressing his father, Mr. Bennington, of the sporting-goods department, and the head bookkeeper.

"Radios," he said, "will grow more and more important. I don't mean the cheap kind. Broadcasting is improving all the time. Today you got to hear the games and elections over the radio. We have a good radio—one of the best—but we're not selling it right. It's my idea to have a man do nothing but sell the Horizon; we'll have a wagon service with a radio expert, and I'll shut off part of the store. We'll have a place with deep comfortable chairs and bright curtains to hear the radios in."

His father said: "Henry, you're going too fast. You're going so fast you'll be ahead of your trade in no time. You'll be ahead of your credit. It will take you two or three years to get your money back. If you ever get it. I founded this business as a hardware business; it's always been that; and while I don't deny you've brought it up, some, now you are going too far. . . . Isn't that your opinion, Mr. Bennington?" Mr. Bennington admitted that Henry Plantner was a very progressive merchant.

John Livsey said unexpectedly, "I think Henry is exactly right. Look what he has done with the store already. A radio isn't like a game, it isn't golf, it's a—a necessity. As Henry said, everybody must have one. And not the cheap ones either."

Gideon Plantner frowned at him. "You're getting this modern fever, too, John. A hardware store isn't a hardware store any more. Oh, dear, no. It's sporting goods and radios Soon we'll be carrying chocolates for Christmas." His wit appealed to him immensely. "Chocolates," Gideon Plantner repeated, "Christmas cards."

"You can trust me, father," Henry reassured him; "I haven't landed you in the poorhouse yet. . . . Mr. Bennington, I am afraid I'll have to take a corner off your sacred space for the music room." Mr. Bennington protested, he had been about to ask the firm for more room still He couldn't display the fishing rods right, as it was. The space for radios, however, was built, an experienced clerk engaged for them, a small delivery wagon was devoted to their sole end.

Whenever it was possible, John Livsey listened to the radios; he listened to them and became familiar with the broadcasting stations, the call letters possible to that location and generally, to the middle of the day. Radios, the truth was, engaged him far more than automatic pistols or archery; they engaged him more than anything else in the world. John Livsey was literally lost in them. He picked up, fact by fact, all the knowledge about radios he could grasp; he listened not only to the music, the speeches, but with an even greater care he attended the informal and interrupting sounds the heterodyning, the interference squeals; he was deeply concerned by fading and varying static.

It was, he recognized, impossible to get distant stations through the day at Gideon Plantner and Son; and late, on a Friday night, he unlocked the side entrance of the store and turned a light upon the radios The best set manufactured by the Horizon Corporation—electrically operated, with a dynamic speaker of revolutionary and stimulating quality, the utmost simplicity of operation—was connected, and John Livsey switched it into life. He turned the volume control down and brought a soft wave of slumber music, WJZ, into the store. The slumber music, appropriately, was melodious; it filled John Livsey not with thoughts but with vague aspirations. Somehow, it took him out of himself; he wasn't the same John Livsey. He wasn't, for example, a clerk in a hardware store; he didn't know what he was, but it was bigger, vastly more important, than that. John Livsey wasn't happy, but then happiness didn't make any difference to him. He was beyond happiness. He turned the dial to WEAF—that was silent—and then he got WLW, in Cincinnati. Yes, sir, as plain, as clear, as a local station. He was sitting in Gideon Plantner and Son's store in Philadelphia and listening to an orchestra playing in a hotel at Cincinnati! How was that? A sense of adventure, of travel, possessed him.

This, however, almost instantly sank to nothing—the mystical voice reborn on vibrations of light announced WHAS, and WHAS was in Louisville, Kentucky. Kentucky! Why, John Livsey didn't know how far away Kentucky was. It might be a couple of thousand miles. He was possessed by the vision of a woods far different from the tranquil forest of England; he was, now, traveling through a primitive wild in a region of great mountains, high, dangerous mountain passes. He had on a coonskin cap and moccasins; a long rifle bound in brass lay in the hollow of his arm. He heard, in the stillness of the woods, the breaking of a twig, and instantly he was crouching immobile in the brush. Indians! Or again, he raised his rifle at a coon, far in the top of a tree, and at once the coon said, "Don't shoot, I will come down." That was Kentucky, the Kentucky of Daniel Boone and David Crockett.

John Livsey turned from WHAS and found Florida: he discovered palm trees and coconuts—if one fell on your head it was all over with you—and heat. Then, in a second, he was in Canada; it was Montreal, a voice was speaking in French. Snow and companies of pine trees. Jesuits on snowshoes. Jesuits preached to the Indians and discovered the Great Lakes. They floated down the Mississippi River and finally came to New Orleans. But they were Jesuits, foreigners, and Andrew Jackson fought them and drove them off. Because he did that and saved America, America made him President. He shifted the dial under his hand. He was in Cuba:

"PWX," he heard, and then: "——Sugar Company." The announcement was made in both Spanish and English. John Livsey listened to the steel-stringed guitars of Havana. He thought of Spain and of the sinking of the Maine Theodore Roosevelt, another President, rode furiously up a hill waving his sword. His teeth gleamed, his mustache bristled. That martial spectacle died away; he saw girls with red carnations in coal-black hair, they played castanets and danced. They stamped their heels and held their shoulders still, tightly wrapped in blazing shawls There were vivid green fields of sugar cane and a great rolling cloud of black smoke reaching to the sky.

Cuba was all very well, but John Livsey wanted to get California. That, in the East, was almost the supreme test of a radio. There was a sound of heavy footfalls behind him. He turned and saw a buff, demanding policeman

"I am getting California," John Livsey explained. "I work here. I've worked for Gideon Plantner and Son twenty-eight years."

The policeman sat down at once. He had never, personally, heard California It was in his head that no one else had ever heard it either. Except in California. John Livsey shifted the dial in minute fractions of kilocycles.

"It ought to come in there," he muttered. It ought to, the policeman agreed. There was, between sudden explosions of static, a very faint music, just the trace of a woman singing "That's it!" John Livsey cried. "There it is. KFI!"

The policeman asked how he knew it was KFI. The policeman thought it sounded like WOR in Newark. It couldn't be WOR, John Livsey told him. WOR had signed off long ago. It was California. Six hundred and forty-three kilocycles.

"I'll have to hear it," the policeman stubbornly maintained.

On the Monday before Christmas—Christmas that year fell upon Thursday—Henry Plantner requested the employes of Gideon Plantner and Son to remain a few minutes in the store after, at ten of the evening, the store was closed. He had an announcement to make.

"It has been our custom," he proceeded, "as you know, to give each of our employes at this season a sum equal to their earnings of a month. That, of course, we are continuing. But this has been an unusually successful year, it was a remarkably good Christmas season—the radios certainly contributed to that—and we intend to do more for every man in Gideon Plantner and Son. We intend to do the same, the exact same, for every man in our store. We have calculated the year's increased profit and everyone is to share in it. We are each to receive the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars above all other sums owed and given to us." There was a prolonged applause of murmuring and handclapping. "I get two hundred and fifty dollars," Henry Plantner went on, "John Livsey gets two hundred and fifty dollars, and my father the same. These checks and the Christmas checks will be distributed to us this Wednesday."

At supper Addie Livsey said, "Christmas is a word I don't want to even hear of."

Ellis bitterly protested. "Well, I do. That's a hell of a note, talking that way and Christmas two days off. Why will you be like that anyhow?" His voice degenerated into a whine.

"Speaking of Christmas," Rosemunda observed, to James Corcoran Livsey, "you might show us all what it is you got in your coat pocket. Anyways, I saw you put it there when I come home from the office."

He glared at her. "It ain't nothing!" he protested. "It's something I bought for myself."

His mother was instantly curious. "What is it, Jimmie?" she asked. "I'm only too glad for you to have something. If you have, you'd need to get it yourself, the way things are with your father."

"It was nothing," James repeated. "It's just a cigarette case." He reluctantly produced a large cigarette case made of two yellow metals. It owned a diamond clasp.

"Pretty, ain't it," Rosemunda proceeded; "and he bought it himself. Two kinds of gold—green gold and yellow gold—with diamonds. I've seen them not the half of that in the best stores for two hundred dollars. He's certainly doing good at whatever it is he is doing."

"Probably," James Corcoran Livsey's mother said—"probably it was give to him for his dancing. Well, nobody will give me nothing, no matter what I might do." There were, however, she added, several things she'd like to give John Livsey. "And prominent among them is a ticket to somewhere else."

Rosemunda studied her briefly. "You're swell," she observed. "Full of nice ideas when you think what the season is. It's lucky I don't expect nothing. Not here, that is. I wouldn't put anything more on papa. He's got enough. Too much, if you ask me."

Nobody, Addie Livsey pointed out, had asked her. "Nobody asked you, and what's more they won't. There's just one child in this family takes after their mother." Rosemunda said she hoped it wasn't her.

"Don't speak like that about your mother," John Livsey directed her. "Remember that she is your mother."

"What of it?" Rosemunda demanded. "That's what I want to know. What of it? She's some mother—that is, if you say it fast."

John Livsey was suddenly weary of the never-ending trouble which surrounded him at home. The ill-natured noise. He said so. "You'd think a man could have a minute's peace at his own table. It ain't this way just one day or for a week, but the whole year. I told you before about speaking to your mother, Rosemunda. And in reference to James, remember, it ain't all gold that glitters."

James furtively examined his cigarette case. Pride forced him to assert that it was gold all right. Two colors of gold. He gave Rosemunda a swift evil glance.

"It won't get you nothing to narrow your eyes at me," she informed him. "If you bother me I'll tell the boy I'm going with and he'll knock you loose from the pavement."

"He can do it, too," Ellis told James. "I seen him with Rosemunda. A cake-eater wouldn't have no chance with him."

James Corcoran Livsey slapped his younger brother full and hard across the face. Ellis choked convulsively. He didn't cry.

"When I get bigger," he managed to say, "I'll kill you. I'll kill you, you dirty coward. You big stiff." He was a coward, Rosemunda added.

Addie Livsey wasn't disturbed. She was judicious, in a fat, blond, dirty manner. "It was coming to him," she announced; "Ellis was impertinent to his older brother. Jimmie ought to have slapped him crooked. I'm glad he done it, for one."

Rosemunda studied her with an air of smoldering hatred.

"Well, I'm not," John Livsey disagreed with his wife. "James was wrong, and particular wrong to hit his little brother at the supper table."

He had put off telling them about the unexpected two hundred and fifty dollars, the unparalleled generosity of Gideon Plantner and Son, until a comparatively quiet moment arrived, a general attention; but that time, it seemed to him now, was never to come. He couldn't think why he should tell them about the money anyhow; they were all so bad-natured, smacking one another in the face, and the way they talked. He suddenly realized that his family had no interest in him, they had no love for him. He was just something they put up with because he was there, because he brought home money for them to live on. They never gave his comfort, his peace of mind, his happiness, a thought. He wasn't, where his family was concerned, even human.

He would not, then, tell them about their great good fortune, the amazing sum of money that had come to them. After all, he wasn't sure it had come to them; they had done nothing to earn it. They didn't deserve it. They knew nothing about it. His mind deserted his family; it returned to his efforts to get California on the Horizon radio at Gideon Plantner and Son's store. He hadn't been successful. That was, he had not been able to hear the call letters, KFI. The policeman remained skeptical. He had heard Florida, two stations, though, and Cincinnati and Canada and Havana in Cuba He had listened to a man speaking over WHAS, in Louisville, Kentucky A surprising idea, an extraordinary possibility, took possession of him. After all, why not? They never gave him a

(Continued on Page 85)

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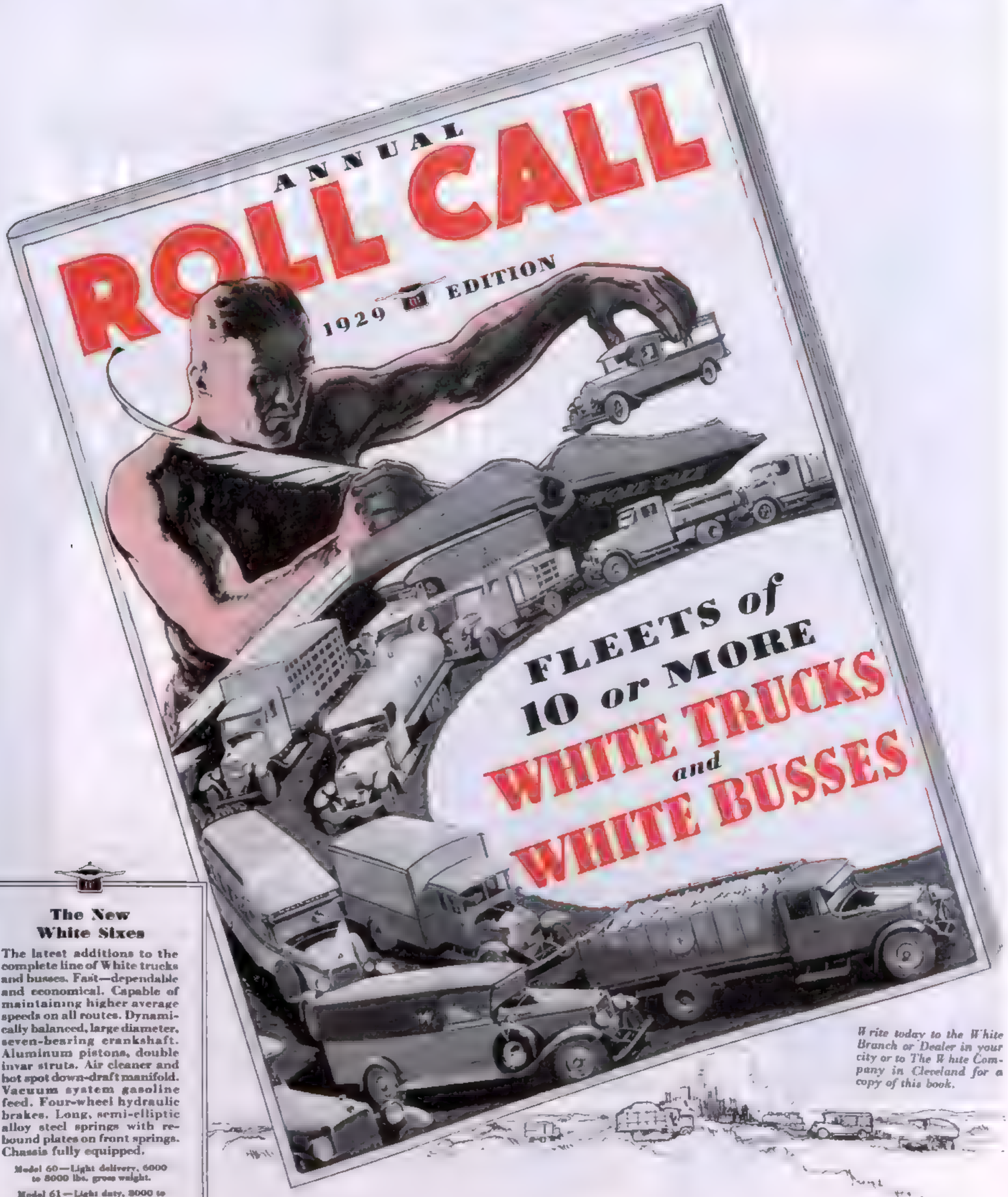

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THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

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I wonder why people forget my name

It does sort of hurt my feelings — people always forgetting my name.

Somehow I don't seem to impress people. I meet a man I admire a lot and then when I meet him a second time I have to explain that Walter Powers introduced us last Thursday at the station.

Somehow I don't seem to impress people. Maybe I look so average that there's nothing sharp or definite for them to remember me by.

Something sharp and definite for people to remember — like the trim, unwrinkled look of success that marks Walter Powers and Jim Perkins!

The trim, unwrinkled look of success that people don't forget!

At least that's one thing I can have — the trim, unwrinkled look of success that people don't forget.

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In this place the people who press your clothes have specialized information on the care and pressing of the various materials and garments.

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VALETOR
DEPENDABLE
PRESSING
SERVICE

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(Continued from Page 80)

thought. He couldn't remember when he had spent a dollar on himself that wasn't strictly necessary. He hadn't spent a dollar for pleasure—his own pleasure—since he had been married.

Once again in the store, he approached Henry Plantner. John Livsey's heart was laboring with excitement.

"Henry," he said, "it's wonderful good of you to give us that extra money. Not many firms would do that just because they had a little over themselves. But, Henry, I'll tell you what I was thinking. I'll never have another opportunity to get one. I'd like to take Model 206, the all-electric Horizon radio, in place of a check. Its retail price is two hundred and thirty dollars, and I'd need to have the tubes. Will that be all right with the firm?"

"It will not be all right," Henry Plantner replied. "It would be all wrong, after all our years together, your honest service and fidelity to father and me. I wouldn't think of letting you pay the retail price of anything in the store. No, John, you'll get the Model 270 Horizon set. That retails at four hundred dollars, but the cost price is different. You'll have the benefit of that. I'll give you the tubes personally. From me to you at this season of Christmas."

It was, John protested, too much. He hadn't expected —— Henry Plantner, with a good-natured finality, turned away from him.

Gideon Plantner came up later. "I hear you're taking merchandise instead of money," he said to John Livsey. "That's right. Shows confidence in the establishment. You are not entirely eaten up with the new ideas."

What, Addie Livsey demanded, was the noise about in the hall? She asked this standing in the lower hall, almost filling it.

"You'll have to move," her husband told her. "Nobody can get by you the way you are." Two men advanced with a heavy and ornate object in wood.

"What is it?" Addie persisted.

"I'll tell you," John Livsey replied. "That is a No. 270 Horizon radio. Probably the best radio on the market."

Well, Addie proceeded, she didn't want it around. She'd said that already and more than oncet. "Besides that, I don't know where you'd set it."

It would be set, John told her, in the dining room, in the space between the bay window and the sideboard. There was room for it there and a plug handy. No such a thing was there a plug handy. That was the plug she, Addie, used all the time for her curler. John Livsey ignored her. "Straight back," he said to the men with the radio.

"I don't know how you got it, anyways," Addie Livsey proceeded. "You've been lying to us is how. Lying to your wife and children. You took the money off your children's backs is what you done."

John Livsey regarded her absent-mindedly. "As a fact," he said, "it was give to me. Gideon Plantner and Son made me a present of it."

Later his wife exclaimed, "Those men will have to get right down off the roof. They'll make holes in the tin. The idea!"

They would get down, John informed her, when the aerial for the radio was finished. He switched on power, he turned the dial, and the first floor of the Livsey house was filled with a fine, deep music.

"I got to go upstairs," Addie complained; "it gives me the headache." John Livsey had already forgotten her; he was listening to the call letters of a small and unfamiliar Philadelphia broadcasting station.

"I never even heard of it," he told himself. He then got Wilmington, in Delaware, and Lancaster, in Pennsylvania. "Lancaster!" he cried aloud. "What do you think of that?"

He turned and found that he was addressing, he was facing, his son, James Corcoran Livsey. He saw, in spite of his absorption, that something was the matter with James. He was carefully dressed in his tight pants, a skimpy coat, as usual, his hair was solidly brushed back from his narrow brow, but his face wasn't right. For one thing it was about the color of milk.

"I have to see you," he muttered.

"Well, you see me," John Livsey irritably replied.

James Corcoran continued, "I got to have money right away. Two hundred dollars. I—I have to be out in Chi."

His father asked, "Chi?"

James grew shrill. "Don't be such a dumb number!" he advised John Livsey. "Chicago. What did you think it was? Anyways, I got to go there this afternoon."

"Well," John replied, "I wouldn't stop you. If you got to be there, that's all there is to it. It's hard on Chicago, but I can't help that."

"Ah, don't be funny. I tell you I got to have two hundred dollars. Quick. You're my father, ain't you? You're responsible for me."

"I suppose I am, but it don't seem to bear down on me very heavy. Not any more."

"Will you give it to me?"

"No."

James Corcoran Livsey's expression grew vicious. He stood with hanging hands, furtively studying his father. Then the edge of his determination broke. Tears wet his thin face.

"I must have it," he begged his father. "I got to get away. If I don't I'll be killed. I'll be killed tonight." He dragged at John Livsey's shoulders. "You wouldn't let me be killed. You wouldn't want to see me killed. I'm your son Jimmie."

John Livsey regarded his son James Corcoran coldly. No emotion stirred within him. "To tell you the truth," he said at last, "I wouldn't care much what happened to you. As for two hundred dollars, I couldn't give it to you even to get rid of you." James, with a glistening forehead, cursed him in a rapid, filthy mumble. Suddenly, in his noiseless shoes, he disappeared.

"James said he wouldn't be home for supper," Addie Livsey observed later.

"He won't be home for a good many suppers," John Livsey added. "I saw him when he left, and he was in a hurry. It appears somebody was after him to kill him. It would be enough for me if he just didn't come back."

Rosemunda said, "That's the first I ever heard you say anything with any nerve to it. You're usually afraid to speak."

Her mother put in: "You ain't."

Rosemunda went on: "Nor you. I thought I could stay here listening to you for the winter, but I can't. I'm going the first of the week. Nobody's chasing me, neither. This house ain't fit to live in. It's never been long as I've known it. I hate to put my clothes on the chairs at night."

"I understand all about you," her mother asserted; "I've stated it several times. You want to get where your mamma and your papa can't see your goings on."

"Mamma," Rosemunda mocked her; "papa. You're a fine pair!" She turned to her father: "You're nothing but a sap. That's what you are. Anybody would be a sap to put up with what you do. You haven't had a respectable thing to eat since you got married a thousand years ago. You've hardly ever had a decent word said to you in your own house. You're worse than a sap; you're a cipher. You're zero, that's it." She returned to her maternal parent, mimicking her again: "Mamma. You're a hot mamma. The mamma stuff is all played out anyhow. For such as you. You ain't a human being and you ain't a cow. I wouldn't know what you were. I'm your daughter, all right, but I recovered from it. I won't have to see you again after this week. Don't make no mistake about that—I won't be back."

"I'll be glad to have you out of the house," Addie Livsey replied; "you always was a sharp and ungrateful child. An unnatural daughter. Hell's where you are bound for"

"Go wash your face," Rosemunda advised her. "You'll have to take kerosene to it."

John Livsey switched on his radio; he turned the dial to seven hundred, to WLW. The Dinacone Diners in Cincinnati were playing a waltz like the long slow swell of the sea. It carried John Livsey away from his family, it bore him again away from himself. An old-fashioned waltz. He thought of geranium flowers. It seemed to John Livsey that he was floating in the measures of the waltz, dancing with a lovely girl who smelled of cologne. A girl who loved him. A girl he loved. He couldn't marry her though. She was promised to someone else. The wedding day was set. The music was like the pain in his heart. He turned the dial; a man was reciting poetry. The poem ended, the announcer spoke: "Station KOA, Denver, Colorado." There was Denver, as plain as if the announcer was right in the room with him!

"That was Denver," he explained. No one answered him. Except for John Livsey and the voice from Colorado, the room was empty and silent. Ellis, his younger son, was out on the streets; Rosemunda had left his house; James Corcoran Livsey fled in a panic from the city. Something about the woman, the brass check, Rosemunda had spoken of. Addie, he guessed, was in bed. That was a very good place for her. He was, he found, relieved by James Corcoran's absence. If only he didn't return! It was different about Rosemunda; she would always get along good anywhere. How she had talked to her mother! Told her to wash her face in kerosene. That wasn't right, John Livsey thought, and yet he wasn't able to stir up a bit of indignation. Rosemunda would be better by herself. Anybody was better by theirselves. Fathers and mothers, families, weren't so much. Not to his experience. They was mostly all talk. He turned the dial of the radio. Darkies and banjos in Miami. A gay rattle of voices and strings. The radio was all the family he had any need for.

The number of people in his house, John Livsey told himself, was reduced considerable, but that didn't seem to make any difference in the noise. Ellis didn't say much; Ellis had been notably subdued by all the late occurrences in the Livsey household, but Addie never stopped talking. She never ended her complaints.

Her charges really: "You drove Jimmie out of the house is what you done. You never understood him. Jimmie took after me and his maternal grandmother. She was an artiste. His blood was delicate-like. You could tell that on him from his dancing. But you drove him out into the hard world."

John Livsey grew tired of hearing her. "That's nonsense, Addie, and you know it. James got in trouble and had to leave the city. Didn't he come to me for two hundred dollars and admit someone was about to kill him?"

"Yes, and what did you tell him?"

"I said it was all one to me," John Livsey admitted. "And so it was. I was wore out with him. Like I'm wore out with you."

"Well, you won't put me on the streets," she warned him. "Not while I got my senses, you won't. I'll have the law on you. You got to support me. I'm your wife."

"You are for a fact; it's a fact you are," he admitted. "I don't know what that means, but it's true." He studied her with a troubled brow. There ought to be something he could do about it. There didn't seem to be. He hadn't noticed, until Rosemunda had mentioned it, how careless, how dirty, Addie was. Rolls of dirty fat. Wisps of careless, soiled, pale hair. Why, Addie couldn't be more than forty years old. And look at her. He gave up the effort to eat green string beans that were precisely like green strings. There had been veal for dinner. At least it was his guess it was veal. You couldn't be sure.

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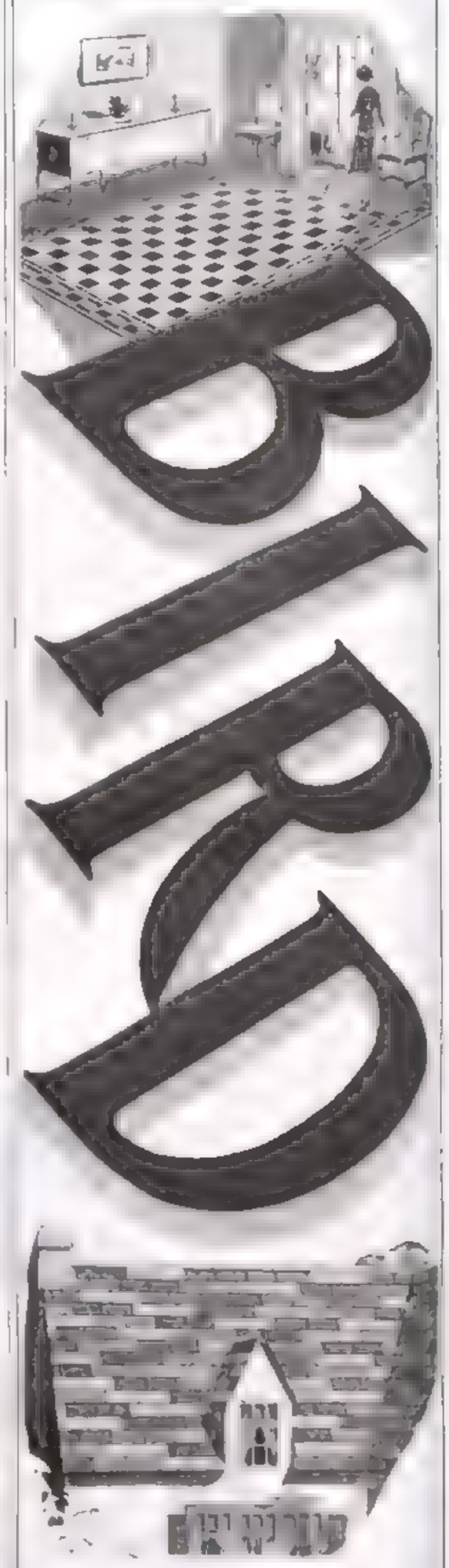

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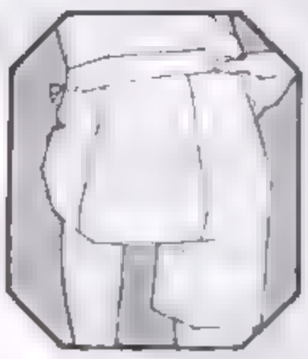

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"You needn't to threaten me," Addie Livsey kept on and on. "I'm able for you. You don't know it, but I've always been able for you. It's like Rosemunda said, you're a sap. You're a sap and you get what you deserve." John Livsey regarded her with a shadow on his mouth. "If you can't eat your beans," she told him, "it's because you oughtn't to have beans you can eat." He went to the radio and turned on WJZ. Loud. The room shook with a blast of brass.

Addie screamed, "Turn that thing off!"

He paid no attention. Suddenly she pushed by him and shook the radio viciously.

"Hey!" he cried, gripping her arm. You'll break the filaments." He shoved her back. "Don't you never do that again," he directed her. The shadow had deepened on his mouth. His gaze searched into her consciousness. She stood for a moment breathing in gusts; then Addie left the dining room. The blare of the brass subsided; there was a whisper of strings—a sound you might hear in the leaves if a wind could make sounds so cool and sweet. A wind running through leaves. Green running leaves. Leaves like water. A temple with white columns and people moving in white. People in white with wreaths of flowers moving behind white columns. The sea beyond a high green meadow. The blue sea scarred with white waves far below a green headland. Sandals in the wet sweet grass and bare wet ankles. Above everything, peace, tranquillity, happiness, rest. John Livsey heard his wife tramping ponderously above his head. He went to the small room where Rosemunda had slept; he occupied Rosemunda's bed.

It was January, and Gideon Plantner and Son was stock taking. Everyone in the store stayed late into the night; they were in the store past midnight, but John Livsey didn't mind that; it brought him home at a good hour to try the radio, to fish for California. He had often heard faint music, voices, where, on the dial, California, KFI, should be audible, but he never could distinguish the call letters. He couldn't—like the policeman—be really certain. He was honest with himself; he would not say he had listened to California until he heard the letters and the words "Los Angeles." It was, he saw, coming into his house, nearly one o'clock. The night was cold and still. Splendid, he thought, for getting distance. John Livsey went back to the dining room, and he was so familiar with it, he knew his radio so well, that he sat before it, switched it on without turning to a light. There was no answering hum. The dial was not illuminated.

"The wire's off the plug," he told himself. He saw, however, that it wasn't. A tube was loose, John Livsey proceeded. He swung the top of the radio up. No, it wasn't that either. It wasn't that; the power tube, the celebrated TX370, was smashed. The broken glass, the dead filament, littered the interior of the radio. John Livsey sat down, gazing speculatrvely at the wooden case before him, his lips in a thoughtful pucker. At last he spoke aloud. He said "This is too much." He repeated that exact phrase. He went deliberately into the kitchen and selected, from the untidy confusion at the sink, a long knife—a bread knife with a broad heavy blade. It, like everything around it, was soiled, and he stopped to clean the knife on a towel lying over the back of a chair. Then he went up to the room where Addie was sleeping.

He switched on the light and—Addie was unconscious—she woke up suddenly.

"What is the matter?" she asked in an addled voice. She propped herself up on a huge bare elbow, and then, it was apparent, she saw the knife. Her mouth dropped open.

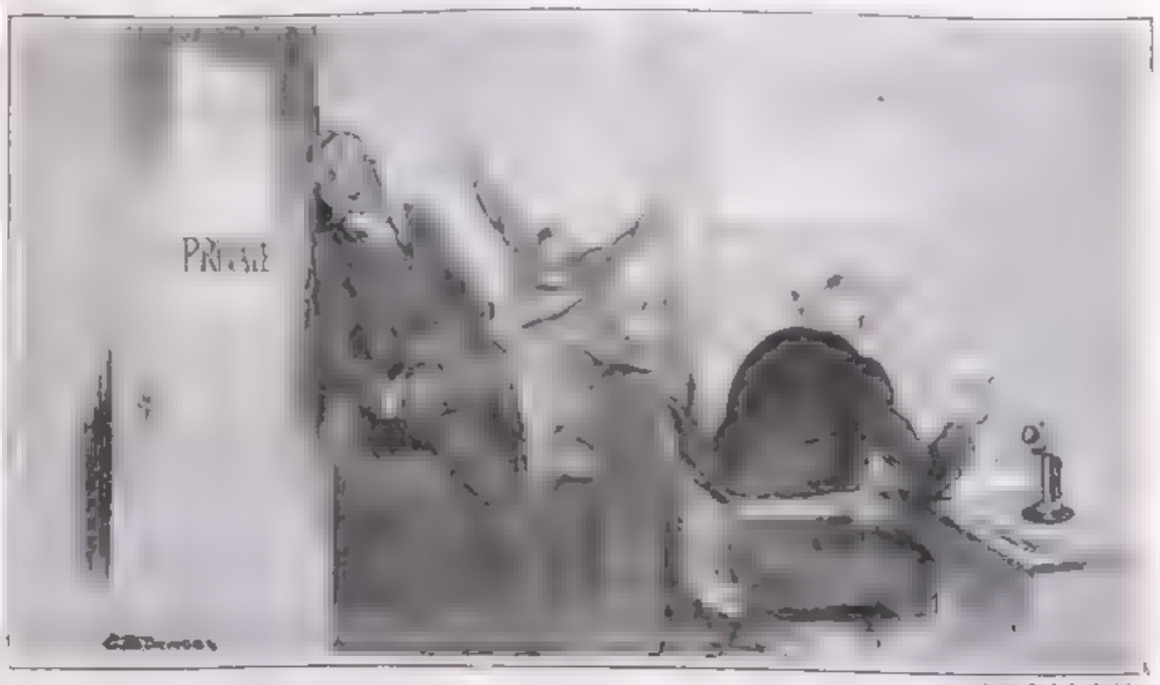
"Did you break the TX370 power tube in my radio?" John Livsey demanded. "I got sick of the racket," Addie replied. "I never wanted it around here anyways."

John Livsey took a step toward her, he gripped the knife in his hand more firmly, and the woman screamed, "Johnny! Johnny!"

He stopped, confused. Addie hadn't called him Johnny since the year of their marriage. It upset him, spoiled his determination; the past swam about him in a vision that blurred his eyes and choked at his throat. Addie! A young thing with flyaway hair and a rattle tongue. His palms were cold and wet and his knees shook

"Addie," he said, "I made up my mind to kill you. You broke the power tube in the radio and I was going to cut your head off." His words had a curious buzzing, an unreal sound, to him. Addie Livsey collapsed on the bed, her face buried in a pillow, and there was a strangled sound of frightened sobs. John Livsey gazed curiously at what he could see of her. For years now she had been driving him mad, when all the while there wasn't nothing to it. There wasn't a thing to her. He had a narrow escape! It was no use to kill Addie. She was just a noise—an empty fat noise. All he had to do with Addie was to turn on WJZ. Any powerful station. An enormous sense of relief settled over John Livsey. Suddenly, he felt, the noise, the static, that for years had made his existence unendurable, had stopped.

"Don't you ever touch that set again," he instructed her. She shook her head in a convulsive and agreeing negative. "Those power tubes cost money," John Livsey went on. "That one I had was particular good." He saw that he was still holding the bread knife, and he went at once, awkward and hasty, down to the kitchen. He laid the knife away and stopped before the interrupted radio. It was very cold in the house and he shivered uncontrollably. John Livsey was certain—the night was so cold and still—that he could have heard the signal from California if it hadn't been for Addie. However, she would never lift a hand against his radio again. Addie was fixed forever.



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Employer: "True. But We Have to Deduct Enough to Reimburse Us for the Week Before You Go and the Week After You Come Back"

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Dirt-filled oil comes from your crankcase to the AC Oil Filter

Clean oil flows from the filter back to your engine

Why it pays to

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OIL FILTER

CARTRIDGE

every 10,000 miles

CLEAN oil is essential to a sweet-running engine. But you need not change oil oftener than 2,000 miles, if you help your AC Oil Filter do its duty.

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AC Spark Plug Company

FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-SPHINX Birmingham ENGLAND

AC-TITAN Clichy (Seine) FRANCE

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THE TIGER'S MOUTH

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notion that it was better for a man to die with his boots on.

The Witch had way on her again, but he could not get the clank of her pump out of his ears. Awkward. Awkward beyond anything in his experience. The nearest dry dock, if he failed to put the ship into this river, was at Batavia, on Java. That was too far; and even if the Witch did survive the run down the China Sea against the monsoon, those Dutchmen, with whom he was always at loggerheads, would probably see him sink at his mooring sooner than put out a hand to help him for anything less than the entire profits of the voyage.

Yet—had he been at fault in taking Lan Fong as a passenger? The daughter of Man Ho, who, more than any one man, had made Arad's owners rich? Captain Arad, going down into the ship's cabin, looked hard at Lan Fong, fairest of China's golden lilies. Her patrician helplessness caught at his throat. But so, too, did that imperiled quarter of a million in specie below decks drag with its whole weight at his trader's heart.

"Will you drink tea?" Lan asked.

Her English, from her London residence, was good. Her vermilion lips looked dark against the heavy dusting of rice powder on her cheeks. She was, he saw, the very Chinaman's ideal of woman, with her saucy little circle of a mouth, the velvety black eyes, the little oblong ears and shining hair. The gold bells on her jacket made tiny tinklings as she swayed. It was marvelous how, with all trace of knee and ankle action banished, there was still such a yield of deferential grace left to the upper body, to the arms and hands, to the almond eyes that looked obliquely over the white feathers of the ivory-slatted fan.

She had heated tea over the cabin lamp, and now presented him the cup with a saucer inverted over it, to prevent the aroma from escaping.

"Tomorrow you take me to my father?" she uttered, with a lift of the narrow eyebrows that nearly met over the nose.

"Your father is not here," Arad said bluntly. "He is bankrupt. He is banished. He is in Elee."

The almond eyes disappeared behind the fan and Lan's grief was expressed in a slight giggle.

"Who else will take you?" Arad asked.

"No one."

"No one?"

"You, Captain Whitney, put me with your belongings."

The silver bird crowning her porcelain being, and like that, infinitely fragile, had a gentle quiver of his filigreed wings.

Captain Arad sat in the cabin of the frigate Menelaus, the slashing British forty-four, under the command, it had turned out, of his friend Captain Ellis Barker. The two men had met in London, through Barker's reading of that monograph on the Java Sea which the Yankee had written for publication by the London Society for the Propagation of Useful Knowledge. They were renewing their friendship now over a brandy flout and the square-cut, free-drawing cheroots imported from Manila. The frigate captain's long, narrow and forceful head was turned toward Arad with a slightly puzzled look.

"It's a ticklish affair," he said. "About the only effect the commissioner's destroying all that opium has had has been to increase the value of the growing crop in India. The Dutch knew that principle when they destroyed over half the spice groves of Sumatra. Opium keeps coming, and these fast crabs run it in through the back creeks, and the men take it ashore in their sleeves. The mandarins, of course, wink at it. I'm told the admiral himself smokes it, and he has just got a second peacock feather in his cap for his services in putting down the traffic."

"The stuff has got its claws in deep," Arad said.

"Deuce take it," Barker said, "I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that we planted the habit in the first place, to furnish an avenue for trade. Well, so we did. All the same, what is worrying the emperor is not the harm done by smoking it but the drain of silver out of the country. Naturally, the trade can only be carried on for cash—Mexican dollars and sycee silver."

The frigate captain threw out a cloud of smoke and sniffed his cheroot suspiciously.

"Opium?" Captain Arad asked.

"I wouldn't put it past the beggars," Barker muttered. "Maybe they think they can put me to sleep with a little infusion of opium in my tobacco. It's this riot in the temple of the Silver Moon that's brought us into a clinch. Five of my men are implicated, and the Chinese commissioner demands their surrender to be tried by Chinese forms of trial. Ask yourself, old man, whether I'm going to deliver up these poor devils—good men, too, if I do say it—to be strangled? I've tried them myself and found them guilty of some bally crime and put them in the brig. Well, that doesn't satisfy the authorities ashore."

"Evidently not," Captain Arad muttered, looking through the open port at the chain of bamboo rafts stretching all across the Boca Tigris—the tiger's mouth, as the Portuguese had dubbed it, from the red sand hills on either side. War junks were clustered thick back of this boom, and oiled-paper fans on the battlements ashore fluttered thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. And in the very center of the boom was Michael O'Cain's confiscated ship, painted blood red, crammed with men and powder, and with the insignia of invincibility—a black dragon swallowing a yellow moon—hanging from the main truck. Her new name, Unconquerable, was painted on her sails in crimson characters.

"I'll tell you what they call war measures," Barker said bitterly. "They won't deliberately fire the first shot, but they let slip a fire ship in the middle of the night, and they've poisoned all the wells outside the city walls. They offer twenty thousand Spanish dollars to anyone who will take one of our eighty-gun ships. Deuced clever of them, captain, considering that we haven't an eighty-gun ship within ten thousand miles."

"The emperor has ordered the heads of the chief barbarians to be sent to him in a basket, I hear," Arad grinned.

"Barbarians! Barbarians!" Captain Barker shouted, standing with his legs straddled in front of a full-length portrait of Lord Amherst. "I tell you, it gets under my skin, the cool way they refer to us in official dispatches as barbarians and red bristles. Makes a fellow feel like a dashed Visigoth, Whitney."

"Well, aren't we? We bring them sharks' fins and fish maws and birds' nests, and they give us silks and pearls and porcelains."

"Dash it all, who eats the birds' nests—we or they? Who has the power, and who has the compassion not to use it? Bless my soul, what would happen if I let fly at that fort, say, with one broadside of the Menelaus. Look at it. The Old Duck, they call it, and the one across the way is Greatly Excellent. Greatly Excellent! Why, deuce take me, Whitney, those embrasures the guns are set in are gateways. You could drive the lord mayor's coach through any one of them, and they've got wooden folding doors that would fill those soldiers so full of splinters they couldn't wink their eyes, if I pitched a shot or two in there. And they've let those banyan trees grow up because they have an idea that the shade of 'em makes the soldiers bulletproof. Fancy that."

Arad got up abruptly, knocking his cotton-covered cork helmet against the heavy white beam supporting the gun deck.

"They'll certainly never be fit to enter the brotherhood of nations until they have western guns and western methods," he said without the vestige of a smile. He stared through the open starboard port at the great choke of brilliant shipping against which the Tiger's Mouth had set its teeth. Country ships from India and Penang, Arab traders from Muscat, broad-backed Indiamen with swelling sides and double tiers of ports, topsail schooners, lorchas, junks; even the very grain junks—life bringers—had been excluded with the rest, because, the whisper was now, a ruse was feared. Those junks might be filled with Chinese traitors maneuvering to break the boom in order to bring down the scandalously high price of opium. Hardly a ship in sight was lacking its quota of the sleepy brown balls, packed in poppy leaves, twenty to the tray, forty in a chest. No bigger than a man's two fists, each ball was a giant world, and each world a giant's dream. Even the little yellow admiral would hardly set about enforcing the emperor's decree without first a roguish whiff of that dried poppy juice which made him a conqueror without the need of moving so much as the shadow of an eyelash.

"One shot from you will break the boom," Arad told his friend. "If I could speak impartially—which, frankly, I can't, with my ship up to her knees in water already—I'd advise you to force the lock, for everybody's good."

"'Pon my soul, I can't, without more provocation," Barker said.

"As it is," the trader pointed out, "they're dying in behind the boom like flies. Locusts have got into the rice, O'Cain tells me, and beating gongs doesn't seem to frighten them away. They're short of water, too, from having poisoned so many wells for our benefit. A quick stroke, Barker. Cut the Gordian knot."

"Why not cut it yourself?" the frigate captain jested, with a flash of his white teeth. "You flowery-flag devils have got the same interest in trade that we have. I don't like to see this a British war exclusively. If I pitch the first shot into those rafts, there's sure to be a yell at home from the opposition benches. You see? Ramming the filthy drug down the poor devils' throats when they're making a last-ditch stand against it, and that sort of thing."

"You mean, if I make a try to get back O'Cain's confiscated ship, say ——"

"Well, naturally, I couldn't see a friend in trouble without looking into it."

"You'd run out the frigate's guns?"

"All I could without yawing her," Barker laughed, clapping his friend on the shoulder. "Splendid. Why hadn't I thought of it before? The song of a sparrow can start an avalanche, they tell me, Whitney."

"They do say so," the captain of the sinking Water Witch replied dryly. "The way it is, even a bamboo fight between a couple of these naughty little water women would loom big."

A moment later, sitting in the stern sheets of his jolly-boat, he looked hard across the water at his ship. Even since sunrise she had got lower in the water. Michael O'Cain's fast crab was grappled to the rail, as if to hold her up; and Michael himself Arad found in the Witch's cabin, singing a sly Chinese song for the delectation of Lan Fong. He had a bamboo flute in his hands, tea was growing cold at his elbow, and Lan's fan was up, with just the burning points of her obsidian eyes showing over that subtle barricade. Her underdress of Canton gauze, aërial, atmospheric, hugged her body close.

"As the dew to the blossom, and as the blossom to the bee, so is woman to man, whose heart spans the four immensities in quest of spirit balm from the icy hearted," quoth the poetical Michael tunefully in her own tongue. Lan, the icy hearted, produced a quiver of her fan, as if the fringes

(Continued on Page 90)

Sometimes the way to save money in a car—is to spend just a little more

If you're considering what $1,000 or so will buy in a car, stop a moment and consider this: For perhaps $100 more on the down-payment, and possibly three additional payments you can have—a Reo Flying Cloud.

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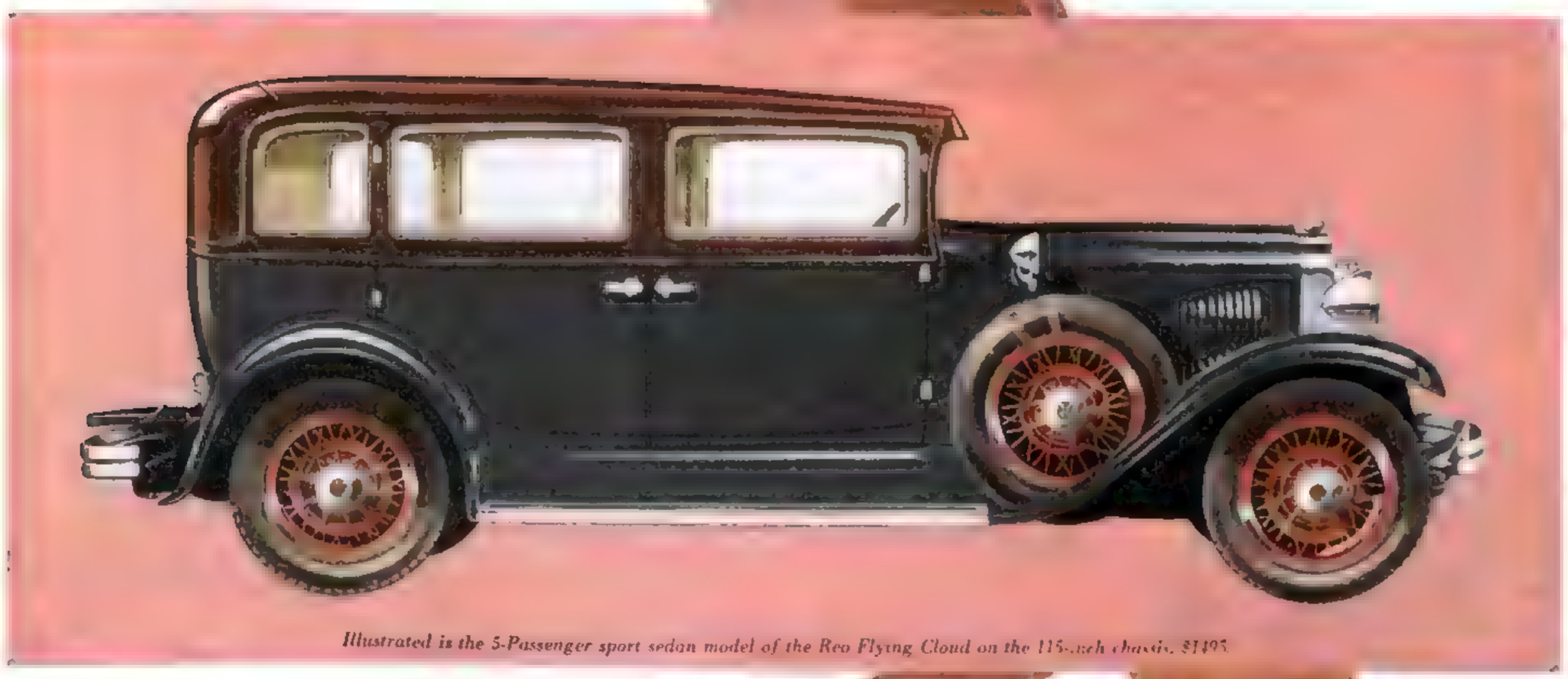

Illustrated is the 5-Passenger sport sedan model of the Reo Flying Cloud on the 115-inch chassis, $1495

Reo Flying Clouds are priced at the factory as follows: 5-Passenger Sedans $1395, Sport $1495, Master $1745, Sport $1870; Car of the Month $1970. 2-Passenger Coupe $1375, Sport $1475. 2-4-Passenger Coupe $1395, Sport $1495; Master $1625, Sport $1750. 5-Passenger Brougham, Master $1595, Sport $1720. 4-Passenger Victoria, Master $1695, Sport $1820. Roadster, Master $1685, Sport $1810.

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of an undersea flower streamed to the touch of a warm unseen current. Her blue-clad legs were laid close together, kneeless, stiff as stilts, the feet planted steep as a toe dancer's in tiny golden shoes.

Michael O'Cain had the lids dropped roguishly over his hair-trigger eyes.

"Arad," says he, catching sight of the captain of the Witch, "she's prettier than the women of the flower boats, and a more understanding woman altogether. Sorry I was to be bringing on a war, with the one movement of my arm, but now I glory in it, for keeping her out of the clutches of her relatives, and they standing by to strangle poor Silver Wing as soon as she stepped ashore on her poor feet. Man, 'twould be a towering injustice to let her out of our hands. Now there's a lady friend of mine at Macao would take her in, if you say the word; and Michael O'Cain, being without a ship, and a confirmed Chinaman himself, would keep an eye on her between voyages for you."

"My good Michael," Arad was thinking, "it will take more than typhoon bars and bogus tiger tracks to frighten you away from this Silver Wing of yours. You're too poetical by half."

And he thought of his responsibility to his friend Man Ho.

"I've got a better proposition for you," he said to Michael.

"And what's that?"

"Retake your ship, with the help of this fast crab of yours, and the guns of the Menelaus to back us up."

"Oh, the saints—the saints!" Michael shouted. "More war, is it? And only last night didn't I go ashore to the temple of the Silver Moon, with a bag of opium for the priests; and didn't they smoke it in the shadow of the sacred tea trees? And then, with them all sleepylike and glassy-eyed, didn't I pick up the old cold cannon ball off the floor, where it was causing all the trouble, and shove it back in the Joss's fist, and him smiling down encouragement at me like my venerable elder brother. By the holy fire, I did, Arad. The ball of tranquility is back in his fist, and the war is ended by the same Michael O'Cain that began it; and now it's yourself would be starting me out all over again in evil courses."

"The Witch is sinking," Arad muttered. "I can feel her going down under my heels."

"Put her into the river under the mandarin's bond and give Silver Wing into my keeping."

Captain Arad shook his head.

"It's not only Lan. It's you I've got in mind, partly, Michael," he said craftily. "If I don't get you back your ship, you'll end by being a Chinaman altogether, and having a pigtail of your own."

"Ha yah!" Michael roared. "There's worse ornaments!"

"Then again, there's a mandarin or two in there hankering to send my head in a basket along with the others to the emperor," Arad recalled. "Did you never hear of the fight I had with them, three or four voyages back, when Molly Wilkins went ashore with me dressed as a cabin boy, and they found out her sex by the lack of an Adam's apple in her throat? I got away then by an eyelash, and since then, in peacetimes, I've been in the habit of sending the ship up the river in charge of the mate, and waiting for him at the opium hulks at Lin Tin. But now, with everything in a heap, I can't trust the mate to do the job."

"So it's a simplification of it to fight half a million Chinese," Michael cried with a touch of malice. "Preach to 'em from the holy text of pike and gun. A man like you could find his way out of hell. But I'm not saying it wouldn't be a pleasure to me to walk the deck of my little ship again. I'll bring the crab round when the tide turns."

At eleven o'clock by the marked joss sticks burning in her cabin, the fast crab left the Witch's side with a convulsive movement of her sixty sweeps. She was long and sharp, with a mat sail forward, and a swivel gun mounted on a platform heaped with scaling ladders, stones, stinkpots, fire arrows and bundles of boarding pikes. Arad had put a dozen of his own men here to sweeten the crab's man power, though Michael had boasted that his own men could do the job alone.

"They are the best fighting men in China. . . . And haven't I built up the hearts in them, giving each mother's son a present of the little buffalo-horn box at his hip, full of powdered tiger bones? I've taken a sniff myself," O'Cain confessed, "not to speak of having along a paper of ginseng, and that, they say, will bring a man to life again if a piece of it is slipped under the tongue of the corpse. But it's not likely they'll make a fight, with every man thinking he's the only patriot left in China, and even the admiral applying yesterday for sick leave. And that was because the old commissioner has just been haled in chains to Peking to answer the Ten Cunning Questions. There's no people like them for the asking and answering of questions."

Four men pulled the butt of the steering oar to port to avoid a junk. They were close to the boom now. It lay across the Tiger's Mouth like a giant glowworm. The bamboo rafts were alive with little men working by the light of torches, and a string of lanterns as big as small balloons swayed over the guns of the Old Duck, to make a target for the Menelaus.

The crab leaped forward, the pullers sinking back on the benches with a "Ya! Ya! Ya!" politely hissed.

"The little devils are filling the junks with stones," Michael muttered. "It's well we've come. If they sink those junks, there's the end of trade with Canton, and China altogether; for they'll never raise them again."

There was Michael's blood-red ship at the middle of the boom, her sails smeared with crimson characters, rails and rigging alive with soldiers in blue petticoats, with imitation tiger skins over their shoulders and bucket-shaped iron helmets on their heads.

"Isn't it all the military graduates in the kingdom crowded into her along with the tubs and bottles of gunpowder?" Michael O'Cain yelled, adding vainglorously: "It's just the more company for the long journey ahead of them. There's no fight in them. Haven't I seen them at drill, these matchlock men, shutting their eyes and turning away their heads when they pulled the triggers of the guns? And their swords, poor souls, no better than hoop iron."

"Where's the rocket frame?" Arad cried. "I've got to touch off a rocket, as a signal to the Menelaus."

"Here, put it in the shoot for fire arrows."

A blue-green hiss at their heels was followed by the flight of the rocket. Its one brilliant flash showed the hulls of that motley throng of shipping swinging on the top of the tide.

There was an answering flash from the Menelaus, then the dark again.

"Hold your fan now, little Silver Wing, while China shows the dragon face," Michael muttered. Yellow men ran up and down, throwing boarding pikes in between the rowing benches. The crab bristled like a porcupine with yellow quills, and quaked to the full power of the oars.

"They've got a gun shotted in the waist of your ship," Arad said.

"I see it plain," said Michael. "'Tis not one of my own guns. Saints, it's the Orator. It's a gun they cast themselves, but they cast it muzzle down, and the breech will be nothing but cheese, on account of the dross collecting there. Then again, there's no motion to him, up, down or across. It's an imitation of a screw gun of the British they found in the bay, with the screw corroded; so they've cast their screw and gun all in one piece, mind you, like the copy, and there's no elevating the barrel of it at all. Man, dear, they're thick as flies around it."

Continued on Page 93

A Merchandising Service by the Bell System

Manufacturers can now direct the public . . . instantly . . . to the dealers who sell and service their products

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The Bell System now offers a solution to that problem.

Bell System classified telephone directories are the local business guides for 20,000 *towns and cities. Dealers may now be listed under the names and trade marks of the articles and services they sell. It takes but a moment for the buyer to locate the most convenient one.*

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The Straight Eight-125, $2195 and up [All prices at factory]

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORPORATION . . . . . CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from Page 90)

It looked, in fact, as if all China had collected at the Tiger's Mouth. Wherever foot room could be found a petticoated soldier had been planted, armed to the eyes. Long odds, however, were the traders' portion. Arad, with a pike in his hands, watched the Orator's crew sponging and grooming him for his oration.

"Let them fire first," he said to Michael sharply, seeing that the swivel gun was being trained.

"Everything shall be legal," Michael agreed. "When we board, remember that the enemy has the word 'Valor' painted on the back in crimson. Hold, now, they're making a prayer to the god of cannon. There goes the gilt paper. Now they're at the touchhole. By the powers, duck your head. The piece is fired!"

And then the tiger's mouth opened wide and showed his red gums, and swallowed everything—ships, soldiers, crew and all. Captain Arad, blinded, deafened, stunned by the stupendous report, had just the glint of a foolish thought that the Chinese after all were not such contemptible cannoneers as O'Cain had tried to make them out. That iron Demosthenes of theirs had evidently spoken to more purpose than just to apit the pebble out of his mouth. Arad's trouser legs were whipped against his knees, his jacket blown over his head, in the same devil's puff that heaved up the water under the crab's keel. He couldn't, for the moment, think what to make of that stiff spout of yellow fire from the Unconquerable's entrails. Her bursting decks, falling masts, blazing ribs and shriveled sails were boosted high, as if punched out of the water by a white-hot ram driven through the world from its underside—a thing that might happen to this flat world of the Orientals which was nothing but a thick cake of dirt, rocks, hills and trees, with the seas and rivers dripping down over the edges.

Captain Arad Whitney opened his eyes with the vacant stare of the opium dreamer wakened from his dream. He was in his own berth aboard the Witch; and Michael O'Cain, seen through the brocatel hangings, was in the act of putting fire to his pipe. The black pigtail, loaned him by a pirate who had no further use for it, hung limp between his knees.

"How fashion?" said Michael.

"So fashion," said Arad weakly.

"It's dead as the fish in the bay you were after that shot," said Michael, "from something hitting you back of the ear; and didn't I fetch you back by slipping a bit of ginseng under your tongue? It's taken three days and a little more, but here you are. You'll not be turning up your nose at Chinese remedies again."

"What—what blew the gaff?" Arad whispered.

"Maybe the ball of tranquillity was jarred off the Josh's knuckle again, bad cess to him for a big butter-fingers that had everything in his own hands and wouldn't keep it there. Likely, though, it was nothing to do with the Josh at all, but the fault of the gun's touchhole that was too big or too cheesy, and let the fire leak out into the powder tubs, and blow up the ship. The old Orator, that I was scorning, had just the needful etiquette to end the war; and now the boom is broken and the Menelaus inside and peace proposals going, and an iron helmet sitting on every star of heaven, glory be."

"Where's little Lan?"

"She's well," Michael said shortly. "Stay, I hadn't finished about the treaty. First, there's a big indemnity to be paid by the Chinese for injured feelings, killed and spoiled men, and the like. Me being interpreter, I put in a word for Man Ho with the frigate captain.

"'There's the old fellow,' I says, 'a sweeper in a temple, all along of one of your rascally red bristles running away with a costly cargo and not paying for it. Stipulate for Man Ho's return,' I says; 'a little matter is easy slipped in between big ones.' So it's been agreed for us barbarians to pay back enough out of the indemnity to liquidate the old man's debts and set him up in trade again."

"And Lan goes back to her father?" Arad asked.

"Don't be breaking the thread of the discourse. The joke is, the artful devils are glad enough to bring Man Ho back from Elee. It gives 'em a good story to tell the emperor. They're sending a grand oration to him, telling him the foreign devils are beat to their knees, and crying for mercy, and disgorging the money they stole from the nice Chinese merchants. I tell you, my boy, the cream of Man Ho's business will go to you after this. It's a fortunate turn for everybody."

"'What have you done with Lan?"

"Soft now. She's well. But let me tell you the last thing I was instrumental in slipping into the treaty—they depending on me on account of my elegant Chinese. 'Tis made and provided that from now on females of all foreign devils are to be let into the country, to help soften the natures of the red bristles and give them troubles of their own. Now, under this clause, I could easy set the little Silver Wing ashore, except for the one thing ——"

"The one thing ——"

"Stay now. Stay your hand, Arad. There was she alone in the world, and me the Solitary Nail—always saying the ginseng didn't bring you back to life—and she arguing for me to put her with the rest of my belongings, and me at my wit's end getting the Witch into dry dock here before the coral fell out of her, and it hanging by a hair ——"

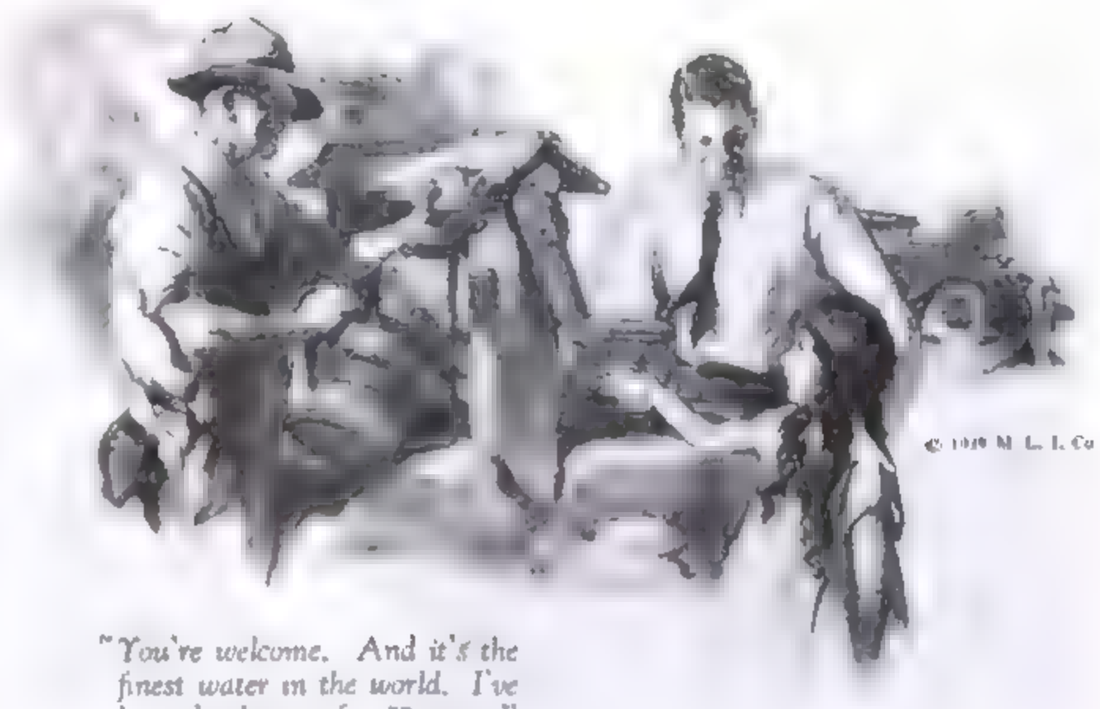
"By gracious king, you've put her in your pocket after all!" Arad yelled.

"'Tis more that the icy heart of her is melted, after what I did for her father," Michael said modestly. "I wouldn't have you be putting her in a class with the old crackle, jars and vases, and the like, that the frigate captain had ruined in his cabin when he unlatched his guns at the Old Duck. She's an understanding woman, and listens well to poetry. Well, any road," says Michael, looking fierce, "I'm married to her, and she in Macao, and no tiger tracks will be any better security than Michale O'Cain's shadow in the neighborhood of Silver Wing. 'Tis the one benefit accruing to me out of a war I started and stopped with my own elbow; so now what have you to say to it?"

"By the ball of tranquillity, nothing," the trader said grimly. "She was beginning to weigh heavier on me than the specie in the hold. And there's no profiting by foreign women, so my owners say."

"Sits the wind there?" quoth Michael with his pigtail in his mouth. "No profiting by foreign women? Then it's a victory for the Chinese, because that's been their contention all along. But it's not Michael O'Cain will be letting them save face by an argument as weak as that."

Ready for a Drink?



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"You're welcome. And it's the finest water in the world. I've been drinking it for 50 years."

CLEAR, cold water from an old-fashioned well looks mighty tempting on a hot day. One might naturally think that if the owner of the well drinks the water it must be pure. But the fact that he has drunk the water without apparent harm does not prove that the water is pure.

Science has discovered that a few individuals have been able to drink water more or less polluted with typhoid germs without contracting typhoid fever. But it is never safe for anyone to take immunity for granted.

Typhoid fever is a filth disease. It usually kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Until authorities responsible for the purity of drinking water, milk and other foods in cities and towns learned how to guard against typhoid, outbreaks of this disease scourged the country year after year.

There were no great typhoid scourges last year in the United States, yet approximately 65,000 persons were stricken needlessly with typhoid fever and 6,500 died.

Those who recover from typhoid fever are left in such physical condition that for about three years after an attack the deathrate of such persons is twice the normal rate for the same ages.

Why risk typhoid fever when it can be prevented?

The story of inoculation which prevents typhoid fever is a brilliant page in the history of the many triumphs of science over disease.

During the Spanish-American War, 281,000 of our men went into service. *One out of every twelve contracted typhoid.* In the World War there were 4,000,000 American soldiers, nearly all inoculated against typhoid. Although many of them were sent to typhoid-infected areas, only *one out of every 3,700 had typhoid.*

While typhoid fever frequently comes from drinking polluted water, it also comes from infected milk and various other contaminated foods, and from unsuspected "typhoid-carriers"—a few individuals who have recovered from the disease but who continue to carry the germs. When typhoid-carriers are employed as helpers in households, hotels or restaurants there is great danger that they will cause infection among those they serve.

Inoculations against typhoid fever are extremely simple and leave no scar. They protect from two to five years. Why take chances? Be prepared for your motor, camping and hiking trips this year. Go to your doctor for the protection he can give.

* * * *

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify their water by chlorination the deathrate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected. But until this protection is general in cities, towns and villages and in country districts as well, typhoid inoculation is vitally necessary.

Inoculation against typhoid is not the same as inoculation which prevents diphtheria or vaccination against smallpox. All three are necessary health protections at home and especially when travelling.

The Metropolitan will be glad to mail, without cost, its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever," to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department, 65-E, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

"Johnny Hawker, spread your wares"

UP the roads of the Cape Cod Country, in the days of Quincy Adams, the Yankee peddler came a-vending.

With a rattle and thud, his pack was off, and, at your gate, was his traveling store.

Pots and pans and needles, too, the New England housewife gladly bought; but only suspicion and a furtive glance for "this roll of silk from the Grand Mogul; this piece of lace King Louis wore."

"Johnny Hawker, spread your wares; don't waste my time with those vain things."

To brown-eyed Priscilla, standing at the gate, beautiful things were sinister, indeed; but drabness was truly a virtue.

Gone are Johnny Hawker and his traveling bazaar; gone, too, our rustic standards for judging right and wrong. "Give me useful things, give me serviceable things," says the modern housewife; "but, with them, give me also style, color, and beauty that endures." No product has done more to answer this call of the modern home-maker than Duco. For in Duco, du Pont has given to industry, and through industry to you, a limitless array of color harmonies and a new measure of enduring beauty.

Duco was first the finish for automobiles. To drab streets, as if by magic, it brought the gleam of a glorious variety of colors. More than 2200 Duco Authorized Refinishers are ready to re-style your car with modish Duco colors.

But now Duco is the quality finish for hundreds of other articles for the home.

Stroll through the modern department store that has sprung from Johnny Hawker's pack. See what Duco has done for the modern Priscilla.

Furniture, refrigerators, washing machines, baby carriages, bird cages, pianos, electrical appliances—hundreds of other articles—are more colorful—will remain more colorful—through long months of service, because their manufacturers offer them to you "finished with du Pont Duco."

Whatever you buy that requires a finish, can be bought "finished with du Pont Duco;" but to be sure that the finish is Duco, ask if it's made by du Pont and look for the oval du Pont seal.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Industrial Finishes Division, Parlin, N. J., Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint and Varnish Limited, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

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Duco for general household uses may be purchased from good dealers everywhere . . . Duco for industrial application is obtainable from du Pont factories . . . Duco Household Cement now available for making and mending.

Wherever you see this seal you will know that the finish is Duco

DUCO—MADE ONLY BY DU PONT

THE MILLION-POUND DEPOSIT

(Continued from Page 43)

"Blast you, shut up," the despoiled man muttered. "You scored the odd trick. Now, what about it?"

"Look here, guv'nor," the safe breaker interposed, "I was told this weren't no professional affair at all—just a friendly look through a chum's love letters. There wasn't a bean in the safe. I can answer for that. We're copped, but there isn't a bob's worth of swag. What about a walk into the still night for yours truly?"

"The suggestion," Dutley admitted, "is not unreasonable. Still, I shall ask you to wait just for a few minutes while I try to get to the bottom of this curious visitation. Who engaged you, Mr. Bill Sykes—if that should happen to be your name—to pay me this early morning call?"

"Him," the other replied, jerking his thumb toward the man at the desk. "Fifty quid I've had, and fifty more I was to have. So far, the money's worth the job. A child could have opened this with a toothpick. I could have done it myself with my thumb nail, and here I've lugged all these tools along."

"My sympathies are entirely with you," Dutley announced. "Presently, I hope that I may be in a position to offer you a little refreshment. In the meantime, pray pack up your outfit, unless you'd like to leave those delicate-looking files behind as a memento of your visit."

"You take this joker on, guv'nor," the safe breaker begged, turning to his companion. "His lip gives me the stomach ache."

Dutley, always on his guard, also turned toward the man at the desk.

"Our friend's suggestion is excellent," he agreed, "although I regret that I have failed to interest him. Perhaps, sir, you would be kind enough to tell me what you are doing copying my autograph, and for what purpose you have hired your companion to break into my safe. What are you searching for?"

"A recipe for boot polish," the other sneered.

Dutley reached out his hand toward the telephone instrument, which stood upon a bookcase, and placed it upon a small table, by the side of which he seated himself. His left hand played with the receiver; his right gripped always the butt of his revolver. Those pale-blue eyes of his were ceaselessly and brilliantly alert.

"We have still an hour or so before dawn at our disposal," he remarked. "You, I should imagine, are more pressed for time than I am. Listen, my friend at the desk, can't we hurry things up? Do I need to be more convincing? Let's put it like this: You're trapped. Your little scheme whatever it may be—is bust up. You will not leave this house with any article of my property in your possession. You have one faint chance of escape from the arms of the law, and that is to answer my questions intelligently and convincingly. I have a habit of recognizing the truth when I hear it. A single falsehood, and it's the nearest police station on the phone. Now, listen, please: What the devil are you looking for?"

"We are looking," the man at the desk confided, "for the safe-custody receipt of a few hundred thousand one-pound ordinary shares in the firm of Boothroyd, Limited, the certificates for which, at the present moment, are deposited at the head office of Barclay's Bank."

"You are singularly well informed," Dutley acknowledged, "but you pique my curiosity still further. A safe-deposit receipt for shares—even the shares themselves—is not a negotiable security. Why, therefore, this risk?"

"I am not sure," the man at the desk argued, "that we are running any particular risk. I guess we're not here to steal anything. We're not thieves."

"The devil you aren't!" Dutley observed. "What are you then? Afternoon callers, dropped in for a late cup of tea one of you, by the bye, with a gun in his boot, and the other with a complete set of safe-breaking implements? It won't do, Mr. Hartley Wright. You may as well take that mask off. It must be very hot, and with a voice like yours it's singularly ineffectual. Now, tell me exactly how much the Baron de Brest is paying you for this little job, and how you found your way in? You seem to be trying to spin things out. You haven't much to gain by that, have you?"

Even as the words passed his lips Dutley realized that for some reason or other that was precisely what his vis-à-vis was trying to do. All the time the man at the desk sat and spoke tensely. His usual briskness had left him. He had the air of a man listening, expecting. Dutley responded promptly to his instinct. He rose to his feet and permitted himself a swift glance around the room. There was certainly no one else there, nor any place of concealment.

Could it be from outside that they were expecting help? In the street, that long, breathless silence before dawn reigned. Only one taxi had passed during the last few minutes. There was not even a footfall upon the pavement. Dutley reseated himself in his chair, but while he listened to the other man's speech, he listened, too, for other things.

"You can call this a holdup, if you like," Hartley Wright said. "Some sloppy job, I call it! No one wants your Boothroyd shares for keeps that I can see. What I've done is to write an order on your bankers to sell at opening hours tomorrow a hundred thousand of your shares at ruling prices, and to place the proceeds—do you get me, Dutley?—to the credit of your account. It's no good doing that unless we hand across the safe-custody-receipt for the shares at the same time. That's where my friend with the small black bag comes along."

"I begin to see daylight," Dutley confessed. "Still, while we're engaged upon this friendly conference, I should like you to tell me exactly what good it is going to do De Brest to have me sell, say, a hundred thousand shares of my stock at considerably less than their value."

"Say, you make me tired!" Mr. Hartley Wright exclaimed. "I don't know how much of a mutt you are, but Boothroyd shares today are dirt. They can't make the stuff any longer. There's a little pool of men who got in the know who've been selling the shares. I'm one of them. Perhaps we've been a bit too eager. It wouldn't have mattered, but some half-witted mug has given out a big buying order, and my friends have sold a few more shares, especially abroad, than they can deliver. Have you got that?"

"Even to my mediocre intelligence," Dutley admitted, "you have made the matter clear."

"Then I guess we're through," Hartley Wright said. "Any objection to my stretching my legs? A mouthful of fresh air wouldn't be too bad."

"Just a moment," Dutley begged. "Supposing you had succeeded in getting away from here tonight with the safe-deposit receipt for my shares and my forged order to sell at ten o'clock, which I presume could not have been recalled, would it, by chance, be my friend the Baron Sigismund de Brest who is running your pool, and who would be relieved from an embarrassing position?"

"Over on the other side," Mr. Hartley Wright said deliberately, "we don't reckon it's playing the game to give even our suckers away. No names, Dutley."

"Look here: Can't you finish with this lip business?" the other man broke in. "I'm sick of sitting here listening to all this splother. Are we for the jug, or aren't we? What's your game, guv'nor?"

"My game ——" Dutley began.

And then he knew what Mr. Hartley Wright had been waiting and hoping for. The door behind him creaked as it was pushed open. There was the ghost of a footfall following. Dutley sprang to his feet, but no human effort would have been of any avail. A pair of strong arms were already thrown around his neck from behind. His gun clattered to the ground. He was held as though in a vice. Hartley Wright rose to his feet with a cruel smile upon his lips.

"We have stood enough of your sneering talk," he jeered. "You're going to get something now which will keep you quiet for a time."

Dutley struggled fiercely, but the grip from behind was like a band of iron around his throat. The safe breaker, with a cold, ugly smile, was engaged in what seemed to be a deliberate attempt to break his right arm. Hartley Wright, with a wicked grin of triumph parting his lips, was hovering around with a heavy paper weight in his hand, seeking for the most vulnerable spot in which to deliver the decisive blow. Even to Dutley's swooning consciousness the position seemed hopeless. And then suddenly pandemonium!

It was more than pandemonium. It was hysteria—the terror of men facing something worse than death. They leaped away from him without coherent speech. Hartley Wright was making queer noises in his throat, crouching against the table, as though unable to support himself. The safe breaker was standing with his fingers pawing the empty air. The third man had sprung toward the window and was staggering there, clutching the curtain. The cry which had startled them all rang through the house as Dutley had heard it upon the hot desert, himself crouched in ambush, his rifle sighted, knowing full well that nothing but chance was between him and fearsome sudden death. It rang down the broad stairway of the little house in Mayfair, gruesomely incongruous, shrill and terrifying at first, like the threatening of a screaming, demented being. It ended with a deep roar of passion, and the three men to whom that sound was a strange thing were paralyzed and nerveless with fear of what might be at hand.

Then Kassim, with his tribal battle cry still frothing upon his lips, leaped into the room, waving a wooden club above his head, like some savage animal into whom devils had entered. He brought with him a suggestion of hot sands and foul jungles, of desolate countries where the death of man meant no more than the crushing of an insect upon the pavement. There was a crash of glass as the safe breaker, nearly delirious, went through the window, followed by his mate; a groan and a flop as Hartley Wright, sobbing through sheer agony of fear, rolled over on the ground, caught by the first fierce blow of that hideous-looking weapon. The cool wind streamed into the room through the broken window. They heard the flying footsteps in the street. Kassim snarled angrily.

"White master hurt?"

"Not I," Dutley gasped, rapidly recovering. "Lord, how you scared them!"

He staggered to his feet. There was a heavy tramping outside, the ringing of bells, a banging at the door.

"The police, Kassim! Let them in," his master ordered. . . . "One moment!"

He stooped down and committed the first theft of his life.

XXXII

DUTLEY, a personable figure in his well-cut, dark overcoat, the usual out-of-season bunch of violets in his buttonhole, bowler hat, a cane under his arm, and a general air of being at peace with the world, strolled into Bond Street just before one o'clock on the following afternoon with the idea of having a cocktail at the Embassy

(Continued on Page 97)

POKER HAZARDS

DON'T let your strong pipe break up a poker game just when you're winning. Give Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture a tryout. It's *milder* — made from choice, mellow tobaccos whose fragrance is kept fresh by the heavy gold foil that lines the tin.

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If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

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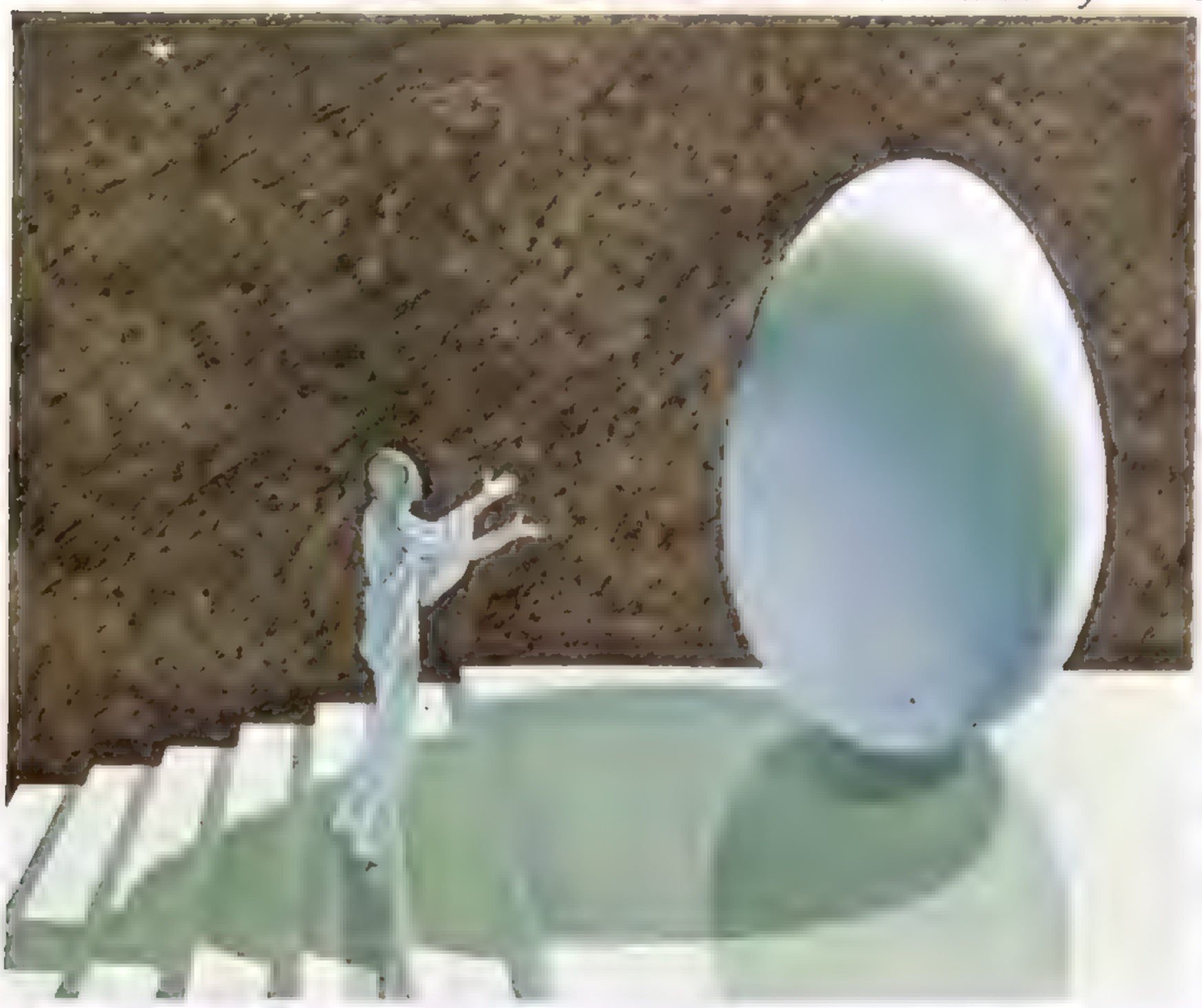
B&W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

BUT THERE IT STANDS! • "Stand an egg on end? Impossible!" But Columbus smiled, deftly brought the egg down on the table, cracking it ever so slightly at the bottom — and *there* it stood. . . . But what woman is there who doesn't know *instinctively* how thus to negotiate the impossible. To take a dollar and make it do the work of two. To gather up the odds and ends in the refrigerator and evolve a dinner that would do credit to the chef at the Ritz. To get three meals a day, wash the children and send them off to school, sweep, clean, market, cut out a party-dress for eleven-year-old Dorothy, bind up the cut on Johnny's finger, put the baby to bed—and yet manage to remain fresh and cheerful when a tired husband comes home at night. . . . Impossible? No wonder a woman smiles a little to herself at that story of a mere Columbus and a mere egg.



We try to keep pretty close, in our pages, to the things that are really important to a woman. Certainly suggestions for "negotiating the impossible" never come amiss . . . Perhaps that is one reason why there are some 2,400,000 women who read McCall's regularly.

McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page 95)

before keeping a luncheon engagement. Threading his way through a little crowd at the entrance, he came face to face with Lucille and her brother. They halted involuntarily.

"How goes the family feud?" Dutley inquired, ignoring Lucille's start and obvious embarrassment. "Am I allowed to wish you both a good morning and to comment upon the springlike quality in the air?"

"Don't be an ass, Charles," Lucille enjoined. "There's no family feud, so far as I'm concerned. What's all this about a burglary in your house last night?"

"It is a long story. I could tell it to you better sitting down."

"What about a dry one, with a dash?" Ronnie suggested.

"The idea appeals to me," Dutley confessed. "I always find the atmosphere of a magistrate's court depressing, although my presence there this morning was only a matter of form."

"We must hear about that," Lucille insisted. "The papers are most intriguing. And what are you doing in London at all? We all thought that you were so bored with things that you were off on another expedition or something."

"I had some idea of it," Dutley admitted, as they turned up the broad entrance to the Embassy. "London seems to me just now, though, to be equally full of adventure. Last night I strolled home at a perfectly reasonable hour—about three o'clock in the morning, I think it was—let myself in with my latchkey, and, because my locks are well oiled and I had those rubber things on the soles of my shoes, I marched into my study to find two total strangers making themselves at home there."

They descended the stairs. Dutley ignored the breathless interest of his two auditors, and waited until he had found a corner and ordered cocktails, before he continued.

"The whole affair," he recounted, "up to a certain point was conducted in a very gentlemanly manner. The safe breaker, who had finished his job, was packing up ready to leave, and his companion, whose imitations of my signature were really wonderful, except that I understand now he was a professional, assured me almost pathetically that they had no wish to rob me. They required a very informal document connected with the deposit of some shares of mine in the bank, which appears to me, even now, to be of the slightest possible consequence. In the course of the proceedings, however, an associate of the safe breaker, who had been searching my room upstairs, arrived, and the atmosphere became less friendly. Here's luck!"

Dutley drank half his cocktail and nodded appreciatively to the watching barman.

"You're a great artist, Alfred," he acknowledged. "Let me see, where was I?"

"Did you recognize either of the burglars?" Ronnie asked eagerly.

"Can't say that I did exactly. One was an American, I feel sure, and I fancy that I should know him again if I saw him."

"What happened after the third man came?" Lucille demanded.

"Well, as I was saying, the whole atmosphere was changed. Suggestions of personal violence even were made, and, in short, it looked as though we were in for a real hullabaloo. Then there happened something which I would have given the world for you two to have seen. It was the most amazing sixty seconds I have ever spent in my life. . . . Alfred, another cocktail."

"Oh, do go on," Lucille begged impatiently. "What happened?"

"Kassim happened. Never did I dream, when that Abyssinian went down on his knees to me in the streets of Bagdad and I had to bring him home with me whether I wanted to or not, that he would have provided me with those few seconds of undiluted joy. It was like nothing on earth. Cinemas have attempted the same sort of thing, but in a milk-and-water kind of way."

He paused to light a cigarette, and Lucille shook his arm.

"Don't keep on stopping in that irritating fashion," she implored. "Go on at once, please."

"Well, in the midst of our slight arguments," Dutley continued, shutting up his lighter with a click, "came the most blood-curdling noise man has ever conceived—the battle cry of the Tangias, one of the Abyssinian border tribes from which Kassim came. I can assure you that when he descended my stairs like a whirlwind, bellowing his terrible song, which they say no European has ever heard without a shiver, and waving his club, I don't believe a regiment of Life Guards would have held their ranks for a moment. They would have done what my visitors did. Two of them went through the window, one after the other, and from the last I saw of them I should think they are still running. The third was too terrified to move, and Kassim caught him just a flick on the side of the head. He's lying in hospital now, and they say he'll be lucky if he recovers consciousness in a week. Then, of course, the police arrived. There were notebooks and questions, searches for clews and all sorts of things."

"What about the two fellows who got away through the window?" Ronnie inquired.

"They made a clean bolt of it. Must have had a car waiting round the corner, I should think."

"Hasn't there been any arrest at all then?" Lucille asked.

"Well, they've got the poor chap Kassim flicked. Whether he'll ever appear in court or not depends upon the thickness of his skull."

"Did the other two get away with what they were after?" Ronnie inquired anxiously.

"Not they, because it wasn't there. I hired one of those vaults in a safe-deposit company the other day and shoved nearly all my important documents in there. Must have been a bit disappointing," he went on. "They'd got the whole thing worked out jolly well. I've never seen any forged work before, but I take off my hat to that fellow. He left a letter on my table, to the bank, instructing them to sell my Boothroyd's, signed with my name, which I should never have hesitated about for a moment. Perfectly marvelous piece of work! If that had been handed across the counter at ten o'clock this morning with the receipt for the shares inclosed, there'd have been a nasty glut of Boothroyd's on the market by this time."

"I'm not so sure about that," Ronnie rejoined. "That buying order of yours that the governor's so crazy about is playing hell with the whole market."

"What's our price this morning?" Dutley asked.

"Nominal sixty, but there are no dealings. There's been a big bear of the shares, as you know, Charles—more abroad than here—and with this buying order out, no one can get the scrip. It's going to give us all a bad time next week."

"Like to do me a favor, Ronnie?" Dutley asked, a little abruptly.

"Why, of course."

"Go and take the air for five minutes. I don't know when I shall have an opportunity of talking to Lucille again, and I'd like to have just a word or two with her."

The young man rose reluctantly.

"I can't stay away very long," he remarked. "We're lunching here presently."

He strolled out and Dutley turned to his companion.

"Lucille," he said, "I got your letter. That's all right. We're not engaged any longer. Still, what was it all about?"

She moved a little restlessly in her place.

"Charles," she admitted, "I do think that for a young man you waste your time terribly. You won't take an interest in your business, you go off on these silly expeditions which lead to nothing, and you do seem to me—you'll forgive me, won't you?—so helpless when anything of a crisis comes along like just now. Father said that you were simply terrible at the Boothroyd meeting. You're a very amusing companion for an hour, or even a little longer, but amusement isn't everything. You won't take life seriously. That's the whole trouble. I like someone who's in touch with things that count. . . . You're a great dear, Charles, and I shall always be very fond of you, but that's all."

Dutley tapped a cigarette deliberately upon the table and lit it.

"Lucille, my dear," he said, "I have already accepted my dismissal. I do honestly believe that it is for the best. Wipe that off the map, but you've got to listen to me for a moment, even if it makes you angry."

"Well?"

"Don't marry Sigismund de Brest."

"What makes you think I should be likely to?" she asked, a little evasively.

"That doesn't matter. I know that for some mysterious reason he appeals to you. I've watched you together the few times we've met. He has introduced you to his relatives. He has interested you in his schemes. You are probably lunching with him today."

"I am," she admitted defiantly.

Those blue eyes of Dutley's wandered away. He spoke very gently, but there was a certain force underneath his words.

"I don't criticize people often," he said. "It's very seldom I have anything to say against anyone who's not present. I don't like De Brest, and I think that if you marry him you will regret it for the rest of your life."

"That's just prejudice," she declared.

"It may be," he answered, as he rose to make his adieu, "but I know a bit too."

He picked up the few inches of exquisite cambric with which she had been toying, and held it to his nostrils.

"Wonderful perfume," he meditated. "Reminds me of a Persian rose garden when those other long, yellow flowers are out. You have the sachets, too, haven't you?"

"You ought to know," she replied, smiling at him with uplifted eyebrows. "You have told me plenty of times how much you liked it."

"Its one drawback, I should say," he observed, as he rose to his feet, "is that you can't get rid of it. Bad sort of perfume for a conspirator. I could tell that you had been in a room, for instance, for hours afterward. Reminds one, you know, of that play Diplomacy."

She looked at him fixedly. "What do you mean?" she demanded.

His eyes wandered to the doorway, where Ronnie and his host were standing.

"Don't let that fellow De Brest make use of you to do his dirty work for him," Dutley begged as he turned away.

Dutley summoned a taxi and was driven to a large and popular grill room in the center of London. Inspector Bridgeman, who, in mufti, was a very harmless-looking person indeed, rose from a seat in the entrance hall to greet him.

"Haven't kept you waiting, I hope?" Dutley asked.

"Barely a minute," the other assured him.

A *vestiaire* relieved them of their coats and hats. A maitre d'hôtel found them a quiet table in a corner.

"It's very kind of you to see me like this," the inspector acknowledged, after luncheon had been ordered. "You see, I was out of luck last night, or I should have been called round to Curley Street."

Dutley smiled. "I'm just as well pleased that you weren't."

The inspector tapped the tablecloth impatiently with his finger.

"We ought to be working together, Lord Dutley," he regretted.

"Haven't you had any luck?" Dutley asked blandly.

"The only discovery I've made during the last few weeks," the inspector confided, "is that you're rather a dark horse."

"Can't keep anything from the police," Dutley sighed.

The inspector leaned across the table, and his voice, although it was low, was very stern.

"You're keeping something already from me pretty effectually," he complained. "From the things which happen to you, I'm sure you're in closer touch with the criminals than I am."

Dutley looked a little vague. "I had one great stroke of luck," he admitted. "I'd share it with you at once if we could come to some sort of an arrangement. I should look upon it as a form of life insurance."

"What sort of an arrangement?" the inspector demanded.

"If you could give me an undertaking that you wouldn't make a definite arrest until you could have your hand upon the formula."

"That's just what I can't do," Bridgeman lamented. "You must realize that, Lord Dutley. There is one crime," he went on, his tone for a moment very serious indeed, "which stands apart from all the others. I tell you frankly that I wouldn't willingly risk my life to arrest a forger or the greatest swindler in the world, but there isn't one of us in the Yard who wouldn't look death in the face any moment to bring in a murderer."

"Well, there you are, you see—up against it," Dutley pointed out. "You'd let my jolly old business go to pot and see me starve in the street just on a matter of principle. I'll be quite frank with you, inspector. I won't tell you a thing until I've got the formula. When I've got that, I'll show you the man who murdered poor old Rentoul, if he's still alive."

"Was he in last night's job?" the inspector asked

"He was indirectly connected with it. He wasn't in it," Dutley confided. "I haven't seen him, as a matter of fact, for several days. The air seems to me a good deal healthier when I don't."

"You would be willing to admit then, Lord Dutley," the inspector asked, after a brief pause, "that there was a certain connection between the burglary in Curley Street last night and the burglary up at your works four months ago?"

Dutley considered the matter. "In a way, I suppose there was."

"And one of the same persons was concerned in it?" the inspector asked like a flash.

Dutley nodded.

"Very clever—very clever indeed," he murmured. "If you'd told me this was going to be a sort of third or fourth degree luncheon, I wouldn't have had that second cocktail."

"Don't think that, Lord Dutley," the inspector begged. "I've got my job to do, but I want to do it decently. We aren't interested in the safe breaker and his friend who got away. I think we could lay our hands upon them at any time if we tried. The American I should like to know a little more about. Seems queer that he hadn't a cardcase or anything. His clothes were bought ready-made at a shop in the Strand, and his linen is unmarked. They told me at the hospital this morning that he'd very likely go out without regaining consciousness."

"Well, after all," Dutley reflected, "a man doesn't carry his cardcase with him when he commits a burglary."

"Quite so," the inspector agreed, "and yet most men, at all times, according to my experience, carry pocketbooks. There might have been an item of interest to us inside. I should very much like to have found some hint as to the man's occupation, the method of his daily life—better still, his address. You'll remember, won't you, Lord Dutley, that if he should peg out, it remains very much with us what happens to that wild black man of yours?"

Dutley was silent for a moment. Then he thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a worn morocco case with tarnished metal edges.

(Continued on Page 100)

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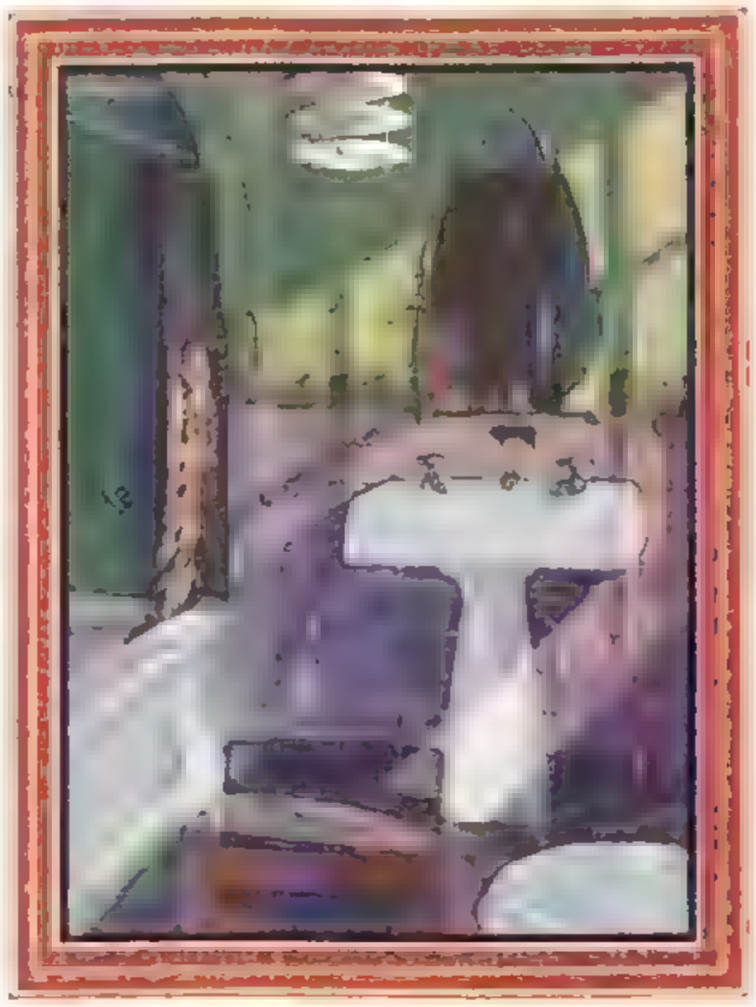

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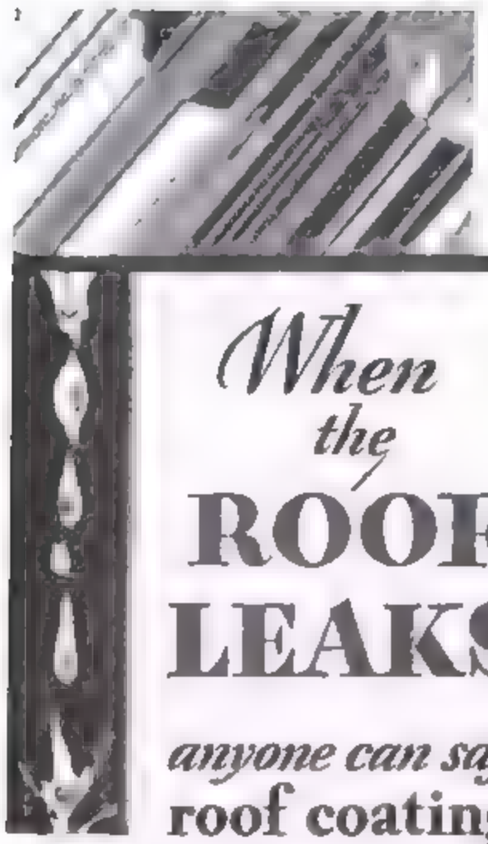

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(Continued from Page 97)

"You win, inspector," he acknowledged. "Mr. Hartley Wright, his name is. You'll find a little more about him in there."

The inspector scrutinized the contents of the pocketbook with interest.

"You'll excuse my keeping this," he said, carefully disposing of it.

"Certainly, inspector," Dutley agreed, smiling. "I've had all I wanted from it."

The inspector leaned across the table. One saw something of the man in that moment. His jaw seemed to protrude.

"Hartley Wright was one of the five Marlingthorpe burglars," he said in a low but very firm tone.

"There's no keeping things from you, inspector," Dutley sighed. "He's not the worst of the gang, but he was in it all right. There's just one thing," Dutley concluded with the ghost of a smile at the corners of his lips. "I don't mind your knowing so much, because I've been up to the hospital myself this morning, and even if the fellow lives, there isn't the faintest chance of his recovering consciousness for a week. Very tantalizing for you, I know, but still, there it is."

"Then I gather," the inspector deduced, eying his companion shrewdly, "that something is likely to happen before that week is up."

Dutley's smile developed. "I'm getting very warm, inspector," he confided.

XXXIII

THE three men were seated in what De Brest liked to call the board room of his bank, in a narrow passage off Lombard Street. The smooth mahogany table was adorned with writing pads and inkstands. The high-backed chairs were of black oak, and of Dutch design.

De Brest, attired with his usual meticulous care, sat at the head of the table. He wore a carnation in his buttonhole, his tie and linen were irreproachable. His short black coat was the best that Savile Row could turn out. His hair was smoothly brushed, his finger nails newly manicured. He affected a light-heartedness which he was very far from feeling. On his right hand sat Thomas Ryde; on his left, Hisedale.

"We seem to be the survivors," he remarked, with an attempt at jocularity. "Has anyone heard news of Hartley Wright?"

"The report from the hospital this morning was that he was still unconscious," Thomas Ryde volunteered.

"What about his belongings?"

"We did our best on the first day," was the measured reply. "His landlady called for these, but they had been removed by the police. It is up to any one of us who wishes to qualify in a course for imbecility to pursue his inquiries at Scotland Yard."

There was a dead silence.

"That means that we are two portions of the receipt short," Hisedale observed gloomily, "and Glenalton's are preparing for us on Wednesday."

"It seems to me," De Brest meditated, "that someone will have to go down and interview Sir Matthew, if it is true, as they tell us at the hotel, that he has gone to Leeds."

"And the same person," Thomas Ryde sneered, "might call in at Scotland Yard and ask for Hartley Wright's pocketbook."

"It was your scheme—this tearing up the receipt," Hisedale pointed out, from across the table.

"It was my scheme," Thomas Ryde admitted, 'but in our progress through life we have to be governed by the law of probabilities. There was nothing to tell us that, presumably, on the instigation of our friend De Brest, Hartley Wright was going to embark upon a mad and burglarious scheme in the course of which he would be half killed, or that Sir Matthew Parkinson would develop lunatic tendencies. I admit that the present situation is distressing. We must see what we can do with it however. In the meantime, have you each your fragment of the receipt with you?"

Both men signified assent. Neither, however, produced his pocketbook. Thomas Ryde set the example. From a worn morocco case he drew out two crumpled slips, and from another compartment of the same pocketbook, he produced a stiff strip of parchment.

"I took the opportunity," he explained, "of calling upon our friend Mr. Hogg the other day. I put it to him that one of us had met with an accident, and that there was a possibility of his portion of the receipt not being forthcoming next week when we required our document. I am sorry to have to report that his attitude was unsympathetic."

"What did he say?" De Brest demanded.

"He pointed out that five of us had brought the document, and that his responsibility was equally divided between the five. He pointed out, too, that the idea had been ours, not his, and he declined to assume the responsibility of parting with the key for anything less than the whole receipt. His position was logical enough, and I could not deny it."

"What have you got there?" Hisedale asked, indicating the paper which Thomas Ryde had spread out in front of him.

"This," the latter confided, "is a complete receipt form. I took the opportunity of pocketing it while Mr. Hogg was out of the room for a moment. If you two felt disposed to reciprocate the confidence which I have already demonstrated, we might, I thought, arrange our fragments on the back of this strip, and see exactly what is missing."

Both men produced their pocketbooks. With careful, laborious fingers, Thomas Ryde fitted the fragments together as far as he was able, and cut up the receipt form. It was a sorry business, however, for two of the three fragments had evidently been taken from different parts, and their crumpled appearance compared ill with the rest of the receipt form.

"I doubt whether we shall ever be able to do anything in this way," he confessed. "On the other hand, we must think of something. We have no reason to suppose that Hartley Wright's fragment is permanently unattainable, but Sir Matthew I fear that we have treated with a certain lack of tact. He may be obstinate. In the meantime," he went on, his fingers passing lightly over his chin, "I have a suggestion to make. I am in possession of two fragments of the receipt—my own and Huneybell's. Give me yours, and I will make myself responsible, as far as anyone can, for framing up the whole document, either by procuring their portions from our two missing friends, or by dealing with this other form."

Doctor Hisedale looked across at De Brest, and De Brest returned the gaze stealthily. Thomas Ryde had apparently no manner of misgiving as to what their reply would be, for he was already opening out a compartment of his pocketbook.

"Is it not a little like putting all our eggs in one basket, Ryde?" Hisedale ventured.

"We haven't seemed to do particularly well separately so far," was the brief retort. "It's only four months, and two of the fragments are missing already. Anything committed to my care is safe. I do not run risks. That is not my way in life."

They handed over their strips of paper. Thomas Ryde fitted them onto the back of the receipt and sketched in roughly once more the probable shape of the missing two.

"I am afraid," he warned them, "that we shall find our friend Mr. Hogg a little exacting, perhaps a little difficult. I noticed that he had a range of magnifying glasses upon his table which he admitted were for the purpose of identifying any doubtful receipts. I may succeed in getting the original however. I have a ready a scheme in my mind."

"Well, we shall trust in you," De Brest declared, with a sigh. "So far, you have been the brains of our enterprise."

"The controlling brains," Thomas Ryde admitted, "but not the financial brains. There we have to turn to you, De Brest. I was sorry rather to force this meeting upon you, but you must have a very considerable amount of money upon our account in hand, and I thought that we should have a statement of account from you, with a check. Five thousand pounds each, I think it was, Hartley Wright, Hisedale and I agreed to adventure on our bear account against Boothroyd's. The shares were eighty when you commenced operations. Tonight I see that they are nifty-seven. A very nice little profit for each one of us. Perhaps it would be as well now to close the account for the present."

De Brest fingered his tie nervously.

"I must tell you both confidentially," he said, "that a very embarrassing and difficult situation has arisen with regard to our account. It does not affect either of you anything like it does me, because whereas you have entered upon a very mild speculation, I, knowing what we know, with larger means and resources, went for a big coup. I found some difficulty in dealing on this market after the first few days' transactions, so I opened up negotiations at every foreign bourse where Boothroyd's are quoted. Everything went on quite right, and the fall in prices represents a very large profit, but a situation has arisen which I have never before encountered."

"You're not going to tell us that you're short?" Thomas Ryde asked coldly.

"For the moment, I am, and therefore I cannot realize," De Brest admitted. "I did a good deal through a firm of stockjobbers in Amsterdam, in which I am a partner, and in whose responsibilities I share. I am getting frantic telegrams from them every hour. What we are up against, though, is nothing more nor less than a conspiracy. Whoever is working it must lose money, and a great deal of money, but there you are—there are buying orders out for Boothroyd's placed with five or six different houses, all pledged to secrecy with regard to the name of their client, but all supplied with cash, and all demanding delivery of the shares."

Thomas Ryde took off his spectacles and wiped them carefully.

"This sounds to me a very pitiful tale, baron," he pronounced. "Both Doctor Hisedale and I looked upon you as a man of affairs—a banker, and one who knew the money market. I cannot understand your placing yourself in such a position. In fact, to tell you the truth, I did not know that it was possible."

"It would not be possible in this country alone," De Brest explained. "It is my connection with the firm of Jansen & De Brest in Amsterdam which has done the mischief. Then, in an ordinary way, an unlimited buying order like this would have made all the jobbers shy. The whole business was kept so ridiculously secret, however, that no one seems to have realized what was happening. You see, after all, Boothroyd's are a narrow market. There should be another five hundred thousand pounds' worth of shares floating about. Dutley's got them all locked up. He has not parted with a share. He will not part with any. Our bear account was nothing tremendous, but it came up against an absurd scarcity of the shares."

"I do not understand this business very well," Hisedale admitted, "but I should like some money. You commenced to sell shares for us at seventy-eight. They are now fifty-seven, and there have already been two settlements. There should be a great deal of money for us."

They both ignored him. There was a very wicked gleam, indeed, in Thomas Ryde's eyes, and Sigismund de Brest's hands were shaking as he restlessly moved some papers.

"I suppose it has never occurred to you, baron," Ryde suggested, with a bitter, underlying sarcasm in his tone, "that the man who has given out this buying order for shares, and so completely outwitted you, is probably the young man whom you have always termed such a nincompoop—Lord Dutley himself?"

(Continued on Page 102)

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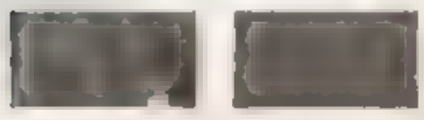

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(Continued from Page 100

"I have convinced myself of that within the last few hours," De Brest admitted. "Everything that a man could do, I have done. I have even tried to buy a quantity of Lord Dutley's holdings at a price far above the market figure, meaning to bear the loss myself. He has refused to deal with me."

"You have also," Thomas Ryde continued, "without consulting us, made a clumsy and ill-conceived attempt to possess yourself of his share certificates, and by means of a forged order to the bank, get them upon the market. Here again you have failed, and in sacrificing Hartley Wright you have possibly placed us all in a very dangerous position."

"I was driven to do what I did!" De Brest exclaimed, with a little burst of passion. "You men who are nobodies don't understand. I am a banker of European repute. I have a great position to keep up. I simply dare not let the world of finance know that I have been caught short of shares like this. Credit is the breath of life to a banker. I call myself today a millionaire, but heaven knows where I shall be if this affair gets about."

"How do you propose to keep it secret?" Tom Ryde asked. "Settlement day is close at hand, and it appears to me that you will be unable to fulfill your obligations. We never thought very highly of you as an associate, baron, but we did trust you financially. You have deceived us, and not many men have done that, so far as I am concerned. I never held a very exalted opinion of the order of your brains, but I thought that at least you were cunning enough to carry out the ordinary day-by-day financial operations of your following. I see that I was wrong. You are a fool."

De Brest seemed somehow to have wilted. He buried his face in his hands. "I am a fool!" he confessed.

"I have a thing to say," Hisedale intervened. "Even if we have not made money, I parted with a thousand pounds for cover which has never been required. We are in the bank. I will take that away with me."

"There ought to be a profit due to me," Thomas Ryde said coolly, "of a great deal more than that. I, however, will take a thousand pounds to be going on with."

De Brest looked out over the glass-topped window into the bank. There were a dozen clerks behind the desk and one or two customers at the counter. He glanced nervously at the clock. It was three minutes to four. Turning back, he touched a button upon his table. A clerk almost immediately presented himself.

"Bring me a check form on my private account," De Brest directed.

The man withdrew.

"You know, after all," De Brest went on, leaning back in his chair, "I think perhaps we have got the wind up too much about settlement day. We are really not very short for the English market, and we have a dozen people on the lookout for shares for us. We may get a parcel tumbling in at any moment. You shall have the profits on the English market if we make them, both of you. Our trouble is abroad. I cannot explain. It is too complicated, but if there is any loss there I shall bear it myself."

"Our profits on the English market will be enough for us," Thomas Ryde said pointedly.

The clerk reappeared with a blank check form, to which was pinned a little written slip. De Brest glanced at it and tore it up. He spread the check form on the table before him. His hand was trembling so that the ink with which he filled his pen dropped on the tablecloth. He wrote the date on the check and paused. The telephone by his side rang. He took off the receiver and listened, indulging in a few monosyllables.

"Boothroyd's closed at fifty-eight," he announced as he discarded the instrument.

A clock close at hand struck four times—a sound for which he had been waiting anxiously. He affected not to notice, and filled out the check for two thousand pounds, turned it over and indorsed it. Then he touched the bell again. "Notes for this," he told the clerk, handing it across.

The man looked grave. "Very sorry, sir," he said. "Mr. Petersen has just closed up the safes. It's nearly five minutes past four."

De Brest took out his watch hastily.

"I had no idea it was so late," he exclaimed. "I am very sorry, Mr. Ryde. It is against the English banking law for us to pay out money after closing hours, and they are very severe on us foreigners. Would ten o'clock tomorrow morning do?"

Ryde pointed to the clerk. "Send him away for a moment, please," he demanded

The man obeyed De Brest's gesture, and closed the door behind him. Thomas Ryde's voice seemed to have become quieter than ever.

"De Brest," he said, "I mistrust you. I have always mistrusted you. The mistake of my life was to come into this affair with such men as you. However, I am in, and I must pay for my mistake. I am going to have that thousand pounds, though. So is Doctor Hisedale."

De Brest laughed, noisily but uneasily.

"But, my dear friends," he protested, "what is a matter of a thousand pounds? Surely tomorrow morning will do."

"I am beginning to think that a matter of a thousand pounds is a matter of a good deal to you," Thomas Ryde rejoined slowly. "Baron, we ought to have shared at least a hundred thousand pounds, and it is entirely your fault that Sir Matthew has broken away from us and that we've lost Hartley Wright. I shall run the rest of this business as a one-man show. I shall possess myself of the formula within the next few days, and I shall conclude the negotiations with Glenalton's on Wednesday. The million pounds I receive from them will be divided between the five of us, if Hartley Wright is still alive, and between the four of us if he is dead, but from your share I shall deduct the amount which we have lost through your idiotic manipulation of our financial scheme. Is that clearly understood?"

"No," De Brest protested frantically. "You took your risks with me. The market went against us."

"Baron De Brest," Thomas Ryde said, "you get what I have offered you, what I have told you that you will get, or you get a little less than nothing. You can guess what I mean. I do not argue. You know now what is coming to you. You take your choice. From now on, everything is out of your hands. If you make any move it will be reported to me. There is one sort of move," he concluded, with a queer little drop in his voice, "which, if you make, will end all your troubles."

They left him at that. He listened to their departing footsteps, leaning back in his chair at the head of the long table. From the interior of the bank, on the other side of the glass partition, came the sound of slamming of books, cheerful voices proclaiming the end of the day's work. Business with the house of De Brest was not good, and there was no need to stay overtime. The telephone at his elbow tinkled. It was Lucille's drawling voice speaking:

"Still at work?"

He made a great effort. "Still at work, and hard at it," he replied briskly. "We have a conference here about the exchanges. Our friends from Paris are a little difficult."

"I won't keep you," Lucille promised. "I just rang up to remind you about something. Can you guess what?"

"Not for the moment."

"To call at Cartier's. I hated doing it, and Charles guessed. I'll tell you about that later. I suppose I shall forget it as soon as I've seen the necklace. *Au revoir!*"

"As soon as you've seen the necklace. *Au revoir*," De Brest echoed mechanically.

XXXIV

FROM the foggy gloom of the December afternoon, her abrupt entrance into his cozily lit library seemed something unreal,

(Continued on Page 104)

Surpassing Previous Records

WITH the industry building better motor cars and selling them at lower prices—it is gratifying to find that Graham-Paige is enjoying the greatest business in the company's history. This follows a 1928 sales volume that established a new first year record.

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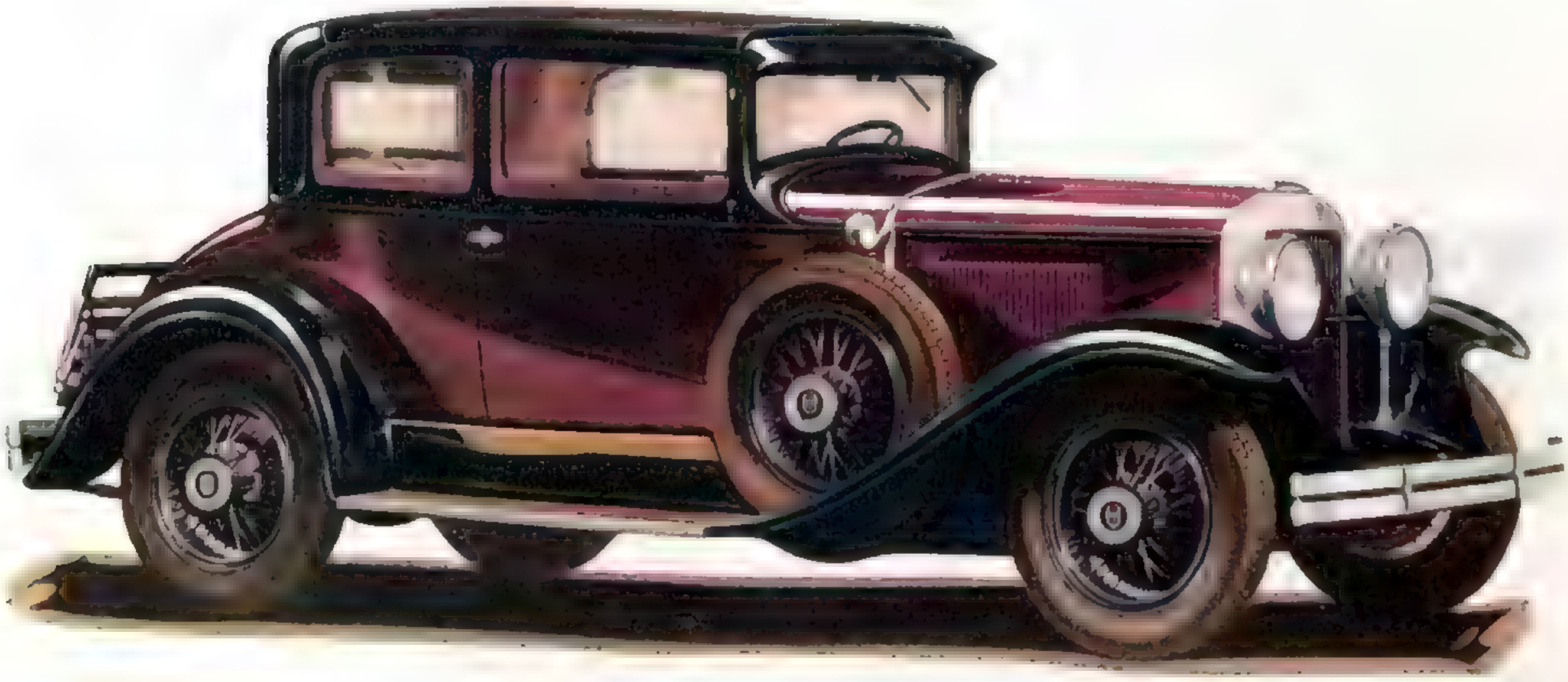

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Smith Smart Shoes for Men and Women —Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes for Men

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 102)

fortuitously fantastic. She had reached the hearthrug before Burdett's discreet announcement had left his lips.

"Lucille!" Dutley exclaimed, rising to his feet in amazement.

She stopped Burdett, who was leaving the room:

"Cocktails, please. The old sort. And cigarettes. May I sit down?"

She took assent for granted, and threw open farther still her fur coat. She was dressed in the quaint fashion of the day—thick furs over a thin crêpe de chine dress, gossamerlike, notwithstanding its narrow fur edging. Her silk stockings and patent shoes defied the snow and slush which lay upon the ground.

"I had to come and say good-by, Charles, dear," she explained, "and to make my apologia. I should never have been happy if I had left you without a word."

"Good-by!" he repeated. "Where are you off to?"

"Paris—Egypt—Khartum, I hope."

"Alone?"

"Of course not. With Sigismund de Brest."

He looked grave. She laughed mockingly across at him.

"Oh, you don't know everything!" she exclaimed. "You standardize qualities, and you think that love and hate must fall into line with them. When I thought that you were a fool, and Siggie a brilliant financier, then I believe that I remained more than half in love with you. When I found out that Siggie was half a fool and half a rogue, that you had had your tongue in your cheek all the time, and were laughing at us, that you were clever, brave and unusual, then I became a little more than half in love with Siggie. He's the down dog, you see, and I'm going to take care of him."

Burdett brought in cocktails. There was a queer little flush in her cheeks as she raised her glass. She lit a cigarette.

"Siggie's going broke, Charles," she confided. "Don't you bother. Get what you can out of the estate if he owes you anything. I don't think he ever was any good as a financier. Luckily, I've got enough for both, and I'm going to take care of him. There's just one thing, though: I didn't come here to ask favors. I know everything now, you see. That burglary—he had nothing to do with the shooting. Keep him out of it if you can. I don't want to be a grass widow, and my husband wearing stripes. I'm going to remake Siggie if I can get him away for a year or two. You won't know him later on—really."

"Well, you've reckoned it all out, I suppose, Lucille," Dutley remarked. "I'm sure I wish you luck."

She glanced at her watch.

"We're catching the last boat for Paris from Croydon," she continued. "That's what I love about Siggie. He has such a sense of the dramatic. He would fly, with the thunder beginning to rumble behind him. Charles, I understand things now, although Siggie's such a sweet coward he daren't say much. Just this, though: Look out for Thomas Ryde."

"That's all right," Dutley assured her. "I've got my eye on him, Lucille. But what about this crossing tonight to Paris?"

"You darling!" she laughed. "Every now and then one realizes how thoroughly you were born in Leeds. We were married at the registry office after luncheon. Quick, shake me that last cocktail! The boat won't wait, and Siggie's terrified to death. It's perfectly lovely having to find courage for two. Here's luck, Charles! Marry Grace, and thank God for really good women. I say really good, because I'm not really bad."

She was gone, almost before he could ring the bell, almost before Burdett could hand her into the limousine laden with rugs and luggage. Dutley stepped back into his study, with its odd perfume of violets and furs, a little dazed. It was the end of a chapter of his life. He took down the telephone and put a trunk call through to Leeds. Burdett made his appearance.

"Are you dining in, My Lord?" he asked him.

"I don't quite know. I am waiting for another caller. If he comes ——"

"There's a person been here for quarter of an hour, My Lord," Burdett confided. "You know him very well—the funny little man who found us out at Highgate. He's here still."

Dutley frowned slightly. "Show him in," he directed, "but don't open the front door to anyone else while he's here, and have a taxicab waiting for him in the mews."

"Very good, My Lord."

He disappeared for a few minutes, and reëntered, ushering in the visitor. Mr. Edward Wolf was a little more furtive than usual, a little less tidy. He came in stealthily, and he began to speak as soon as the door was closed.

"I don't want to stop," he said. "Have you seen them things that fly round in the air?"

"Have I what?" Dutley demanded, puzzled.

"Aeroplanes—airships—whatever they like to call 'em. They take you high up, over the seas, into the clouds, over foreign countries. You've got all the money in the world, guv'nor. You can buy one of them or hire it, whatever they do. Get one, and go. It's a still night tonight. There's no wind, only a trifle of sleet. I've been up to Highgate. I don't know why, but there it is—I don't want to see you done in. He's coming down, guv'nor. There was something he wanted to do today, and he couldn't. He's coming down to you. He's got a nice, tidy little car waiting outside The Towers, and he's just packing a bag, planning his get-away, I expect. Don't you sit here and wait for him."

"Why not? As a matter of fact, I rather want to see Mr. Thomas Ryde."

The little man shivered from head to foot.

"If you wants to commit suicide," he groaned, "you do it. I tell you, he's coming, and he's coming tonight, and what he wants from you he'll get, and he'll leave you where he's left the others. I've known all the great criminals. I wasn't ever afraid of them. He ain't a criminal—Thomas Ryde. They haven't got his finger prints at Scotland Yard. They never will have. You'll find his name in the directory. He's got a telephone number. He's never been in trouble, never had a policeman touch him on the shoulder, never seen the inside of a police court. Mister, I'd have given you back your hundred pounds sooner than have come here, but there was something made me come. Get away while you can. Let the police do their own dirty work. A few bulls more or less won't matter. You keep outside of it."

Dutley lit a cigarette very deliberately.

"Don't you worry, Wolf," he begged. "I don't fancy Thomas Ryde will be likely to pay me any afternoon call before six o'clock. If he does, I'll be ready for him."

"Guv'nor, he's a killer," the little man insisted with a shudder.

"Then you be off," Dutley enjoined. "There's a taxicab waiting for you in the mews, and here's a tenner for coming down."

Dutley rang the bell and the terrified man departed in Burdett's care. The latter reappeared presently.

"Do you know yet whether you will be dining in, My Lord?" he asked once more.

"I'm still not quite sure. I'm expecting a caller. You can get my bath ready at the usual time. A short coat will do, I think."

The front doorbell rang.

"If that should be a middle-aged, precise-looking gentleman, with gold spectacles, name of Thomas Ryde, you can show him in, Burdett."

Burdett lapsed for a moment from the perfectly trained servant to the watcher at Highgate. There was a gleam of fear in his eyes.

"My Lord," he expostulated, "you're not seeing him in here, alone?"

(Continued on Page 106)

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NOW, as easily as swishing an oil mop about, you can give your home the splendor of wax-polished floors.

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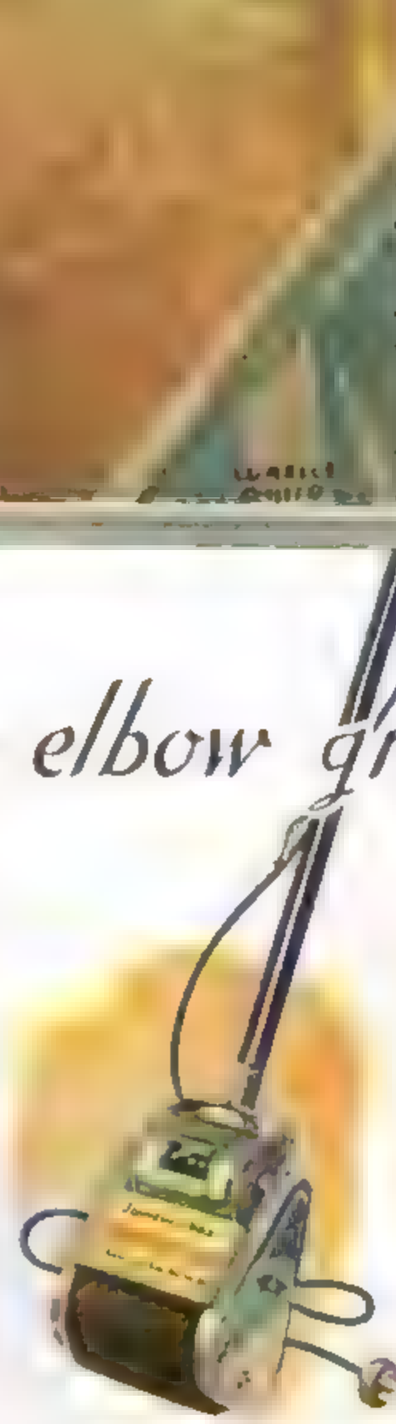

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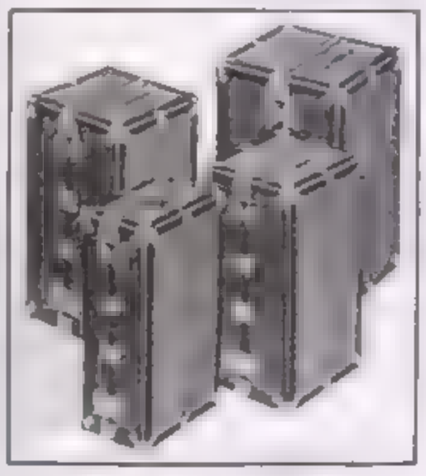

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THE SMARTEST WAY TO TRAVEL

Continued from Page 104

Dutley smiled reassuringly

"Don't worry," he enjoined. "I've made my plans. Isn't that the bell again?"

Burdett turned reluctantly away, closed the door, and reopened it a moment or two later

"Mr. Thomas Ryde, My Lord," he announced.

XXXV

THE room was dimly but sufficiently lit. Thomas Ryde advanced a few paces and looked around keenly.

"No ambush?" he asked.

"We are alone," Dutley assured him. "Pray take off your overcoat, unless it contains your spare armory. You will find that chair comfortable. I gather that you are a man of correct habits. Let us discuss anything that there may be to be discussed first, and leave the other things till afterward."

"I make no arrangement with you, nor do I give any promise," Thomas Ryde said, slowly removing his overcoat and hanging it upon the back of a chair. "I am under a disadvantage in coming here. This room appears to be empty, but for anything I know I may have walked into a trap."

"Beyond my servants, there is no one in the vicinity at present," Dutley told him. "Let us proceed. You were disappointed in your visit to Mr. Hogg today?"

"I was disappointed," Thomas Ryde admitted, seating himself deliberately in an easy-chair. "I had imagined the man to possess more intelligence. Only two pieces of the receipt were missing, and duplicates for these have been very cleverly faked. Mr. Hogg, I think, was unreasonable"

"You wouldn't have got away with it," Dutley confided. "I had been there. That was why I was expecting your visit this evening. You smoke, perhaps, or a cocktail?"

"Neither, thanks."

"I had previously," Dutley continued, "made my own application. That was even more hopeless than yours. The safe was in the name of five people, and to have it opened, the five people must speak together."

"We come to this," Mr. Thomas Ryde remarked, his hand hovering round his coat pocket. "I have four portions of the receipt. You have two. Since our friend is so obdurate, and the million is available at half-past six this evening, and since we're neither of us anxious to invoke the aid of the police, let us deal on that basis."

Dutley shook his head. "I couldn't do that," he regretted. "You see, the whole formula belongs to me. That is what I want—the formula."

"Not the million, or a share of it?"

"Certainly not. You see, the formula happens to be the property of my firm, and I'm not inclined to buy it back. I'm going to take it back."

Thomas Ryde smiled in very peculiar fashion. "What about my four parts of the receipt?" he asked.

"Very compromising," Dutley warned him. "I should get rid of them as soon as possible. There's the fireplace at your service. The only trouble is that I'm afraid you're too late."

"Am I?" Thomas Ryde queried softly, and his hand disappeared for a moment in the fold of his coat.

"It's a question of which of us can draw the more quickly," Dutley went on, his eyes glued upon those disappearing fingers. "I rather fancy myself. I knew that you were coming. I encouraged the interview because I had perhaps an unwholesome sort of curiosity to see you face to face. It isn't my place to give you advice, but funnily enough, although you deserve it, I never like to hear of a man being hanged. You are still listening?"

"I am listening."

"I admit that there was a time when, badly though I wanted the formula, I refused to have anything to do with the police. That was when you were a united little band, and I feared that as soon as you were conscious of danger, your first action would be to destroy the formula. That fear has gone now. You can't touch the formula unless you take my two fragments of the receipt away from me. I, on the other hand, should be able to get it by collaborating with the police and proving that it is stolen property."

"I suppose you know that you are talking yourself into the grave," Thomas Ryde declared. "Unnecessary bloodshed never appealed to me, but those two fragments of the receipt you hold I must have."

"'Must' is a word which has gone out of fashion with me," Dutley said quietly. "Besides, reflect for a moment. You are twenty-four hours too late. From the moment I left there this afternoon, Mr. Hogg's office in the International Safe Deposit Company became the spider's parlor for you."

Again there was that peculiar glitter behind the gold-rimmed spectacles.

"You are very much of an amateur in these affairs, Lord Dutley," he remarked. "I have walked into a spider's parlor before, and the spider has been sorry for it. I have my own plans, but to complete them I require those two fragments of the receipt. I begin to doubt whether you have them."

Dutley's fingers searched for his pocketbook, and like a flash, the ugly muzzle of Thomas Ryde's revolver shot out.

"Put your hands up!" he directed. "This second! I'll find your pocketbook."

Dutley obeyed. "A very clever trick," he approved. "Next order, please."

"With your left hand," Thomas Ryde enjoined, "throw your pocketbook upon the table. Be quick about it."

Dutley sighed. "I always felt a presentiment that you were too clever for me, Thomas Ryde. There it is."

He did as he was bidden. Thomas Ryde came stealthily across the room. His revolver seemed to be a part of his arm. Never once did it falter. He picked up the pocketbook, fingered its contents, and thrust it into his pocket.

"Would you have any objection to my putting my hands down?" Dutley asked. "The position tires me and I am unarmed"

Thomas Ryde smiled steelily.

"That seems to me scarcely probable," he observed.

Dutley rose to his feet. "You can squeeze that nasty little implement of yours into my side while you go over me," he suggested.

Thomas Ryde came nearer. He still walked very stealthily. He gave one the impression of a robot man, mechanically directed, with a sense of infallibility. His left hand passed all over Dutley's body. Presently he stepped back.

"You can put your hands down," he conceded.

Dutley resumed his seat.

"That is certainly more comfortable," he admitted, lighting a cigarette. "In the language of the classics, Mr. Thomas Ryde, you have come, you have seen, you have conquered. You have now the whole receipt. My curiosity as to your personality is satisfied. What remains?"

Thomas Ryde moved a pace or two back. "Only this," he announced. "I am going to kill you."

"You can't mean that," Dutley expostulated. "An unarmed man!"

"I shall kill you for two reasons," Thomas Ryde explained in his calm, expressionless tone. "In the first place—do not think that I have not realized it—it is you who have broken up our little company, you who have disarranged our plans, you who have made my chance of getting that million pounds I had set my heart upon a somewhat desperate one. That is the first reason why you are going to die. The next is that if I leave you alive you will destroy my last chance of finding my way out of that spider's parlor this evening. There is even a third reason. I permit myself few personal likes or dislikes, but I have always disliked you."

Continued on Page 109

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Walk with us down our street

IT'S a good town—fairly old, and with lots of busy, smoky factories. Smoke does dirty things up a bit, but we manage to keep the place looking fresh and modern in spite of that.

How do we do it? Well, let's take a walk down our street.

THIS is Al Jacob's place. He bought it right after the War when he was Assistant Cashier down at the bank. He says it wasn't much of a house, because anything went in those days. He found his war-time house was rapidly getting shabby until he got wise to paint and fixed it up. You can see for yourself that it looks as slick and trim as any house on the street now. Al says he can't afford to have a dingy house, or the neighbors would think there was something wrong at the bank. He's President now. He says well painted houses have better loan values, too.

THE next one here is Judge Warner's house. He's one of our big men. They say the Judge's great-grandfather built the house when he moved out here from New England. Looks as if all the Warners took pretty good care of the old place, doesn't it? Judge Warner says he has the house painted regularly in simple justice to the fine old building. "Save the surface," he says, "and you can save all when you use paint and varnish."

AND here's Ray Stevens'. Judge Warner used to own it—bought it because he didn't want an eyesore next door. Well, sir, the Judge painted it all up and sold it to Ray, some say at a nice profit. It's a good house—just the thing for Ray and his big family. Ray says paint and varnish keep the place looking well outside and in. His kids are healthy little rascals and what they do to stairs and floors must be a caution. They can't do much damage, though, that can't be fixed up with a little paint or varnish, enamel or lacquer.

THIS empty house? Yes, it does look pretty bad. Belongs to Sad Sam Pruett, who lives the other side of town. Never could keep it rented, though. The last people who lived in it moved out when their little boy broke through the porch floor and hurt his leg. They said the walls were damp, too. Ray told Sam that if he used some paint and varnish on the place every so often, the house would stay rented and the neighbors might patronize Sam's store a little more if he'd paint that up, too.

HERE'S a house we're all sort of proud of. It belongs to Mike Tripp. He's foreman down at the paper mill. Ever see a prettier little place, so nice and white, with all those flowers and that green shrubbery? Yes, sir, Mike's a credit to this town. Folks didn't know just how to take it when Mike moved up here from Railroad Avenue, but Mike's a good citizen and a good neighbor—he keeps everything painted up nice and slick. He says he learned in the old country that frequent painting is no expense—it's a saving. Mike always was good at saving—that's why he's got such a nice place now.

* * *

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Continued from Page 106

"Since when?"

"Since you knocked my first ball into the pavilion at Lord's in the Eton and Harrow match twenty years ago. I was taking wickets when you came in. It was going to be my match. You knocked me off my length, and they were foolish enough to take me off."

"So you were that Thomas Ryde after all!" Dutley reflected. "Slim, wiry little chap you were then."

"I was that Thomas Ryde. In those days my father was a chartered accountant. His firm were accountants to Boothroyd's. Your father quarreled with him, and he lost the best audit the firm ever had. Things went wrong afterward. My father died a bankrupt, about the same year, I should think, as yours became a millionaire. I do not approve of personal feelings, Lord Dutley, but I have always permitted myself the luxury of hating you. I was employed in my capacity of economist to look into the expense accounts of your firm some time ago. It was down there that I learned about your business, came into touch with the formula, worked out this plan for securing my own fortune and, as I hoped, your ruin."

"A little spiteful, weren't you?" Dutley remonstrated. "Couldn't you put down that thing," he suggested, waving his hand at the revolver, "while we're having this pleasant little chat?"

"The chat is over. I shall see now whether you are a brave man, Lord Dutley, or only a poseur, for, as sure as I stand here, when I have counted three I am pulling the trigger of this gun. Do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear you," Dutley replied. "Get along with it."

Thomas Ryde was once more the robot, mechanical-like figure. The muzzle of his villainous-looking weapon was pointed straight at Dutley's heart. For the first time, as he began to count, there came a single touch of humanity in the glitter of his eyes behind his spectacles.

"One—two—three!"

There was a hard, metallic click. No stab of flame, no report. The same thing was repeated, and, probably for the first, and certainly for the last time in his life, Thomas Ryde lost his nerve and his poise. The miracle was in itself stupefying. The next moment Dutley's fist had shot out to his jaw. He was lying on the carpet, and the room was swimming before his eyes. He was dimly conscious of Dutley drawing a revolver very similar to his own from a drawer in the table. He heard a far-away voice speaking into the telephone. Then he was aware again of Dutley bending over him, a very grim look in his sunburned, youthful face. He made an effort at speech, pointing to the revolver.

"I admit I've had all the luck," Dutley said. "We go to the same gunsmith—best maker of dud cartridges in England. Merest chance in the world he spoke to me about your revolver shooting. I got him to change your cartridges—thought you were safer with the duds."

Thomas Ryde made one more effort, but collapsed again.

"I'm beaten!" he gasped.

The telephone bell rang. Dutley took off the receiver.

"Scotland Yard," he repeated. "I'm Lord Dutley, yes. Inspector Bridgeman is on his way—will arrive in three minutes? Good! . . . Tell him to come straight into my library."

Thomas Ryde was clinging to the leg of the table in his efforts to sit up. He reached for his useless revolver, and with trembling fingers drew out the cartridges. There was a curious change in his face. The hard, cruel mouth had drooped. The glitter behind those spectacles had gone, replaced by the shadow of fear.

"Dutley," he faltered, "you've got me. I'm done. There's only one thing I'm terrified of—the rope. Give me one of your cartridges. That's the way you'd go out yourself. Give me one!"

He staggered to his feet, supporting himself against the table. Dutley hesitated. Ryde seemed incapable of further speech. He dangled his revolver before him with the breech open.

With a little shrug of the shoulders, Dutley took a cartridge from the drawer and dropped it in.

"You'd better not be long about it," he warned him. "That's Bridgeman's car outside."

Thomas Ryde closed the breech of his revolver with unexpected strength. He leaned sprawling across the table. Dutley suddenly looked once more into the dark muzzle.

"This is what I'm going to swing for!" Thomas Ryde called out joyfully.

Dutley's leap was a magnificent effort, but he felt the scorch of the bullet as it whizzed past his cheek. With a yell of disappointment, Ryde threw up his arms. The revolver fell onto the carpet. Dutley's hand was upon his throat when Bridgeman and two officers came hurriedly in.

"Here's your man, Bridgeman!" Dutley exclaimed. "Take him away! He's a nasty fellow!"

The telephone rang once more.

"My long-distance call?" Dutley inquired. . . . "Good! Through to Leeds, am I? . . . That you, Grace? . . . Yes, dear, it's Charles. Got a message for your father first. . . . Good! Tell him to get down to the works early tomorrow morning. Reinstate all hands. I'm coming with the formula by the twelve o'clock train from St. Pancras. . . . And, Grace, will you marry me?"

(THE END)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 34

"We'll have to separate the cards into packs and count them," said the wife.

"That's the hardest card trick of all," said I, trying to pull apart two cards which were pasted together face to face.

"Here's a pack with forty-nine cards," said the wife doubtfully. "Is that enough, Oswald?"

"No," said Oswald shortly. "How many have you in that pack, Elbert?"

"Fifty-five."

"Why, Elbert!" said the wife. "How could you have fifty-five?"

"I was counting the pieces separately. Isn't that right?"

"What an idiot!" said the wife, and Oswald made no protest. "Separate them according to suits, and it'll only be the work of a minute to find out which ones are missing."

I separated them according to suits, and it was the work of but half an hour to discover which ones were missing and to substitute appropriate cards from two other packs.

"Now," said Oswald, "you shuffle the cards."

I shuffled the cards.

"Take any card," said Oswald.

I took a card.

"Now put it back in the pack."

I put it back in the pack.

"Cut the pack."

I cut the pack.

Oswald separated the pack into several piles, shuffled in a gingerly manner, spread the cards out face up, and, with an air of triumph, chose the seven of spades. He grinned with delight.

"Is this your card?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you choose the seven of spades?"

"I don't know. You didn't tell me to notice."

"Well, of all the—— What did you think I told you to pick a card for?"

"I don't know. I thought you were going to do a trick."

"Good heavens, what a —— How can I do a trick if you don't do your part?"

"It was your trick, not mine. If you want me to do a trick, say so. I can do tricks. But if I've got to do half your trick, I don't think it's much of a trick, that's all."

"Take any card." Oswald slammed the pack on the card table, making its uneasy legs wabble dangerously. "Now if you have brains enough to tell one card from another, look at it and see what it is."

"It's the queen of hearts."

"Oh, for heaven's sake! Take another card. Look at it—see what it is—and keep your fool mouth shut."

Although offended by his manner, I followed his instructions to the letter, and thrust the card back in the pack. Oswald shuffled and spread the cards out on the table.

"There it is!" I cried gleefully. "The king of clubs!" I put my finger on it.

"I'm sorry, I've got to go now," said Oswald in a strangled voice. He tipped over the table on rising, and did not apologize. "And let me tell you that this is the last time I'll ever show you a card trick!"

The front door slammed so that the house shook.

The wife spoke to me with an air of reproach: "What a shame, to make Oswald's card trick a failure!"

"Well, anyhow," said I, "mine was a great success." —MORRIS BISHOP.

D. D. S.

SO HE'S an artist, heh? [Open a little wider, please.] Well, now when I was a young fellow, I wanted to be an artist. What d'you think of that? [Wider.] And if I do say so, I wasn't so bad either. Oh, of course, I didn't draw so very much, but I was crazy about it.

But [Little wider, please.] my father said: "You take your dentistry course, and when you've finished that, why, then you've got a profession, and if you want to be an artist, I've done what I could." [Spit it out.]

Yes, I suppose some of them do make a living, but seems to me all of them that come in here are always having a silver filling where a gold inlay, for instance, would be better. But it's always the same story. [I know it hurts, but this'll only take a minute now.]

And so I took the dentistry course, and do you know—when I'd finished it, I'd become so wrapped up in the work [Wider, please.] that I couldn't see art at all. [A little wider.] And I've come to figure it's like this: There's as much art in filling a tooth as there is in painting a sunset! And if you put your soul right into it, there's as much art in the dentistry game as there is in creating an opera or painting a magazine cover! [You know I can't do anything if you keep biting down on my fingers like that.] —"POLY."

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I'd like something tasty and new.
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From a saber-toothed tiger would do.
Ensembles and period gowns
Are stale to a spirit that grieves,
Like mine, for the shimmering green
Of that fig-leaf kimono of Eve's.

I'm tired of a car and a plane,
And horses I cannot abide,
Won't somebody get me a roc,
Or a plesiosaurus to ride?
My apartment I'm growing to hate,
And I'm sick of a porcelain tub;
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And a lover who courts with a club.

—Minna Irving.

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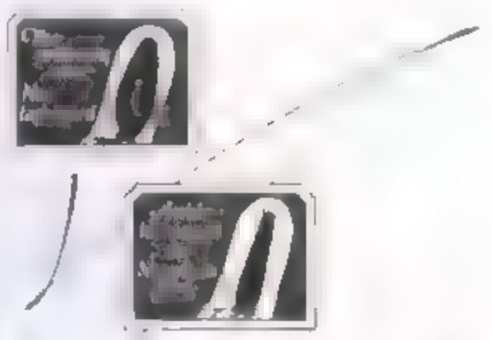

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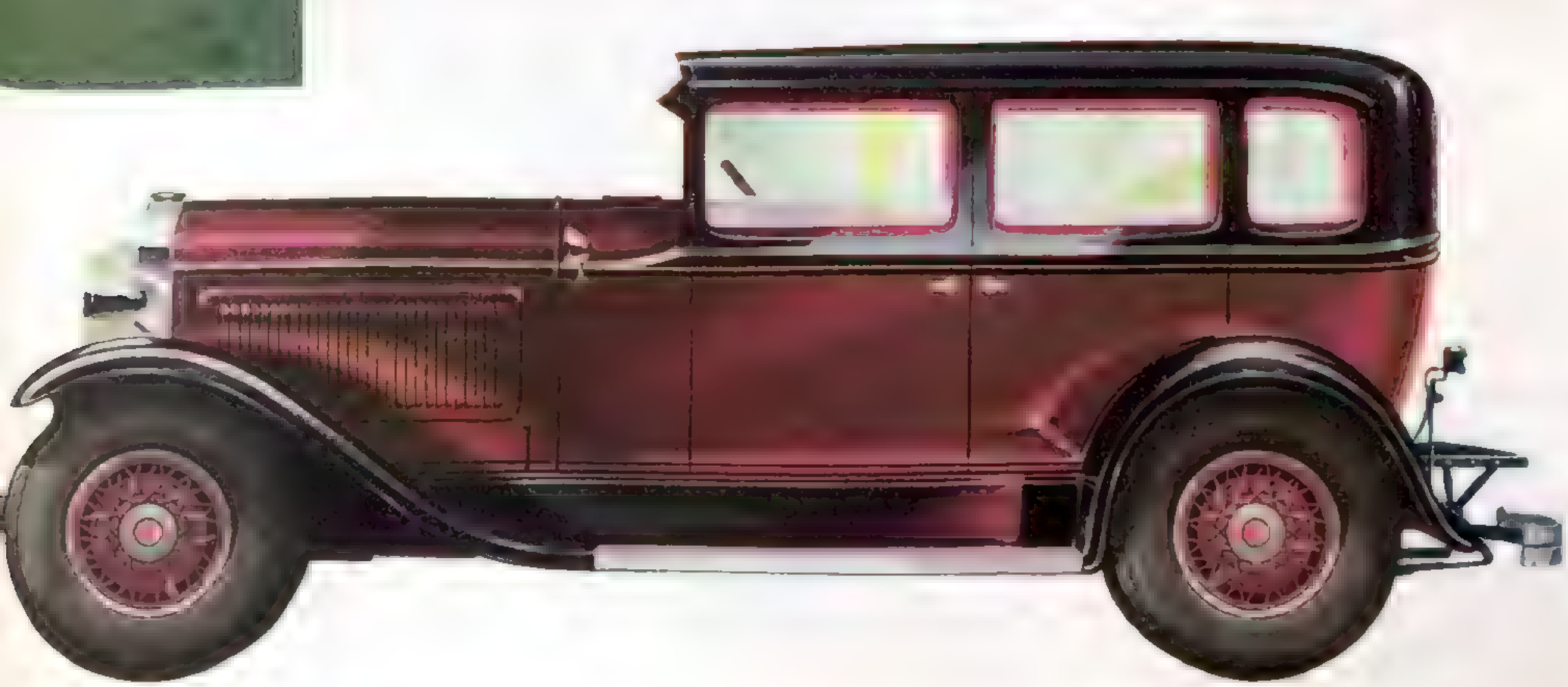

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BIG TIME

(Continued from Page 27)

"Hogan'll take you," Danby said, stepping out and holding the door open for Cherry.

"'Night, Ted," she called over her shoulder.

Lew Danby nodded and from the curb closed the door. Seated alone in the rear of the luxurious car, Ted watched the two enter the hotel together.

"Where to?" the chauffeur asked. He had a deep rumbly voice suggesting the low growl of a large dog.

Ted directed him to the newspaper office. The car eased away from the hotel front, moving slowly in the narrow street.

A nightmarish panic clawed Keeler's nerves. He felt infinitely small, fearfully alone and menaced by an irresistible evil power. With difficulty he fought off the impulse to cower and cry out his terror or leap from the moving car and run.

The office. Ted was in doubt whether to tip the chauffeur. He was afraid to do it and afraid not to. Alighting, he proffered a dollar bill.

"Get yourself a cigar," he said. The fear in him made his tone loud, cheap.

The chauffeur looked at him, shook his head. "'S all right," he said.

The gears meshed. The car shot ahead. Ted thought he heard a snort of scorn. His cheeks burned. He muttered a curse as he shoved the bill back into his pocket and started up the dingy narrow stairs toward the city room.

The familiar atmosphere broke the spell of unreasoned horror that had gripped him. He sat still before his desk, gratefully absorbing it. The syncopated chatter of the telegraph instruments, the unorchestrated clattering of a number of typewriters, the murmur from a group of gossiping reporters, the bored voice of a rewrite man at a telephone taking a story from police: "Yes. . . . Yes, I got you. . . . All right. . . . Yes. . . . J-o? Oh! G-o—G for George. Right? Shoot. . . . Yes. . . . All right." The half bullying, half whining voice of some pug's manager annoying the sporting editor: "A chance, that's all, just a showin'. We ain't astin' you to take our word for it. Just give us a break an' if this boy o' mine ——" The singsong bawl of a veteran copy chopper: "Co-o-ope-e-e bo-o-oy!" The night city editor at his desk, in shirt sleeves and green eye shade, assignment book open on the desk at his left, copy in front of him, pencil in hand.

He looked in the assignment book, glanced around the room and called "Keeler!"

Ted got up and went to him. The city editor lit a cigarette and leaned back, pushing up his eye shade.

"Lew Danby's in town," he said.

"Yes," said Ted, "I know."

"Oh, you seen him?"

"Met him at dinner over at Maurice's."

"Get anything?"

"No. I—I didn't know ——"

"Good story in him if he'll talk. He will sometimes. Know anything about him?"

"No. I just —— You know—at dinner—he just came in and ——"

"One of the biggest gamblers in the country. Originated out West somewhere, I think. I don't know. Never get anything out of him about his early days. Lot of rumors. I've heard he was in several gun scrapes when he was a youngster. Some people say he's half Mex. He's over at the Roosevelt."

"Yes."

"You know—one of these stories about sudden ups and downs. They tell me he's tossed off as high as a million dollars in one week and gambled it back just as fast. See if he likes."

"All right."

"You may have to salve him a little. He's out so far on top these days—real estate, stocks, this, that and the other thing. The old gambling racket's nothing more than a side line with him now. He may not want to talk about it."

"I'll see what I can get out of him."

Cherry Wallace was busy back of the cigar counter when Ted Keeler reached the hotel. He loitered near by until she had a leisure moment.

"I'm going to interview Mr. Danby," he told her.

She laughed. "They always do," she said—"try to, anyhow. Usually he doesn't like it. Tell him that I said you'd do a good job."

There was a customer at the other end of the counter. Cherry hurried to wait on him. Ted went to a room phone and called Danby. "This is Keeler, Mr. Danby," he said.

"Keeler?" Danby replied, puzzled.

"I met you over at the restaurant," Ted said, "with Miss Wallace."

"Oh," said Danby. "Yes?"

"I guess Cherry didn't tell you, Mr. Danby. I'm on the Star here."

"Reporter?"

"Yes. Could I see you for a few minutes?"

A pause, then: "All right, come up."

An hour later Ted stopped at the cigar counter again.

"Say," he said excitedly, "Danby's a peach, isn't he?"

"Think so?" said Cherry.

"Funny," Ted said, coloring. "I had him all wrong at first. I didn't like him at all."

"No?"

"He hit me funny at first," Ted went on. "I almost hated him. He—I don't know—he got me all fussed up."

"Like him better now?"

"Oh, he's a peach!" Ted said enthusiastically. "My, he's had an interesting life, hasn't he?"

"Um!" said Cherry. "Talk, did he?"

"I'll say he talked!" Ted said jubilantly. "I got a story out of him that'll knock your eye out. Did he ever tell you about the time out in Tia Juana that ——"

"Probably," Cherry interrupted dryly. "He's told me a lot of stuff. I don't remember."

"He was broke," Ted went on enthusiastically, "in a gambling house out there—dead broke. No one would loan him a thing. Finally he got hold of a Chinese porter—you know, a fellow just cleaning up around—and talked him out of fifty dollars. Did he ever tell you that one?" Cherry shook her head. "The Chinaman was to get half of whatever he won—if he won anything," he went on.

"Yes," said Cherry, "I know that gag."

"Do you know how much he won inside of two hours?" he asked impressively. "Thirty-eight thousand dollars! Can you imagine that? Thirty-eight thousand dollars! The Chinaman kept begging him to quit and divide the money, so finally, when he had thirty-eight thousand, he cashed in and gave the Chinaman half. Think of that! Nineteen thousand dollars for the use of fifty for a couple of hours! Well, the Chinaman stuffed that money in his pockets and lit out for China just as fast as he could go. Gee, he had enough to make a rich man over there for the rest of his life."

"What about Danby?" she asked.

"He went on playing," Ted said. "He played through the morning till near time for the first race and then he went to the track. When the last race was over that afternoon he was two hundred thousand dollars ahead and had bought three horses. What do you think of that?"

"Um!" said Cherry.

"Don't you believe it?" he asked, bridling.

"It's true," she said. "I remember my dad telling me about it."

"He told me a lot of other stuff, too," he went on boyishly. "Makes a peach of a story."

He told her good night and hurried to the office. She watched him out of the hotel.

"Poor kid!" she said gently. A customer rapped on the counter with a coin. "Yes, sir," she said brightly, turning.

The next day. At luncheon, in a restaurant near the hotel. Cherry Wallace and Lew Danby.

"Read that slush your chump boy friend wrote about me?" he asked, chuckling.

"Oh, lay off, Lew!" she said shortly. "He's a nice kid."

He drew on a cigarette, exhaled slowly and studied her through the drifting smoke, his eyes calculating, amused.

"How come, Cherry?" he asked.

"What?"

"Little dizzy on this young apple knocker?" She flushed. "Never expected to find you heart tipsy in a kindergarten," he said, grinning.

"He's older than I am."

"Brace up!" Lew said scornfully. "You know what I mean."

She shrugged. "I like him," she said defiantly. "Nothing to it, of course—couldn't be. I'll be out of here in another month."

"Behave!" he said. "I'll fix you up. Rattle out tonight." She shook her head. "Barry Zugner's casting a new musical trick next week," he went on. "I'm spooning the sugar for the thing—see you get a good part."

"Tie on another fly," she advised him. "You aren't going to catch anything in this pond with the one you're using."

He smoked thoughtfully for a little and sighed.

"I don't know why I should be ga-ga about you," he said, frankly puzzled. "I've been around long enough to know better."

"You just want what you can't get," she told him.

He nodded. "I suppose that's true."

"You'd be tired of me in a month."

"I could say no to that, but I won't. I believe in form, and on past performance you're right. Nevertheless ——"

"You want me, anyhow."

"That's it!" he said.

"Nothing doing!" she said firmly. "No time, no place, nohow. That's flat, Lew!"

"I'm hooked," he said. "Let's get married."

"Lew!"

His smile was bleak. "It's as bad as that," he confessed.

"No, Lew," she said, more gently. "If you'd put it that way last year ——"

"You'd have done it then?"

"Jumped at the chance."

"Why not now? I'll go the route and let you pick it. Make a cash settlement on you before we tie or you can take a chance on the amount of alimony you can get after I jump the fence."

She shook her head. "I can't do it, Lew. I'm sorry."

His eyes went ugly. "Not the apple knocker!" he said incredulously.

"You don't get it, Lew," she said. "He's so—I don't know—so darn nice. He's sort of got to me. I know perfectly well that five years from now he'll have to think twice to remember my name and all that, but —— Look, Lew, I'm not gone on you—not a bit—never was. The marrying thing would keep the John Laws quiet, but —— Do you see what I mean? I can't do it—not now."

"Later?"

"Maybe. I don't know. I've got to get set somehow before the crow's-feet make a character woman out of me. I wonder if I've got enough to get up there on my own, with a break of luck?"

"You're good," he conceded. "You can sing and dance and act, and you won't be hard on the eyes for many a year yet. Properly handled, you could get over the jumps and come in on top. It's a rough scramble any other way, Cherry."

(Continued on Page 114)

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(Continued from Page 112)

"You tell me!" she said bitterly.

He leaned forward and crushed the lighted end of his cigarette on the ash tray. "You're a hard kid," he said. "You'll get sawed off the limb one of these days, though, and I aim to be around with a net when you drop. Got any money?"

"A little."

"How much?"

"About a hundred and ten."

"Give me a hundred." She stared. "You won't take a loan," he explained. "It's just plain silly for you to be playing saleslady back of a hotel cigar counter! You've no objection to my taking your own dough and making you a piece of change, have you?"

"Horses?" she asked. He nodded. "Not a bit," she said heartily. She counted five twenties from her purse and handed them to him. He jammed them carelessly into his vest pocket with a thumb end.

"Don't make any mistake," he said. "I'd starve you if I thought it would do me any good."

"Nice tiger!" she cooed.

He frowned, laughed. "Win you out of this town this afternoon with any kind of a break," he said. "Good card going out at the Fairgrounds. I know something in a couple of the races and all I need in two or three more is a break."

She looked at the clock and moved her chair back. "Ouch!" she said. "You do get little working girls into bad habits, Lew. I'm five minutes late now."

"I'll sit on with another pot of coffee and a nail," he said as she arose and gathered her things. "See you when I get back from the track."

For a time he sat morose, smoking, sipping coffee; then out. His car was waiting near the hotel entrance. As he went toward it Ted Keeler, waiting near by, approached and accosted him.

"Did you read the story this morning, Mr. Danby?" he asked eagerly. Danby nodded. "Was it all right?" Ted's voice was anxious.

"Sure," Danby said, smiling. "Good piece."

"Mighty glad you liked it," Ted said gratefully. "Did I get that part about the Chinaman all right?"

"Didn't see anything wrong with it."

"It was nineteen thousand that you gave him, wasn't it?"

"Right!"

Ted drew a long breath and shook his head. "I was sure that was what you said, but it seemed such a lot of money I was almost afraid to use it. They liked it in the office."

"Good!"

"They gave me a bonus for it." He said that shyly, flushing a little.

"Yes? How much?"

The flush deepened. "Oh, well, it didn't amount to anything as far as the money goes—only five dollars. It showed they liked it, though, didn't it?"

"Yes, sir!" Danby said gravely. "It sure did." He looked Ted over curiously.

"Got to be busting along," he said after a moment. He moved toward his car. The chauffeur swung the door open for him.

"Oh, Mr. Danby, just a minute," Ted said nervously, following him. "Could I speak to you—for just a minute?"

"I'm going out to the track now," Danby said.

Ted looked into the car. No one there. "Would you mind if I ——" he began.

"Not a bit," said Danby. "Hop in."

"It's my day off," Ted explained.

"Um!" said Danby. Two blocks in silence. Ted was nervous. "What is it?" Danby asked bluntly.

"Oh!" Ted said, startled. "Why, you see, I was thinking about—you know, that Chinaman you told me about, out in Tia Juana."

"Yes?"

"He gave you fifty dollars and you gave him back half of what you won on that. That was the way, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, now look, Mr. Danby, I don't want you to think I'm fresh or anything like that, and if you don't want to do this for me you just say so and it'll be perfectly all right. I was just thinking ——"

Ted was still talking excitedly when they reached the track.

"All right," Danby said shortly as the car stopped, "come along."

That night. Ten o'clock. The dingy old L. & N. train shed. The Crescent City Limited, northbound, just pulling out. Cherry Wallace, sitting on the rear platform of the observation car, alone. In her purse nine thousand and some odd dollars. Money won that afternoon with the hundred she had given Danby to play for her. A hundred on a ten-to-one shot in the first race. A thousand on an eight-to-one in the third. Danby had handed her the money at the hotel in the early evening, telling her briefly the manner in which it was won.

"There's your lam sugar," he had said curtly. "Don't spill it. Luck."

A nod and he was gone. She had not seen him since.

The train moved slowly out past the old French market. In the suburbs it gathered speed.

"Good-by, kid!" Cherry said huskily.

It was her only good-by to Ted Keeler. She had not seen him before she left.

Moss-draped forest. Moon glint on swamp water and bayou. The train at full speed. New York-bound.

Cherry winked back tears and resolutely banished a tightening of her throat. "That's that!" she said to herself firmly.

She went into the observation car. There, on a big leather lounge, sat Lew Danby.

"In person," he assured her, grinning. "Not a ghost."

She sat beside him. "I didn't know you were going north," she said.

He chuckled. "Neither did I till you bought your ticket."

A spirit of raillery buoyed her. "Just a john!" she taunted him.

"A coonskin coat and a bun and I'd be collegiate," he retorted.

They laughed. He told her of shows that had come and gone since she was in touch with Broadway, confided the amusing inside story of the last heavyweight championship fight and related the ridiculous unpublished details of a divorce case that had recently been front-page stuff. Familiar stuff to Cherry—home stuff, the wise patter of her own people. She laughed happily and wise-cracked comment on his gossip. No train ever traveled at the speed she was leaving New Orleans. Within half an hour nothing but the unimportant matter of land miles separated her from Broadway. Danby spoke of meeting a mutual friend at the track during the afternoon. Told an amusing story about him.

While they were still chuckling he said casually, "That long-legged pet monkey of yours was out there with me this afternoon."

"Ted?"

"That his name? The dime-a-dozen reporter, I mean." He laughed. "I made him a member."

"Lew!"

"He begged for it. Know what he wanted me to do? He had fifteen hundred skins saved up and he propositioned me to take it, run it up at the track and then split fifty-fifty with him. That yarn about the Chink that staked me out in Tia Juana put notions in his head."

"Lew!" she said, horror in her eyes. "Lew! You didn't ——"

"Who says I didn't?" he said sharply. "He was a thousand to one and no takers from the time he tied into me with that proposition. I made two bets for you during the day, and each time I bet for you I pinned seven hundred and fifty of his on the nose of my second choice for a saver. I didn't miss for you once. I missed for him twice. Two and out!"

(Continued on Page 117)

THE FINISHING TOUCH

SHOES can spoil an otherwise perfect appearance.

Your tires are your car's shoes. Complete the beauty and swank of your car with LEE Super De Luxe tires, and *the finishing touch* is added.

Underneath the classical design of this Super lies a strength which we firmly believe has never before been built into a tire. For as long as the average owner drives his car, this LEE Super will carry him the whole distance, leaving plenty to spare.

Greater safety against side slips and skidding is provided in the deep cut, years-lasting, all-season tread. What appears to be merely a pattern is actually an engineering triumph. Every inch of the tread is scientifically designed to give maximum safety to your passengers, and to minimize punctures.

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The *new* and *better* Texaco vaporizes rapidly at all engine speeds—it is true high test gasoline. The harder you step on the accelerator, the faster full-powered "*dry gas*" flows into the cylinders. Try Texaco today. Let the comparison—and the contrast—prove its value.

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And for safe, dependable lubrication — Texaco Golden Motor Oil—clean, clear, *pure*.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

The NEW *and* BETTER

TEXACO

GASOLINE

(Continued from Page 114)

She said nothing—sat still, staring, the color gone from her face

Danby grinned. "That flea got under my hide a little," he confessed. "Why, he was trying to use me to run up a bank roll for him so he could make himself a big shot with you! The nerve!"

No answer to this.

"Well, what about it?" he asked irritably after a little.

Still no answer Danby got up.

"I get no kick out of this," he declared. "I'm going to the club car and see if I can stir up a bridge game. You better turn in and sleep yourself sensible. See you in the morning."

He left the car. She sat quiet for a little time and then went out again on the observation platform.

Miles. Moon glint on swamp water and bayou. Midnight. One in the morning. More miles.

Cherry got up and sought the porter of her car.

"What's the next stop?" she asked.

"Mobile, ma'am," he said. "Be there in a few minutes now."

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Keeler were aboard the Crescent City Limited when it pulled out of New Orleans the following night. They were headed for Belleville to make a down payment on a country paper and hunt for a little frame house with a front lawn. There would be a cheap car too. They were even agreed on the make. They sat on the observation platform as the train rolled slowly past the old French Market and gathered speed in the suburbs.

Moss-draped forest. Moon glint on swamp water and bayou. The train at full speed, Belleville-bound.

GRETCHEN

(Continued from Page 7)

Tractor mechanics they seemed to be;
  Their job had probably been
First to start the tractor up,
  And then to bring it in.

"All right," said Lee. "You guys ain't going to take this baby in to your own lines. You're going to drive her over our way. Come on. Crank her up, and let's go."

At first the Germans looked pretty dumb;
  They didn't understand;
So Lee had to start in gesturing
  And pointing with his hand.

He made them adjust the throttle and spark
  And spin the crank around;
And the heavy motor started up
  With a splendid roaring sound.

Then he put one Fritz on the driver's seat,
  With the other one close beside,
While he and Pudgy climbed aboard
  And settled themselves for a ride.

Lee prodded the driver's ribs with his gun,
  And pointed south through the wood,
And the driver got the machine under way
  As fast as ever he could.

Old Gretchen went clanking and roaring along
  And approached the American line,
Smashing her way through the underbrush
  With everything working fine.

But whenever you go through No Man's Land
  On a dizzy tractor ride,
You are sure to get some attention
  From the people on either side.

Somebody somewhere must have seen
  The underbrush crashing down;
While others couldn't help but hear
  The motor's roaring sound.

The machine-gun nest in front of them
  Was kind enough to hold back,
But other machine guns off to the side
  Began to sputter and crack.

A lonesome bullet hit with a clang
  On the tractor's resounding steel,
And ricocheted off through the forest trees
  With a nasty whining squeal.

At this the driver threw out the clutch,
  And he and his German friend
Dove over the side, while Pudgy and Lee
  Went scrambling off the rear end.

The two Americans crawled underneath,
  And groveled on the ground,
While a regular storm of whizzing steel
  Swept past them all around.

A brisk bombardment by whizz-bang shells
  From the German lines began,
And bullets pounded on Gretchen's sides
  Like hail on an old tin pan.

The racket kept up for quite a while;
  Then slackened and quieted down;
And Lee and Pudgy lifted their heads
  And began to look around.

"What," asked Lee, "has happened to our chauffeur and footman?"

"They've gone home," said Pudgy. "They scuttled into them bushes like a couple of rabbits."

"All right, let 'em go," said Lee. "The motor is still running. I can drive this baby myself."

"Maybe it would be safer if we walked."

"What! And leave Gretchen here? After all the trouble we've taken? I should say not!"

"This business don't look good to me," said Pudgy.

"It won't be so bad," said Lee. "Them machine gunners and whizz-bang artists are a long ways off and they can't really see us here in this thick underbrush. They were firing at the noise and the moving bushes. This time I'll go very careful. We'll make it easy. Come on."

They both climbed up on the tractor seat,
  And Lee put the gears in low,
And started old Gretchen rolling along,
  Easy and steady and slow.

He steered so he didn't hit any tall
  Or conspicuous bush or tree;
He kept the motor throttled down,
  And it ran so quietly

That nobody bothered them at all;
  Nobody fired a round;
And soon they reached the machine-gun nest
  In the shell hole in the ground.

Lee tossed the gun that Pudgy had swiped
  To the sergeant in command,
And drove right on with a happy smile
  And a jaunty wave of his hand.

They were now behind the American lines,
  And fairly safe once more,
So Lee pulled the throttle open again
  And let the motor roar.

He drove along a small wood road
  That led toward the battery;
He remarked to Pudgy that everything
  Was going splendidly.

And then, when the battery camp was only
  A half a mile ahead,
The motor gave a couple of coughs
  And went completely dead.

"What now?" asked Pudgy

"Looks like we run out of gas," said Lee. He inspected the tank. "Yes, she's dry."

"What'll we do?" asked Pudgy.

Lee thought a while. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "We'll walk to the battery. We'll tell the captain we got a tractor for him, and he'll see that we get some gas somewhere."

"I ain't going to bust in on no captains," said Pudgy. "I don't like them birds."

"All right," said Lee. "You stay here and guard the machine, and I'll go."

"Suits me," said Pudgy. "And while you're gone I'll have something to eat. It's way past lunchtime."

He reached in his overcoat pocket,
  And laid out on the seat
A little tin package of hard-tack
  And a can of monkey meat.

"Where did you get that stuff?" asked Lee. "Did you take it off those machine gunners like you did the gat?"

"No," said Pudgy, "I got this from the observation post when that lazy telephone man wasn't looking."

"Not a bad idea," said Lee. "I guess I'll have some too."

He grabbed himself a share of the food,
  And ate it rapidly;
Then he hurried along the little wood road
  To the camp of the battery.

He went to the battery post of command,
  Where the captain usually stayed,
Deep down in a dugout which long before
  The obliging Germans had made.

Lee walked down the steps and opened the door,
  And entered a damp little room,
Which was feebly lit by a couple of candles
  Flickering through the gloom.

In a corner was one of the telephone men,
  With a couple of telephones;
At a table near by the captain sat,
  And beside him Lieutenant Jones.

They seemed to be figuring firing data
  With books of tables and rules,
And dividers and T squares and contour maps
  And protractors and other tools.

The captain was small, but a rather proud
  And important little guy;
He raised his head and looked at Lee
  With a cold and hostile eye.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Sir," said Lee, "I've got some real news for you. The battery is short of horses ——"

"I know it," snapped the captain. "Is that all you came for—to tell me we are short of horses?"

"No, sir. I started to say that we are short of horses, but it doesn't make any difference. We've got a tractor."

"A what?"

"A tractor. And it's a regular whale of a machine. It has a swell six-cylinder motor. It'll take the place of at least eight horses. Maybe twelve. Maybe it could pull as much as twenty horses. It's a wonder."

"I don't understand," said the captain. "What is this machine? Where did it come from? Who does it belong to?"

"It belongs to me," answered Lee proudly. "And I'm donating it to the battery."

"That's very kind of you," said the captain sarcastically. "Where did you get it?"

"I captured it from the Germans. I and Pudgy Monroe went over into the German lines and took it away from the Germans and brought it over here."

"You did what?"

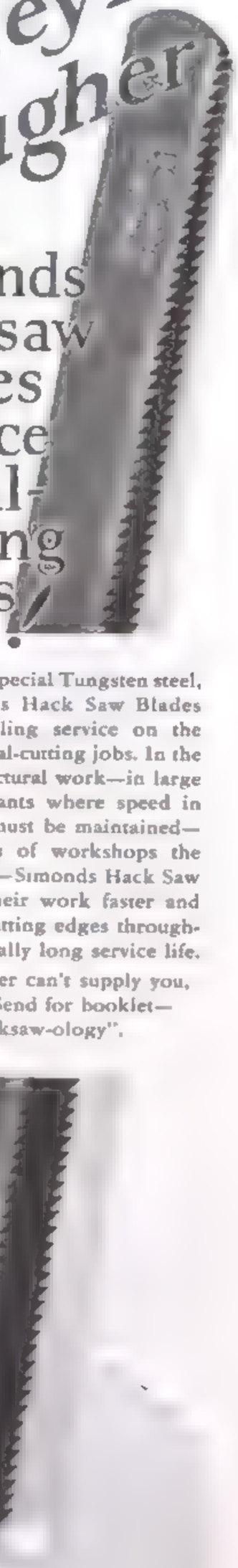
"We went over into the German lines and took this tractor away from the Germans and brought it back."

"I don't believe it," said the captain flatly. "It's the craziest yarn I ever heard.

(Continued on Page 119)

Because they're tougher

Simonds Hacksaw Blades reduce metal-cutting costs



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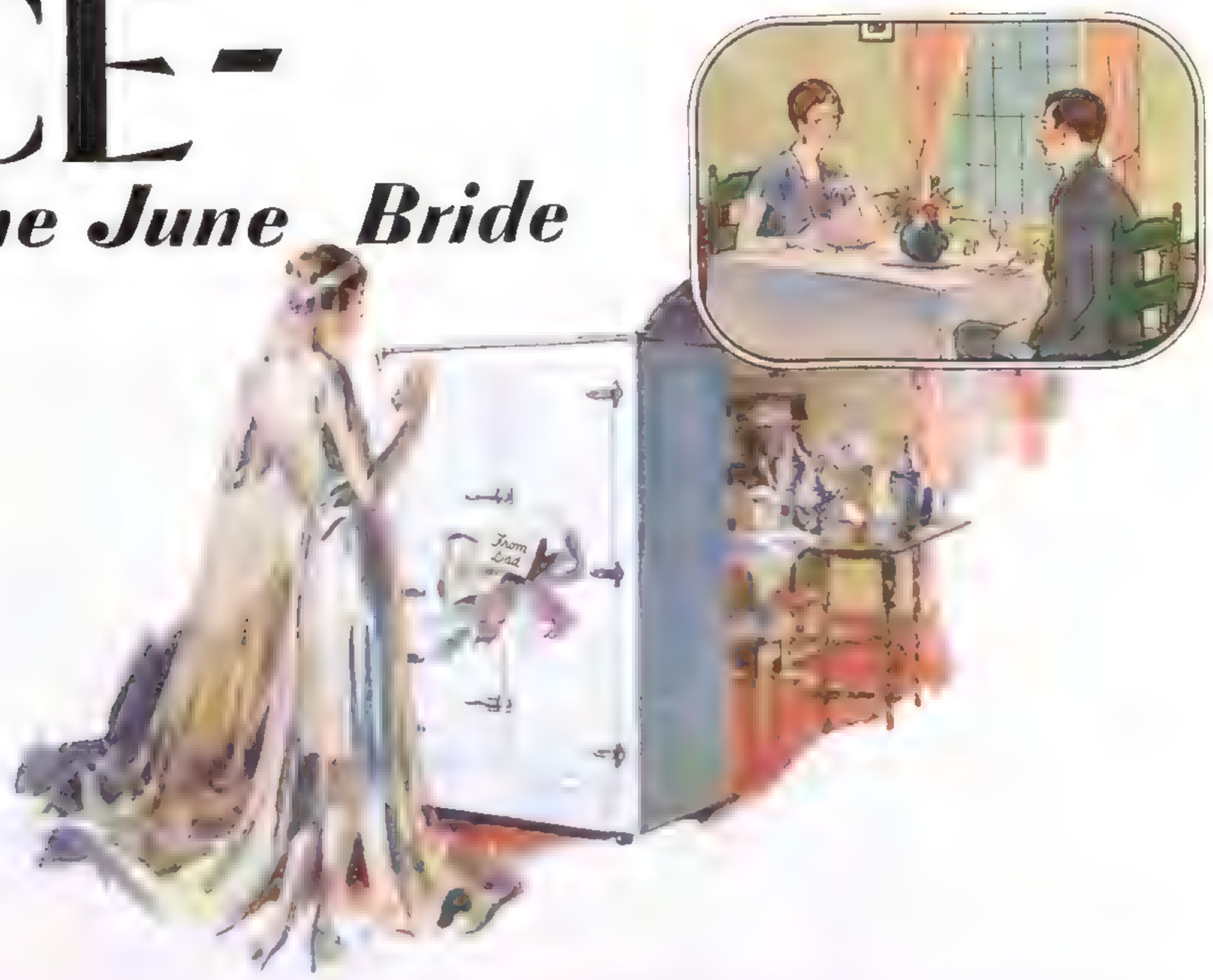

FORTUNATE, indeed, is the bride who starts housekeeping with a good ice refrigerator. As commonplace as food refrigeration might seem to be when facing the new problems of married life, few things are more important.

Health and good meals are essential to happiness. And health and good meals are closely related. Good meals, of course, require good cooking. And good cooking demands fresh, pure, flavorful raw materials —made possible by good ICE refrigeration.

Serve Ice-Freshened Foods

There's a savor and flavor to ice-freshened foods that husbands and guests are quick to notice and appreciate. Meat, vegetables, butter, milk, and eggs, even when intended for cooking, make much more delicious dishes if kept in ICE-freshened air until ready for the stove. Ice helps to preserve their best flavors and most nutritive food values.

Use ICE Plentifully on Table

ICE in table service is the mark of an experienced hostess. And wise is the housewife who acts on the theory that what pleases her guests will please her own family. Butter kept firm and tempting in shaved ice—celery, olives, and radishes on sparkling beds of ice—fruit and seafood cocktails served in ice-surrounded glasses —and a big bowl of cracked ice always on hand to keep table water and beverages at their best —what better way can a young wife find for making her meals most attractive!

Insist on a Good Refrigerator

Don't be tricked into buying a poorly made refrigerator. It soon eats up the difference in cost in the ice it wastes. A good ice refrigerator quickly pays for itself in the food it saves. Be sure your refrigerator is scientifically constructed to permit circulation of air—that it is well insulated, soundly built, and tightly fitted together.

Keep Refrigerator Well Iced

It is false economy to take ice only occasionally. It does no good to refrigerate food for a while and then let it begin to spoil. Good ice refrigeration can keep food from depreciating, but it cannot restore depreciated food. When flavor departs for an instant, it stays away forever. A plentiful supply of ice offers a two-way saving. It melts less rapidly, and preserves foods longer. Just tell your ice man to keep your refrigerator well iced at all times. Put the responsibility up to him. There will be less ice waste, less food spoilage, and much more flavorful foods.

An Ideal Wedding Gift

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES

(Continued from Page 117)

Where did you get any orders to go over and take a tractor away from the Germans?"

"It was just my own initiative," said Lee. "Private Monroe and I was up in the observation post. We saw this tractor through the scissors instrument. We knew the battery was short of horses. So we figured it was our duty to go over and get it. There wasn't time to ask an officer, so we just went."

"You went right through the American front line, and over into the German lines, and took the machine away from the whole German Army?"

"Absolutely," said Lee. "Only it wasn't the whole German Army. There were only two Germans with the tractor, and I poked them in the guts with my pistol and they surrendered. We took them prisoners."

"I didn't know," said the captain, "that the privates of this battery were armed with pistols."

"This was a revolver that I borrowed from an infantry sergeant. I gave it back to him later."

"What have you done with the prisoners?"

"They got away. We got shelled while we were coming across No Man's Land, and in the excitement they got away."

"You seem to know all the answers," said the captain. "Where is the tractor? Did that get away too?"

"No," said Lee. "I was coming to that part. We got through the lines fine, but we ran out of gas about half a mile from here in the woods. So I came along to see if you could get us some more."

"We have no gas here," said the captain.

"But we've got to have some. You could give me an order to get some somewhere, couldn't you? We've got to have some."

And Lee stood and waited hopefully
For a favorable reply.
But the captain only looked at him
With his cold and fishy eye.

And just as Lee was casting about
For something further to say,
Lieutenant Jones made a few remarks
In a most disagreeable way.

"Private Lee," he began, "didn't I give you and Private Monroe orders to bury a horse up by the observation post?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you finished that job?"

"Well, not entirely, sir."

"Did you even start it?"

"Well, maybe not exactly, but you see we thought this other job was so much more important. We had to get the tractor—for the good of the battery"

"I see," interrupted the captain severely. "You deliberately disobeyed orders. You left the work you had been assigned to. And you try to explain it by telling this fairy story of capturing a tractor from the Germans."

"But we really did capture this tractor," said Lee. "Honest we did."

"That part of it is unimportant," said the captain. "This battery has no use for a tractor anyway."

"No use for a tractor?"

"This is a horse outfit. We have no gasoline, no way of taking care of a tractor. It would be more trouble than it would be worth."

"But, captain ——" began Lee.

"You heard what I said. I am not interested in tractors. But I am very much interested in seeing that you obey orders. You will return at once and complete the work given you by Lieutenant Jones. And I will tell the first sergeant that you are to be properly disciplined for your disobedience. That is all."

"But, captain ——"

"That is all. You are dismissed."

So there wasn't anything Lee could do
But walk disgustedly out;
He climbed to the top of the dugout stairs,
And he stood for a moment in doubt.

He looked toward the distant hill to the north
Where Jones' dead horse lay;
Then he resolutely faced about
And walked the other way.

He passed the pick-and-shovel gang,
Still working away like hell,
Digging the holes to protect the horses
From shrapnel and from shell.

He headed south and continued on
For a half mile through the wood,
Till he came to a field by the Cunel road
Where a group of buildings stood.

These buildings—known as the Madeleine Farm—
Had been shelled and half knocked down;
Stones from the walls and tiles from the roofs
Were scattered all around.

The ruins were used as a sort of a dump
By an ammunition train;
Big motor trucks kept rolling in
And rolling out again.

Now, where there are trucks there is gasoline,
So Lee began looking around,
And soon discovered, behind an old shed,
A truck that was broken down.

He was pleased to find that the tank was full,
The driver was nowhere near,
And a couple of rusty old tin pails
Were hanging on the rear.

He filled the pails with gasoline
And started as fast as he could
For the place where Pudgy and good old Gretchen
Were waiting in the wood.

On the way he had to circle around
The camp of the battery;
And as he passed he noticed signs
Of great activity.

Noncoms were running here and there—
He could hear them yell and shout
So he left his pails and wandered over
To see what the fuss was about.

"What's all the excitement?" he asked one of the cannoneers.

"The battery is moving out. The order just came through."

"Aha!" said Lee. "So all this foolish digging holes for horses amounts to nothing. When do we start?"

"As soon as it begins to get dark, I suppose. That will be in about an hour."

"Where are we going?"

"I don't know. But I hear it's over near Romagne somewhere."

"How can we move?" said Lee. "We ain't got enough horses."

"I hear that we're going to borrow all the A Battery horses. Then, when this outfit is moved, we all go back and move them."

"Maybe we won't need any horses from A Battery after all," said Lee.

"What do you mean?"

"Wait and see."

And Lee walked back and gathered up
His pails of gasoline,
And carried them off through the woods till he came
To his beautiful German machine.

He found old Pudgy asleep on the seat,
With his helmet over one eye,
And he waked him up with a poke in the face
And a happy, joyful cry:

"Wake up, you big bum! We're going to start the old baby rolling."

"So the captain got you some gasoline?" asked Pudgy, very sleepy.

"He did not," said Lee. "I had to manage this myself."

(Continued on Page 121)

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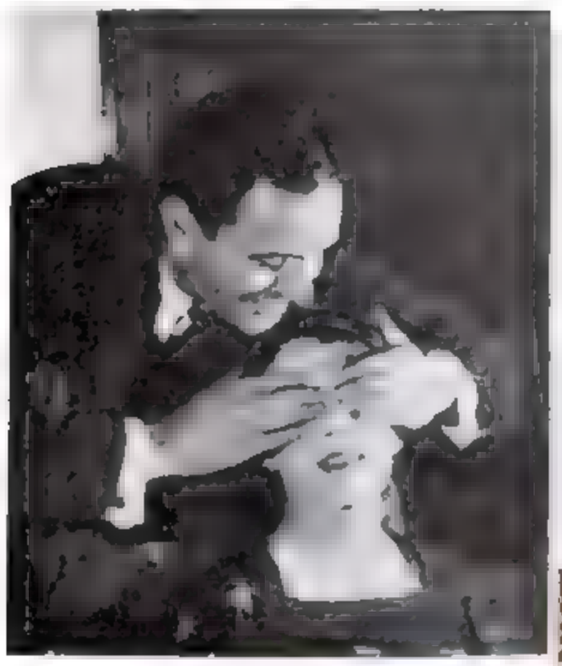

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THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts

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(Continued from Page 119)

"What was the matter with the captain?"

"Nothing, except he's half-witted."

"Did you tell him about the tractor?"

"I did," said Lee. "I explained the whole business and I offered to bring in the machine and present it to him. But it was no use. It was pearls before swine. His poor little feeble brain couldn't seem to form no faintest conception of what it was all about. He said he didn't want our tractor."

"So we're going to leave it here?"

"Leave it here nothing! I ain't a guy that gives up as easy as that."

"But what can we do?"

"We're going to run this machine down to the battery and show them how good it is. The captain is just like a little child; he can't understand anything unless he sees it. But when he actually gets a look at this baby and finds out what it can do, he can't help but take it."

"I ain't so sure about that," said Pudgy. "Maybe we're a couple of chumps to be taking all this trouble for people that don't appreciate it."

"It's our duty to do it," said Lee. "We got to do everything we can to help win the war. Besides, when they take the tractor they'll have to give us the job of running it. Nobody else in this livery-stable outfit would know how. We'll be relieved from all dirty work and fatigue, and we'll ride like gentlemen on these swell German cushions."

"Yeah," said Pudgy, "you told me something like that before. I hope it's true."

"Of course it is," said Lee. "Wait till you see the sensation we make when we drive into the battery position and hook onto one of the guns. It will be the biggest day the battery has had for a long time. Their eyes will just pop out of their heads. Let's be on our way."

And Lee took the pails of gasoline
  And poured them in Gretchen's tank;
Then he walked around and gave a twist
  To Gretchen's starting crank.

The motor took hold and Lee climbed up
  On the seat by Pudgy Monroe,
And he put her in gear and slid in the clutch,
  And let old Gretchen go.

They rolled along the little wood road
  To the camp of the battery,
Where they found that all the soldiers in sight
  Were as busy as they could be.

Some of the hard-worked cannoneers
  Were taking the picket line down;
Others were limbering up the guns
  And rolling their packs on the ground.

Some of the drivers were hitching their nags
  To the kitchen and water cart;
Others were getting the wagon teams
  Harnessed and ready to start.

And trotting out in column of twos
  From the woods across the way
Came several dozen horses and drivers,
  Borrowed from Battery A.

"Swell!" said Lee. "We got here just at the right time. Watch me hand these bozos a surprise."

He then gave Gretchen all the gas
  That good old Gretchen could take;
The motor burst forth with the loudest noise
  That the motor could possibly make;

And Lee drove straight through the battery camp
  With a glorious clatter and roar,
And proudly backed old Gretchen up
  To the limber of Gun Number Four.

He stopped with a noble clash of gears;
  He looked up eagerly;
And there was no doubt he had handed out
  A surprise to the battery.

For none of the horses had ever seen
The like of this high-powered German machine;
They started to leave the neighborhood,
And leave it just as fast as they could.

Lee saw the team on the water cart
Get under way with a leaping start
And sideswipe a wagon standing near by
That was used for the service of kitchen supply,

And the ground was strewn with kettles and pans
And goldfish and beans and tomatoes in cans;
And one of the cooks, as he scrambled around
And tried to pick up this stuff from the ground,
Was pretty near hit and knocked on his eye
By six more brutes that went galloping by.

All of the horses from Battery A
Whirled around in a frenzied way,
And bounding along as fast as they could,
Were lost to sight in the depths of the wood.

Sergeants and corporals rushed about;
Second lieutenants began to shout;
And just as Lee was beginning to see
That all was not as it ought to be,
  The captain came out.

"What's the trouble here?" he yelled. "What do you men think you're doing? What is this machine?"

"Sir," said Lee respectfully, "this is the German tractor I told you about. We're going to use it to pull this gun."

"We are not!" shouted the captain. "Didn't I tell you not to bring any tractor around here?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Lee. "But I thought—I thought perhaps maybe you didn't know what you were talking about."

"What!"

"I mean I thought you didn't know what a fine machine this is, because you hadn't seen it. And so you would have to see it before you would know what a fine machine it is. I mean, I thought ——"

"That's enough!" said the captain. "That will do!"

"But I thought this tractor ——"

"Not another word!" snapped the captain. "You and your machine have practically wrecked this battery. And this is the second time today you have deliberately disobeyed orders. Where is the first sergeant?"

The first sergeant stepped forward from a group of men gathered near by. "Here, sir," he said.

"Sergeant," said the captain, "I want you to take charge of these two men. And for the next month I want you to give them all the extra fatigue and hard work you can pile onto them. Make 'em sweat. They need a lesson, and I'll expect you to give it to them."

"Trust me," said the sergeant grimly.

The captain turned back to Lee. "Stop that motor," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Lee. He cut off the ignition.

"Come down here—both of you."

Lee and Pudgy climbed off the tractor.

"From now on," said the captain, "you are to leave that tractor absolutely alone. If you so much as touch it again you'll get a general court and spend the rest of your lives in Leavenworth. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Lee.

The captain walked away, and at once the first sergeant spoke up. "All right, you two," he said. "Get your packs rolled so you'll be ready to march. And just as soon as tonight's hike is over, you report to me. See?"

"Yes," said Lee.

"Yes, said Pudgy.

They both of them sorrowfully walked away;
  They slowly rolled their packs;
And when this job was finally done
  They slung them on their backs.

By now the excitement that Gretchen had caused
  Was pretty well quieted down;
The cooks had gathered the kitchen supplies
  From off the muddy ground;

The drivers had caught and brought back from the woods
  The horses of Battery A;
And all of the wagons and carts and guns
  Were ready to start on their way.

"I got an idea," said Lee, all at once. "I think we can do something with that tractor after all."

"And get ourselves sent to Leavenworth for life?" asked Pudgy.

"No, this is a real good idea."

"I don't want to hear it," said Pudgy. "I'm through with you and your ideas. I had a feeling all along that this tractor racket was pretty sour. But I made the mistake of listening to you. And now look what a mess we're in."

"We ain't entirely licked yet."

"But we will be. That first sergeant is going to just naturally kill us with hard work and meanness."

"No," said Lee. "That's just what we're going to get away from. You remember I told you there is a motorized battery down the road here a little way?"

"Yes."

"Those birds understand tractors. They appreciate tractors. And they ought to give us and Gretchen a job."

"Yeah?"

"We can sneak down there right now and ask them. The sergeants are all too busy to notice us and stop us."

"It don't sound good to me," said Pudgy.

"If they don't want us we can come back," Lee went on. "And if the battery leaves while we're gone, we can easy enough catch up to it. We'll take our packs with us so we'll be sure to have them."

"It listens all right," said Pudgy, "but I've been following your advice too much lately. From now on I'm going to be independent."

"You can't lose on this. It won't hurt anything to ask them. But we'll have to hurry; it'll soon be getting dark. I'm going. If you don't want to come you don't have to. Good-by."

"Wait a minute," said Pudgy.

"Are you coming, or aren't you?"

"Well," said Pudgy, "I'll come along just to see what happens. But I ain't going to have anything to do with this motorized outfit unless I feel like it. I'm going to be independent."

"All right. Let's get started."

So they headed south from the battery camp,
  Proceeding cautious and slow,
Past the Madeleine Farm, and down the road
  For a half a mile or so,

Till they reached a field beside the road,
  Where Lee was pleased to see
An outfit of hundred-and-fifty-five
  Long-rifle artillery.

They entered the field and passed the guns
  And the trucks that were standing near,
And approached a fine, imposing row
  Of tractors at the rear.

And right at the side of the nearest one
  Of these handsome tractors they found
A group of half a dozen men,
  That were gathered respectfully round

A hard-looking captain of very large build,
  With a face as tough as they come,
Who was making a few remarks in a voice
  That was very disgusted and glum.

"There's nothing we can do with a broken crankshaft," he said. "Even if we had a new one—and we haven't—it would take a couple of days to bed it in. And we move back to Biercourt tonight. We'll have to leave this tractor and one of the guns behind, and come back for them tomorrow."

"If we had just one more tractor," said a sergeant who stood beside him, "we could drag the gun and this baby too. The road is fairly good."

"Sir," said Lee, stepping forward with a snappy salute, "if you need another tractor I can get you one."

"Who are you?" demanded the captain. "Where did you come from?"

"Sir," said Lee, "I am Private Curtis Augustus Lee, and this is Private Monroe. We are artillery mechanics, and we got lost from our outfit a long time ago. It must have been a week ago. We've tried our best to find it, but we can't. It must have moved to some distant part of France. So we want to join some other outfit."

"What about this tractor?"

"I was coming to that, sir. You see, while we were wandering around looking for our battery we found a great big German tractor that the Germans had left behind. We've got it hidden in the woods up the road a ways. And it's just the machine you need. It's in perfect condition. It's a great, big, powerful ——"

"Where is it?" interrupted the big captain. "I want to see it."

"I'll show you where it is, sir," said Lee. "I'll drive it in here if you say so. But first I want to make a deal with you."

"You want to what?"

"Make a deal with you. Before we give you the tractor we want you to promise you'll enlist us in your battery."

"I have no authority to do that. You ought to know I can't enlist you in this outfit while you belong to another."

"Well," said Lee nervously, "if you don't want us you can't have the tractor."

"So that's your game!" said the captain. "Listen. I never make bargains with private soldiers—especially with military tramps like you. I am giving you a direct order—you will tell me where that tractor is. And you had better tell me quick."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Lee, scared but stubborn, "but I seem to forget now where it was we left it."

At this, that big tough captain scowled
  And glared at poor little Lee;
Then he curled his ugly lip in a grin
  That wasn't so nice to see;

And slowly he turned around and spoke
  To the sergeant standing near
In a hard-boiled military voice
  That wasn't so nice to hear:

"Sergeant, these men are A. W. O. L. from their outfit. You will take them down to the crossroads south of here and turn them over to the M. P.'s. You have your revolver?"

"Yes, sir."

"If they try to get away shoot 'em. But if they should happen to remember where that tractor is, you can take them over and have them drive it in here. And if it's any good we'll be generous to them. Instead of handing them over to the M. P.'s, we'll give them a good kick in the tail and let them go."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant.

He gave a shove to Pudgy Monroe,
  And another shove to Lee,
And started to hustle them down the road
  In search of the nearest M.P.

And as poor old Pudgy wabbled along,
  As mournful as could be,
He started in to reason a bit
  With Curtis Augustus Lee:

"I don't like this idea of getting turned over to these military police," he whispered; "I don't trust them guys. I think we better tell this sergeant where the tractor is."

"Hell, no!" said Lee. "If we lose that tractor we lose the one thing that might help us get a good job somewhere. There must be other outfits that would want us and our machine."

(Continued on Page 124

Down from Canada came Tales of a

FOR years and years, visitors to Canada had come back with tales of a wonderful beverage—a ginger ale. They described its exquisite flavor . . . they told of drinking it in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . at the residence of the Governor-General . . . at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. "A 'dry' ginger ale," some said. "A bouquet like a rare old wine," was the comment of others. "A subtle ginger taste which is delightful and delicious," still others would add.

And friends would listen, smacking their lips, and ask, "Isn't there *some* way to buy this ginger ale in this country?" But the answer was always, "No."

Its marvelous flavor has won it world-wide approval

Finally, so insistent became the demand, that it was decided to open a branch office in the United States, and so, in 1922, "Canada Dry" was officially brought to this country. This was the beginning of a romantic commercial story.

Today—1929—"Canada Dry" is known the wide world over. It has the approving nod of connoisseurs—from New York to Paris, to Calcutta and Shanghai—the fame of "Canada Dry" literally encircles the world.

The hot sunlight beats down in the dry air of Cairo, and before you in a quaint shop window are piled the familiar green and gold bottles of "Canada Dry." . . . With a whoosh and bang the giant liner slams through the raging North Atlantic seas and in the smoking room American and Britisher sit over their bottles of "Canada Dry," trading tales of Empire against Empire, politics against politics, London against New York. . . . Before you lies the clear blue of the restless Pacific and as you sit on the veranda of the hotel which looks on the Bay of Monterey a waiter brings you "Canada Dry." . . . The click of switch points sounds in your ears as the crack 20-hour train speeds across the country towards Chicago, and there before you on the table of the dining-car is this

This is the convenient Hostess Package of 12 bottles. Buy "Canada Dry" this way and you always have plenty on hand . . . when unexpected guests run in . . . for the impromptu picnic . . . when you go motoring.

Wonderful Beverage

fine old ginger ale. . . . These are but a few places where "Canada Dry" is served.

In that delightful milieu of country house or place in town . . . among those people who want perfection . . . there, too, you will find "Canada Dry."

And it makes its quality quietly felt like the aristocrat it is

With that quiet assurance which precedes a successful dinner, the hostess gives one last glance at her table before the guests arrive. Silver winks in the candlelight. Dull sparkles of gold gleam from the china. A hundred repeated little reflections move brightly in the glassware. And in the serving pantry the "Canada Dry" is carefully packed in buckets of ice, cooling against the time when it will bubble crystal clear among its perfect surroundings.

You will find this fine old beverage in great hotels, too, and from one end of this country to the other countless homes serve "Canada Dry."

Such universal appeal as this must have some reason. And that reason is not far to seek, for the distinction and quality of this marvelous beverage begin with basic excellence.

Absolutely pure ingredients are used in "Canada Dry." High-quality Jamaica ginger contributes to its wonderful flavor. It is blended and balanced with care. Exact proportions prevail and hourly check-ups prevent variation from these proportions. A secret process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its sparkle long after the bottle is opened.

The purity of "Canada Dry" contributes to its distinction

Because of its purity, leading hospitals serve it and leading physicians prescribe it. In the witchery of its flavor, in the lure and subtlety of its bouquet, "Canada Dry" is indeed the champagne of ginger ales.

For Memorial Day

And whatever outing you plan over the holiday, take along "Canada Dry." Its keen vigor adds zest to the picnic. Its refreshing quality quenches your thirst. And remember that the Hostess Package of 12 bottles is a convenient way to carry it in your car.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

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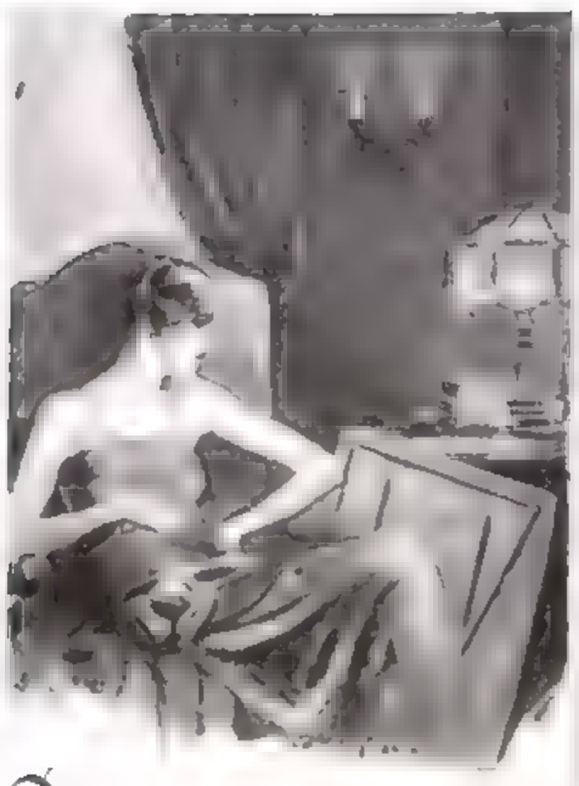

There's the Culprit that Ruined My Party

"YES, there's that infernal old folding table that had to break down and spill Mrs. Everett's salad all over her dress. Spoiled my party and embarrassed me almost to tears. I've threatened time and again to burn that old cripple—but I had to use it just once more and now see what it's done. Serves me right, perhaps, for trying to get by with cheap tables. The way I've hung on to them, one would think that folding tables were priceless. Well, I don't need this to happen twice to cure me. Tomorrow we get some new tables. I must ask Helen where she bought hers. They always are so sturdy and rigid—and they look so beautiful that it's a shame they have to be folded up and put away after a party. She said they weren't expensive, either. Seems to me the name was Carrom—yes, that's it and tomorrow we'll have some of our own."

The Carrom Company
LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN

Carrom
FOLDING TABLES
AND FOLDING CHAIRS TO MATCH
At Home With Fine Furniture

(Continued from Page 121)

"But how can we look for a job if this bozo turns us over to the M.P.'s?"

"Not so loud!" whispered Lee. "If we watch our chance, maybe we can give him the slip. Maybe we can get away."

"Suppose we can't?"

"We'll have to see what we can do. That's our only chance."

So, as long as there seemed to be no point
In arguing with Lee,
Pudgy began to consider just what
Their chance of escape might be.

He glanced at the sergeant who walked behind,
And he noticed the sergeant's gun,
And decided there was no use at all
In trying to break and run.

So he stopped and turned himself around,
Paying no attention to Lee,
And boldly started out to talk
And act independently.

"Sergeant," he announced, "if you want to know where that tractor is I'll show you."

"All right," said the sergeant. "Which way do we go?"

"We turn right around and go up the road the other way."

"Pudgy," said Lee, with horror in his voice, "you ain't going to give away our beautiful machine?"

"Sure I am."

"If you do, you'll be sorry. The first chance I get I'll beat your ugly face into a jelly. I'll ——"

"Shut up there, you!" said the sergeant.

Lee shut up.

"All right," said Pudgy. "Let's be on our way."

So they started up the road to the north,
And Lee didn't say any more;
He walked along with his head hanging down,
Mad and disgusted and sore.

They went on past the Madeleine Farm,
Till they saw, in the woods on their right,
The shape of old Gretchen looming up
In the fading evening light.

They crossed the ground where Battery B
Had had its camp that day;
It now was quiet, for Battery B
Had already marched away.

"Which one of you guys is going to drive this tractor?" asked the sergeant.

"I might as well," said Lee. "I'll get one last ride anyway."

So he cranked her up, and they all got aboard,
And he drove majestically
Along the road until they came
To the motorized battery.

And here they saw, through the gathering gloom,
And the twilight's misty gray,
That the outfit was limbered and out on the road,
And ready to move away.

They stopped by a big supply truck
For some extra gasoline;
Then they left the road and drove through the field,
And hitched their German machine

To the tractor whose crank shaft was broken;
And behind this they hitched a gun—
A great big split-trail G. P. F.
That weighed at least ten ton.

And Gretchen snorted, and Gretchen heaved,
And dragged that tremendous load
Slowly and steadily over the field
And out to the side of the road.

And then, as Lee threw out the clutch,
And idled the motor down,
The hard-boiled captain came striding up,
With his usual hard-boiled frown.

"Come down off that tractor," he commanded.

Pudgy and Lee came down.

"You two bums," he continued, "have brought in a machine that seems to be pretty good."

"It sure is," said Lee. "It's powerful and ——"

"Shut up," said the captain. "As I told you before, I have no authority to enlist you in my command. But I'm going to make you stay with us anyway. I want you to drive that tractor. In a week or two, as soon as I have time, I'll take it up with division headquarters and try to get you officially transferred. In the meantime you'll both be treated as regular members of this outfit. And that means you won't pull any more of that Smart Aleck stuff and you won't give me any more back-talk. Understand?"

"We do," said Lee.

"Then get to hell back on that tractor. The battery is moving right out. You'll follow that last truck there."

"I hope," said Pudgy to Lee as they climbed onto the seat—"I hope you ain't sore. In case you're hungry, here is some more of that hard-tack I stole. I hope you ain't still figuring on beating my face to jelly."

"Well," said Lee, "sometimes, just by accident, you seem to do something that turns out all right. Give me some of that food."

And they opened up the hard-tack,
And they each took a healthy bite,
And settling back on the wonderful cushions,
They rolled away through the night.

THE DARKEST HORSE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Give me a hand up, Gerald," he said. "Adele—Adele, so this is where you've led me!"

And then I knew what I had suspected—that there was a lady in the case. That was why Mr. Richard had come out in those boots and breeches.

"Adele," said Mr. Richard, "thank heaven, you can't see me now. That isn't a horse. He's a greased pig at the fair!"

"All right, sir," I said, and got him by the arm. "Here he is, sir. Get up on him again."

Mr. Richard wiped some mud from his face and looked at me and blinked his eyes. "Are you crazy?" he said.

"But you've got to get up on him again, sir," I told him. "When you get thrown you've got to get right on; especially when you're beginning, sir."

And that was the truth; as you know as well as I. It don't matter how many times you fall, as long as you mount again. But here's the odd thing about it—so odd I couldn't believe my eyes, so odd it hardly seems right to tell of it. Mr. Richard didn't want to mount.

For a second I couldn't believe it of Mr. Richard, having known him so long. Mr. Richard was afraid to get up on that hunter again. It gave me an odd sensation, for all at once I knew something I had never guessed before—that I was a better man than Mr. Richard; in one way, at any rate. One doesn't refuse to mount, you know, when one is able.

"Jerry," said Mr. Richard, and his face was white, "you come with me to the library. I want to talk to you. I guess you're right; I never will know horses."

I hate to say it; I hate to think of Mr. Richard acting up like that.

"Jerry," said Mr. Richard, and he opened a little cupboard in the wall, "will you have a drink?"

"No, thank you, sir," I said. "I never drink or smoke."

"Oh, so?" said Mr. Richard. "I'd forgotten about that. Well, you can sit down anyway."

Mr. Richard kept walking up and down the library, limping a bit, too, because he must have hurt himself when he went off.

"I'll bet," said Mr. Richard, "I know what you're thinking."

"Do you, sir?" I said.

"Cut out the 'sir' stuff," said Mr. Richard. "Nobody can hear us in here. You're thinking I'm ten different kinds of fool to buy a place here, where I don't know anybody and all anybody talks about is horses or drag hunts or fox hunts, and even the kids race little ponies."

"It's what I told you." I had to sigh when I said it. "You—you're not the kind, that's all."

"I wish you'd stop your croaking," said Mr. Richard.

Mr. Richard limped another turn around the library, and when he lighted his cigarette he made a face. Mr. Richard had bought the old Colonel McWilliams place, furniture and cellar. It was a fine place, an old brick house with wings and L's and dormers added. The library was books all to the ceiling, and where there weren't books were crops and whips and hunting prints. They were good ones, too, of hounds all in a white blanket across the fields, and of gentlemen in pink behind them. Mr. Richard had not changed anything in the library, so that it was odd to see him limping about among all those horsy articles that had belonged to someone else.

"Jerry," said Mr. Richard after a while, "I can talk to you more easily than I can to lots. We were in the same boat once."

I knew that he meant I was in the same boat still, now that he was in a different one. I shouldn't have minded if he had mounted up again out there in the paddock, but it made me hot under the collar then, it did.

"Jerry," said Mr. Richard, "have you ever been afraid of being poor? I've always hated poverty like poison. The fear of it used to be in my blood when I first knew you, Jerry. I used to wake up at night saying to myself, 'You mustn't be poor, Dick. You've got to run at the head of the bunch before you're through.' Perhaps you know how it gets, when you have something on your mind and you're lonely. I was thinking about it one night all alone in one of those jerk-water hotels in Texas, Jerry, while I was looking at pictures in the Sunday rotogravure section—only half looking. Then all at once I saw a girl looking at me out of the page. I must have had my eyes on her for a long while without noticing, but all at once her face came into my mind as though it had never been a picture. Have you ever done that, Jerry? Just seen a girl's face in a picture and then all at once felt you knew her? I can't describe it; it sounds as cheap as an illustrated song." Mr. Richard took another turn around the room, as though he couldn't sit still, and took another cigarette, throwing the one he was already smoking on the floor.

"And at that," said Mr. Richard, "it's like one song I know. Do you remember it?

"Never a word and never a look has passed between me and John;
He saw my face in a picture book with all of my best things on.

"When I saw her in that picture, it was like seeing stars—a million of 'em—up in the Milky Way. And I stood up and looked at the dirty paper on the wall and I said to myself—it sounds cheap, when I say it, but

Continued on Page 126

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Men have 3 Common scalp troubles . . .

If your scalp and hair are very dry (most men complain of this), use a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every day as a dressing in place of water.

If your hair is falling, give yourself a thorough massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic before each shampoo. Use the rotary motion of the fingers and massage till the scalp feels loose and tingly.

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PRACTICALLY every man you meet has one or more of three common scalp troubles—dry scalp, falling hair, or dandruff. Frequently they go together, or one results from the other. And the only way to bring about an improvement is to see to the health of your scalp.

Regular and frequent massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic will do a lot for an unhealthy scalp. It will cleanse and open the pores, free them from clogging impurities. It will normalize the flow of natural scalp oil which is essential to the life of the hair. And it will stimulate the blood circulation of the scalp and thus increase the food supply for the hair roots.

Get a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic today from any druggist. In two convenient sizes with a shaker type top. Use it and keep it up faithfully. You will see improvement.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG U S PAT OFF

(Continued from Page 124

it wasn't then—'Adele,' I said, 'you're the girl for me.'"

Right while he was speaking, Mr. Richard threw his second cigarette away and opened the drawer of the writing desk.

"Here, you can see her for yourself. There's the first picture, and there are all the rest."

There must have been a dozen pictures he handed me, all cut out of Sunday supplements and magazines. The first was a girl who couldn't have been more than rising fifteen, in one of those junior horse shows, putting her pony over a three-bar fence.

"Adele Miltoun," I read all in that flashy way that writers have—"Another generation of Miltouns clears the bars."

She was a good looker, dark and slender, with a thin face, something like Mr. Richard's, with such a look on it as Mr. Richard sometimes had — as though she'd take that fence if there was a twenty-foot drop below.

Then there were other pictures. There was one at Palm Beach and one at the polo match and one at the Grand National and lots of her in the saddle. There were pictures of her smiling, pictures of her looking annoyed that her picture was being taken, the way a real lady will look.

"No title good enough for her," one picture read. "Adele Miltoun, whose engagement to Lord Mountclyde is reported off." She was the girl to say a thing or two to Lord Mountclyde, as you could see. She had class to her, as they say down at the track; all nerve and mettle, even in a picture.

"Well," said Mr. Richard, "she lives five miles down the road. That's why I'm here."

That girl, without ever knowing, had driven Mr. Richard over the hedge, into where he was.

"Yes," said Mr. Richard, "that's why I'm here. I'm taking a shot at the moon. Everybody has to take a shot at something sometime."

"Have you ever seen her?" I said.

"No," said Mr. Richard, and laughed in a short way. "No one I've ever known till lately knows anyone like Adele. But she'll be at that drag hunt tomorrow."

So that was what he wanted, and Mr. Richard had thought it would be as easy as making money.

"Frankly," said Mr. Richard, "it isn't any cinch—getting to know this riding crowd -but they'll know me before I'm through. Mr. Van Tweed, whom I met downtown, got me asked. He won't be there himself, but he told me to ride to the club. That's how these things begin, and she'll be there."

"Dick," I said, "you can't ride in that drag hunt—never in the world."

Mr. Richard threw another cigarette on the floor, regardless of the rug. "Don't I know?" he asked, and set his teeth together.

Though it is hardly my place to say I was glad, it did please me to see Mr. Richard stumped for once. I didn't tell him, for it was not my place; but there was never a chance that anyone like Miss Adele Miltoun would look twice at the likes of him, no matter if the Royalls were all right. Though I did not know Miss Miltoun or any ladies and gentlemen at Mountain Pond, their kind had given me my bread and butter. No young lady like Miss Miltoun would say a civil word to Mr. Richard, if she had seen him in the paddock not half an hour before.

"Dick," I told him, "I'd forget about it if I was you."

"Yes," said Mr. Richard, "I know you would. But I'm going to show in that drag hunt tomorrow or I'll eat my hat. And that's where you horn in."

"What?" I said. "Me?"

"Jerry," said Mr. Richard, "you're new in this place. Do you know anybody here?"

"No," I said, not guessing what he meant.

"All right!" said Mr. Richard, and commenced to grin. "Then we'll take a chance."

"A chance on what?" I said.

"A chance on your riding instead of me," said Mr. Richard. "No one knows me either, except Mr. Van Tweed, and he won't be there."

"Who?" I said. "Me?" Something commenced to buzz in my ears and I felt very odd all over.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Richard. "Can't you do it?"

Couldn't I do it? Couldn't I jump a three-thousand-dollar hunter over a few fences with ladies and gentlemen —me, who had ridden after hunts since I was a kid and been a steeplechase jockey and exercised gentlemen's hunters for fifteen years over all sorts of country?

"Yes," I said, "I could do it."

"Well," said Mr. Richard, and his voice grew loud, as it always did when he got excited, "don't you see the point? You wear my clothes and ride in my place. No one will know the difference. The horse will be sent over to the club. I'll take you over in the car. When it's over you ride back to a mile from here, and I'll be waiting and you give me your coat. No one will know I didn't ride and, don't you see, it will give me the entrée here? I'll fix it so I won't have to ride again."

"So you want me to be you?" I said, still feeling very odd.

"Yes," said Mr. Richard, "that's exactly it."

"Dick," I said, and shook my head, "it wouldn't be right. It isn't my place. That's all."

"Oh, fiddlesticks with your place!" said Mr. Richard. "I'm giving you my place. You can do a favor for your friend, can't you? Jerry, I'm only asking you this once." Mr. Richard had a way with him, he had. Already I could feel myself giving in, though I didn't like it. But maybe, now, I did like it when all was said and done. It was a chance to ride like a gentleman and, perhaps, every stableman has wanted to ride as a gentleman just for once.

"I tell you," I said again, "it wouldn't be right."

"Dishwater!" said Mr. Richard. "I'll take the responsibility about its being right. Let's go upstairs and try my coat and breeches."

It appears to me, without knowing much about it, that anyone who gets on in the world makes use of others to do it. Mr. Richard had done so before, I have no doubt. He had done so, I know, with that gentleman Van Tweed, whose name he mentioned, and now he was doing it with me in a way that made me guess how he must have made his money.

Upstairs in Mr. Richard's dressing room, all circled with mirrors and clothes closets, I still was hot under the collar; for I knew it wasn't right, being cheating more than sportsmanship, even though Mr. Richard couldn't see it. His riding clothes, all of them new, fitted me wonderful, as though they had been made for me and not for him. Why, looking in the glass, I seemed like a first-class toff.

"Jerry," I said to myself, "you're better in 'em than he is, even if it isn't right for you to wear 'em."

"Why, hang it," said Mr. Richard, "it might as well be me, when you get up on that Sir Hubert plug tomorrow."

It wasn't right, Mr. Richard calling Sir Hubert a plug. I can shut my eyes right now and in front of me will come every horse I've ever rode, and I know their dams and sires. They seem clearer than the years I've lived, and Sir Hubert was as good as any of them. He came of both racing and hunting stock, which was his only trouble. When the run got started it was hard keeping Sir Hubert behind the hounds, and he hated heavy hands.

It was exactly the way Mr. Richard said—nobody knew either of us up at the Triple Oaks Club that morning. Sir Hubert had been hacked up there the day before and the club grooms had got him saddled.

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Art Metal
STEEL OFFICE EQUIPMENT

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Mr. Richard had carried matters further than I thought he would, since he had on a sort of chauffeur's uniform, and I was in a handsome woolly overcoat and riding crop and spurs.

The Triple Oaks Club was one of those long, low buildings that have every kind of outdoor sport—a golf course, a polo field, tennis courts, and I don't know what. Mr. Richard wasn't so used to such places as I was, and I could see him looking it up and down as he parked the car. Up by the clubhouse steps were two depot wagons full of hounds. The huntsman was mounted and the bag boy had already gone.

"Pull your cap over your eyes," said Mr. Richard. "And —— Jerry look!" At once he got a hold on my arm and I felt his hand was shaking. "There she is—on that big black horse."

Already a number of the ladies and gentlemen had mounted up, and I saw her. She was up on a thumping big Roman-nosed brute, thin as a whip, and dark, with high color in her face; saying a word now and then, neat and sharp.

"Gad," whispered Mr. Richard, "isn't she the finest ever?"

I don't know whether she was beautiful or not, but she was the kind who wouldn't pull or wait.

"Get out," I said. "And tell 'em to fetch Sir Hubert."

"Who?" said Mr. Richard. "Me?"

"Yes," I said, "you. Tell 'em to lead him out here to the car. I'm the gentleman today."

I don't know how it was, but my heart began to go thump, thump, for now I was started I felt I was exactly like all those toffs I'd ridden behind and looked at from the stable doors.

"Keep your hat over your eyes," whispered Mr. Richard. "I'll be waiting. Don't talk too much and nobody'll know."

We went down the road maybe a mile before we cut into a field. Everybody was chatting and laughing, but no one had a word for me, which was what you'd expect, being a perfect stranger. When once Miss Miltoun looked back over her shoulder I felt her dark eyes on me, cold and distant, and I pulled my cap over my face some more.

They threw in at a clump of woods and, knowing that the bag boy would come out the easiest way, I edged Sir Hubert out of the crowd, so that I was right up in front of them when the run began. Though it was only a drag hunt, my heart was thumping.

They may not have known me when I started, but they did before I'd finished; since it takes more than boots and money to make a rider. Though, mind you, it's the horse I'm thinking of all the time, so that I don't believe in skylarking, still I ride straight. First, we came to stone walls, and Sir Hubert took them easy; then a brook; then a couple of snake fences. The take-offs weren't so good at those fences, but they were good enough for him and me. We were out ahead of the poor ones right away.

We swung through an apple orchard and went splashing through a swamp, where I got a clod of mud in the face. You couldn't have told me from Mr. Richard after that. Then, pretty soon, who should I see right beside me but Miss Adele Miltoun. Since she was Mr. Richard's girl, I didn't want her near me, since she might find out. I didn't want her too near and I tried to draw away, but she was right beside me on that Roman nose. Pretty soon she smiled, white teeth and flashing eyes.

"Nice morning, isn't it?" she called.

I didn't answer, but gave Sir Hubert a touch of spur.

"Think you've got a horse, do you?" called Miss Miltoun.

I didn't answer, but tried to draw away; though I knew it wasn't manners. We were coming to a gate—the kind you open from the saddle. As I was drawing up, that girl went past me and cleared the gate as nice as could be.

"There!" she hollered to me. "Let's see you do that!"

I did it, though it wasn't right—going at such a gate when you could open it. And then we rode some more without either of us speaking; but she could ride, that girl could. It made me forget who I was and who she was, just to see her go. I don't know how, unless the hoof beats did it and the wind on my face, but it seemed that she and I were riding all alone. When we came up to the bag boy—she and I—it seemed to me that something fine was over. It was like the story where the rats pull away the pumpkin coach when the clock strikes twelve. I turned about fast, as though I was in a hurry, and started off for home; but it seemed to me that everyone was looking at me in a different way.

"Who was that?" It was her I heard asking.

"It's that Mr. Royall," someone said, "who bought the McWilliams farm."

And someone else said, though I wasn't meant to hear: "He's probably hurrying back to the telephone before the market opens."

"I don't care"—it was her voice again—"he's a rider just the same."

Back in the harness room I still seemed in a sort of haze, as though I was riding in a race.

"Jerry," I kept saying to myself, "you know it isn't right."

Yet I still seemed to be riding—I couldn't get it out of my head—with that thin dark girl on the right of me, with high color in her face and her teeth white as she smiled. Mr. Richard found me sitting all alone with Sir Hubert's bridle in my hand, and if you had asked me, I couldn't have told what I had been thinking. Exactly like a kid, Mr. Richard was, who gets a gold star at school.

"It worked!" said Mr. Richard, giving the door a slam.

"What worked?" I asked him.

"Jerry," said Mr. Richard, "you may be glum and you may not smoke or drink, but I'll never forget what you've done. Jerry, aren't you listening? The Miltouns have asked me to dinner. She—aren't you listening, Jerry?—she called up herself and asked me."

I don't know what I said. I'll never really know, for all at once it was as though the ground came up and hit me; for it was me she was asking to dinner that night. It was me she had called up on the telephone, not Mr. Richard Royall—in spite of his having bought a stable just to please her. I wondered what Mr. Richard would do when he found it out; for, as I said, it wasn't right.

The next morning, as soon as Mr. Richard sent for me, I knew that he'd found out, since Mr. Richard wasn't anybody's fool. I could tell, when he closed the library door, that his dinner wasn't all it might have been.

"Jerry," he asked, "what did you say to her yesterday?"

"I didn't say a word," I told him—which was true.

"You wouldn't," said Mr. Richard with a sort of groan. "You wouldn't drink or smoke."

"What's up now?" I asked him. But I knew what before he told me. Mr. Richard was taking on at a terrible rate, walking up and down that library and rumpling up his hair.

"Confound it!" groaned Mr. Richard. "Jerry, I didn't know it would be like this. I—I made love to her last night. I couldn't help it. She was—— Anyway, I couldn't help it and she let me. She let me because she thought that I was you."

Now wasn't that enough to give you a turn? I felt the floor go sort of soft under me; I felt my mouth go dry.

"Do you mind," I said—"do you mind if I sit down?" And I went blump into a chair as if somebody had hit me.

"I told her"—Mr. Richard sounded all hoarse and broken—"I told her about the pictures. I told her about everything, but

(Continued on Page 130)

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RUSCO
BRAKE LINING

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she didn't care for that. No, by thunder, she didn't care. All she cared for was the way I rode and why she'd never seen me out before. All she cared for was horses—those confounded horses! And she's coming to tea this afternoon to see Sir Hubert. Confound it, Jerry; I'm mad about her. I can't eat or sleep; and it isn't me, it's you. After everything I've done, it isn't me, it's you."

There wasn't anything that I could say. He didn't want to be me and I couldn't blame him.

"Don't take on so, Dick," I said. "Maybe she won't find it out."

"Don't make me laugh!" said Mr. Richard. He certainly didn't look as though I was going to make him laugh. "You haven't heard the whole of it. They're going to have a steeplechase at the county fair next week and she asked me if I'd enter. She said I'd beat 'em all."

I got up out of my chair. I really felt sorry for Mr. Richard then.

"You didn't say you would?" I asked him.

"Yes," said Mr. Richard with a groan. "I bluffed it all the way. I guess—I guess I'm used to bluffing."

I couldn't help him, for what was there to do?

"You better tell her, Dick," I said. "If you don't, she'll soon know."

Mr. Richard gave another groan and sat down with his head between his hands.

"Yes," said Mr. Richard after a while, "you're right, Jerry. I'll have to tell her this afternoon; though I don't know how I can."

"Why can't you?" I asked. "You've only gotta speak."

"Because"—he looked up at me and his face was white—"because," he said, "I love her so."

She came walking down to the stable, cool and quick, with Mr. Richard right beside her. I've known lots of ladies in my business, and she was the best sort—the quiet kind that know what they are talking about and that don't squeal and laugh and clap their hands when they walk between the stalls. Her head was straight up and her chin out, as she looked this way and that, quick and sharp, with now and then a word and a smile. I was glad the boys had everything fixed right up to the nines, because she knew what was what. The horses knew it, too; for they knew best of all.

"This is Jerry Hobbs," Mr. Richard said. "He's my head groom, you know."

"Hullo!" she said, and looked square at me as a man might, and put out her hand like a man. "Hullo!" she said. "Didn't you ride in the Belfair Handicap?"

"Yes'm," I said. "I did before the war."

"I remember," she said. She was the kind who remembered about the horses, though she could have been only a kid back then.

"Wouldn't you have finished better if you had used the whip?" she asked. Yes, sir, she even remembered that.

"No, ma'am," I said. "He didn't have a jump left in him. There's no use going to the bat, ma'am, when they're all through."

"You're lucky to be working for a real horseman," said Miss Miltoun. "There're not many of them now." She looked at Mr. Richard and smiled the way she had at me the other morning.

"No, ma'am," I said, "there're not many of them now." She looked at Sir Hubert, quick and hard, and put her hand up on his muzzle. "He's looking well," she said. "Will he be ready Saturday?"

"Yes'm," I told her, "he'll be ready."

"Good!" she said, and she looked back at Mr. Richard, quick and sharp. "You won't have any difficulty. I'm sick of all these stockbrokers here who think that they can ride."

"Yes," said Mr. Richard, "when you come right down to it, I'm rather sick of them too."

"All talk," said Miss Miltoun, "and nobody ever does anything. That's true, isn't it, Jerry Hobbs?"

Then they walked out of the stable, side by side. Although their backs were to me, I could tell that she cared for Mr. Richard; though I couldn't tell how I knew.

"Jerry Hobbs," I said to myself, "you're the one who made her care. It isn't him, it's you." Somehow I was ashamed at myself, which made me hotter against Mr. Richard because he hadn't told her. He hadn't the nerve—that was the in and out of it—any more than he had nerve with horses.

"So you didn't tell her?" I said to him. I walked right up to the house, asking for a word with him.

"No," said Mr. Richard, "I didn't."

"Well, you should have," I said to him, sharp, just like that.

Mr. Richard took a turn around the room. Then I didn't say anything more; he must have known what I was thinking.

"Jerry," he said, "I wish you wouldn't be such a preacher. Don't you see it's tough enough without your coming here to lecture me? She's going to find it out, but I'd rather see it through."

Not knowing what he meant, I only stood and looked at him.

"Yes," said Mr. Richard, "if you start out on a play, you've got to play it. I'll have to ride at that county fair, that's all."

"Who?" I said. "You? Because I won't."

"Yes," said Mr. Richard, "me. And now run along, Jerry. You'll have your fun when you see me. Run along. I'm going to dinner again at the Miltouns'."

That was all he said, but I could understand it. It was his way of apologizing to her and of apologizing to me for what he'd done; it was his way of letting everything go up in smoke.

"You can't get away with it," I said.

"No," he said, "I know I can't." Then he slapped me on the shoulder, as he did sometimes in the old days. "Jerry," he said, "I wish that you were me. You're straight and honest, Jerry. You're the one who ought to be trying to marry her. The world's a dreadful mess." Then he began to whistle between his teeth as he went up to his dressing room upstairs.

Those county fairs are never much for racing, nor was that one at Mountain Pond much different. The steeplechase would have been more of an exhibition than a race if the ladies and gentlemen at Mountain Pond had not put up side bets on it. It was awful the way they started putting up great rolls of money that should have gone somewhere else. Miss Miltoun was in it, too, laying money on Sir Hubert. Even the stable boys commenced putting their wages up by the time the horses were going to the post.

Even if Mr. Richard hadn't mounted after he'd been thrown off that time, I was sorry for him just the same when it came time to start. When he came down to the paddock after weighing in—they did it all in style at that county fair—he was looking white around the gills. He was up against something that he couldn't beat at last. Miss Adele was with him, which didn't help it any, since he had to look pleased as paint and try to laugh and talk.

Sir Hubert knew what was coming when I put the saddle on him, being of racing stock, the way I said. All the noise and all the crowd were getting to Sir Hubert like a shot of dope, making him toss and weave around the stall.

"He couldn't be better," said Miss Miltoun, and smiled at me that quick, bright smile. "Do you wish you were riding, Jerry?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "I certainly wish I was."

"Perhaps Mr. Royall will let you. Will you, Dick?" said Miss Miltoun. I hated to look at Mr. Richard, but I had to hand it to him for what he said. He gave a laugh which really sounded as though he was laughing.

"No, Adele," he said, "you might fall in love with Jerry if you saw him ride."

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The little old schoolhouse where Nathan Hale taught

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At the Sign of the Boiling Water Test

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR FINISHES
WATERPROOF — WEARPROOF — WEATHERPROOF

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"I've seen him," said Miss Miltoun. She looked at me again and smiled in a way that made me feel very odd.

"Adele," said Mr. Richard, "you better go up to the stands if you're going to see the fun. Good-by, Adele."

"Why all this?" she said. "I'll see you in the next ten minutes."

"Just a fashion of speech," said Mr. Richard. "Just an eccentricity of mine." Mr. Richard pulled off his coat, dropping it on the straw; he was always careless with his clothes that way. Then he rolled up his sleeves and looked at me like someone on a boat who is trying not to look seasick.

"Did you see those jumps?" said Mr. Richard. "They're as high as the Singer Tower."

"They ain't so bad," I said, trying to cheer him up, "if you dig your knees in and keep your backbone limp."

"Yes, I know. Jerry, do you know that I'd give every cent of money I ever made to be in your shoes for half an hour?"

It made me feel better when he said that. I got him up in the saddle and handed him a whip. He looked dreadful up there—like a bag of meal.

"Dick," I said all at once. "You let me ride him, Dick? Go and tell her that you've changed your mind."

"Jerry," said Mr. Richard, "don't tempt me any more. Get ready to brush up the pieces."

I wished I didn't have to see it; I always have hated to see a bad rider on a good horse anyway, but this was a whole lot worse. Mr. Richard was in a blue funk when he was up on Sir Hubert; so that I hated to look at him. Honest, it was all Mr. Richard could do to stick on Sir Hubert when the band began to play out by the post and Sir Hubert was only just acting up the way a high-keyed horse will act before the race. There were five other entries, but you could spot Sir Hubert just by the sloppy way Mr. Richard was handling him.

I couldn't help but wonder what Miss Adele must have been thinking. He was making a holy show of himself, right in front of everybody. People were commencing to look at him and laugh. His elbows were flapping out like a bird learning to fly, and once when Sir Hubert gave a little start, he had to grab ahold of his neck. The boys commenced to giggle down by the fence at the curve.

"I thought your boss knew how to ride!" said a kid from the Miltouns' stables. "He's as yellow as a gold-filled watch."

"Shut your mouth!" I said, and I'd have shut it for him if the ponies hadn't started.

It was none of Mr. Richard's doing that Sir Hubert got off with the bunch; rather it was Sir Hubert's racing blood that set him going down to the first jump, as if a real man was on him. How Mr. Richard remained for the first jump, I don't know. He was all twisted over Sir Hubert's neck when he landed, but he straightened up and went on to the second. The second—one of those fake stone walls—Sir Hubert took as pretty as a bird, but two jumps were enough for Mr. Richard. He took a swan dive over Sir Hubert's head and rolled over twice. Then it was rather odd what happened. Sir Hubert sort of stopped, since he wasn't used to riders pitching off, and though I couldn't believe it, Mr. Richard got right up and grabbed his reins. I heard myself give a yell when Mr. Richard got up again.

Though Mr. Richard was a mess, he mounted and made for that third jump, fifty yards behind the field. Now that's all that matters—to get up and ride again. As I began to look out toward that third jump I felt better all over; a weight was lifted off me, for all at once I knew that Mr. Richard had the right stuff in him, even if he couldn't ride—and I hadn't known before.

The third jump finished him all right. Mr. Richard went off, half mixed up in Sir Hubert's legs; not even falling right and proper. And when Sir Hubert jumped away, Mr. Richard didn't get up again. I was the one who ran and got him and dragged him off the track. Some others came up and eased him into a blanket.

"Jerry," said Mr. Richard when he came to and I was sponging off his face, "that tears it. Take me home. And, Jerry, you go and tell her. Tell her I busted something or I'd be there myself."

And I told him "yes," and I was that upset that I told him one thing more after I helped him into his car and we moved off toward home.

"Dick," I said—I suppose I'm simple, for I was crying like a kid—"I never thought you'd get up on him after you got spilled off. Why didn't you do it the other time?"

"What other time?" he asked.

"Out in the paddock," I told him, "when you got spilled off."

"Oh, that!" he said. "You must have seen I didn't have the nerve."

"Who?" I said. "You?"

"Yes," he said, "me. I didn't have to climb back on that horse in the paddock. I had to here. I'm as yellow as they make them, Jerry. When you go to see her, tell her that. All horses are like greased pigs at county fairs. It doesn't take any courage to do what you have to do."

"Dick," I said, and put a coat over him, "I guess all I know is horses."

That was how I went up to the Miltouns', driven right up to the front door in Mr. Richard's car.

"She'll see you in a minute, sir," the butler said.

Fancy that! The butler didn't spot me.

She came into the parlor as fresh as a daisy. "Hullo," she said, "Hullo, there, Jerry Hobbs." She smiled at me in that quick way she had, and held out her hand exactly like a man.

"I hear he'll be as right as rain," she said. "I've just been calling up."

"Yes, miss," I told her, "he just got a busted collar bone and came down on his head."

"And what's a busted collar bone?" she said. "We all of us get one sometime."

"Miss," I said, "there's something he wanted me to tell you."

And I told her about the drag hunt and about everything there was. It seemed to me odd that she didn't look surprised.

"Oh," she said, "is that all! I knew that it was you."

There must have been something odd in the way I looked at her, for she commenced to smile.

"Jerry Hobbs," she said, "I'm not a fool. I can tell in two minutes when a man doesn't know horses. Any idiot can; you know that. But he's rather a dear, isn't he?" And she smiled at me again.

"Who?" I asked her. "Him?"

"Yes, him," she said. "He went through it rather nicely and I gave him a chance to back out."

"Oh, Mr. Richard," I told her, "he's a sweet one, he is, miss. It don't take no nerve to do what you have to do. He told me to tell you that."

"Yes," said Miss Adele, "he's a sweet one, Jerry Hobbs. At any rate he's sweet enough for me, but isn't he dreadful on a horse? If there's any more riding, you and I are the ones who'll have to do it."

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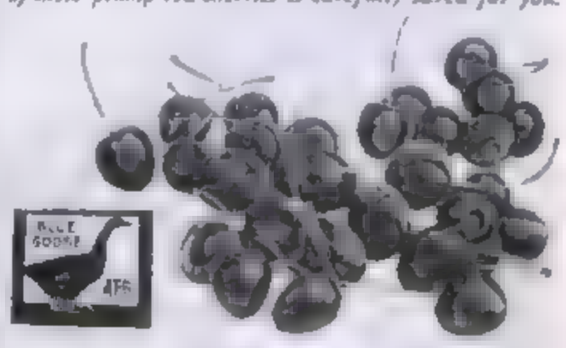

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THE BLACK CAMEL

(Continued from Page 29

"No, you don't," the actor agreed. "I was in the same room with you. You'll remember I looked at my watch and remarked that it was eight o'clock, and that I was toddling along down here. At two minutes past the hour I was still where you could see me, if you cared to avail yourself of the privilege."

"You came to this house immediately?"

"Yes, I walked. Exercise—that's how I keep in trim. I got here about 8:15. Jessop let me in, we had a little chat, and at about 8:20 I joined Mrs. Ballou on the beach, as you've already heard."

Jimmy Bradshaw returned. "I got that man Fyfe at the theater," he announced. "My news just about bowled the poor fellow over. He said he would be through after the second act and would come right along."

"Thank you most warmly," Chan nodded. "You have most helpful nature." He turned to Martino. "You are what they call a director, I think."

"Yes, they call me that," replied Martino grimly. "Among other things."

"You have been engaged in this work a long time?"

"Not very long. I was formerly an actor on the English stage. Got interested in the pictures, you know, and eventually went to Hollywood."

"Could you mention date of arrival?"

"Surely. I landed there two years ago last March."

"At that date you saw the place for the first time?"

"Yes, of course."

Charlie nodded. "With regard to this evening, I can also omit to ask from you your exact location at two minutes past eight."

"Naturally. I was with you and these other chaps at the hotel. As I believe I told you, when I left you just after eight o'clock I went with Mr. Jaynes onto the terrace. I tried to calm him a bit, but he broke away and wandered down the beach. I sat there on the beach walk for some twenty-five minutes, admiring the set. When I saw you again, I had just been upstairs to get my hat, intending to come down here."

Charlie looked over at Alan Jaynes, nervously smoking his small cigar in a distant corner. "Mr. Jaynes," he said.

The Britisher rose and approached him, consulting his watch as he did so. "Yes?" he remarked.

Charlie regarded him gravely. "You are, I believe, one of the people who suffer most from this death tonight?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"It is reported that you loved Shelah Fane."

"Reported—by whom?" The man looked angrily at Tarneverro.

"No matter," said Chan. "You had asked her to marry you?"

"I had."

"Then you loved her?"

"Look here, must you make a public inquisition of this?"

"So sorry. It is, I perceive, somewhat indiscreet on my part. Mr. Bradshaw has told me you were in this room at 7:40 tonight."

"I was. I had come to dinner."

"And to have, first of all, a private conversation with Miss Fane?"

"Yes. But the nature of that conversation is none of your business."

Charlie smiled. "Alas, I know so much that is none of my business. You ask for her final decision in the matter of marriage. She rejects you, and you suspect Mr. Tarneverro here is responsible for the action. You tramp angrily back to hotel, seeking to make quarrel with this same Tarneverro. So, at two minutes past eight you stand in hotel lounge, glowering. Which, dear sir, is fortunate affair for you."

"I take it," Jaynes said, "that you have fixed the moment of this—this murder at two minutes after eight?"

"I have," Chan replied.

Jaynes tossed his cigar into an ash tray with a gesture of deep relief. "Thank God for that. Have you any more questions?"

"You saw Miss Fane for final time when you left this room at about fifteen minutes before eight?"

"That was the last time I saw her, yes."

"Then you did not return here between 8:05 and 8:35?"

"I did not."

"Have you ever been in Hollywood, Mr. Jaynes?"

The Britisher laughed bitterly. "I have not, and I'm not likely to go there."

"That is all, sir," Chan nodded.

"Thank you. I'll say good-by. I happen to be sailing on the Oceanic at midnight."

Charlie looked at him in sudden surprise. "You are leaving Hawaii tonight?"

"I am."

The detective shrugged. "I am so sorry to disappoint you. It is impossible."

"Why should it be?" Jaynes demanded.

"You are somewhat deeply involved in this affair."

"But you say you've fixed the moment of the murder, and at that moment I was standing in your presence. It's a perfect alibi."

"Perfect alibis have way of turning imperfect without warning," Charlie informed him. "I regret that I cannot allow you to sail. The Oceanic will be carefully watched, and no one connected with this affair will be permitted to leave the island aboard her. Or on any other ship, for the present."

An angry flush spread over the Britisher's face. "On what grounds do you keep me here?"

"As an important witness in present case," Chan replied. "I will go to extreme length of swearing out warrant, if necessary."

"I can at least go back to the hotel," Jaynes suggested.

"When I permit it," Charlie said gently. "Meanwhile, I hope you will find for yourself a comfortable chair."

Jaynes glared at him, then receded into the background. The doorbell rang and Jessop admitted two men. One was a tall, angular American with a deputy sheriff's badge, the other a small, anxious-looking Japanese.

"Ah, Mr. Coroner," Chan greeted the deputy, who doubled in that rôle. "And Kashimo. As usual, Kashimo, you are demon for speed to get on job. Is it too much to assume that you arrive here with horse and carriage?"

The deputy spoke. "They sent him to fetch me, and he finally managed it. Where did this thing happen, Charlie?"

"In a moment I lead you to the place," Charlie said.

"Maybe I search house," suggested Kashimo eagerly.

Chan regarded him sadly. "It would appear that there was great shortage of detectives at station house tonight," he said. "No, Mr. Kashimo, please do not search house—at least, not until somebody tells you what you are searching for." He turned to the deputy. "If you will follow me ——"

Diana Dixon came into the room. She wore a white evening gown, and her elaborate make-up was sufficient explanation of the long delay in her appearance. Chan looked at her with interest.

"Here is someone about whom I have not heard before," he said.

"Who in the world ——" began Diana, staring at him.

"Do not be alarmed," smiled Charlie. "I am Inspector Chan, of Honolulu police. You are in Hawaii now."

"Oh, I see," she answered.

"Your name, please?" She gave it. "You are guest in house, perhaps?"

"I am. Miss Fane was kind enough to take me in. You know, I've just come up from the South Seas with her. I acted in her last picture."

"An actress," nodded Chan. "I find myself dazzled by so much fame and beauty. All the same, I collect myself to inquire what have you been engaged in doing this evening?"

"Why, I've been in swimming," she told him.

"When did you last see Miss Fane?"

"When I went upstairs to put on my bathing suit; I don't know what time that was. Mr. Bradshaw had just come, and Miss Julie and he and I went up to change. We left Miss Fane standing here in the hall. Someone was ringing the doorbell."

"You came down and entered the water with these young people?"

"Oh, no; it took me a lot longer to change. It was eight o'clock when I was finally ready. I noticed the clock on my dressing table just before I left my room. I'd no idea it was so late, so I hurried down."

"You did not see Miss Fane?"

"No, I didn't. This room was empty when I came through it. I crossed the *lanai* and stepped out onto the lawn."

"At a little time past eight?"

"Yes, it must have been three or four minutes past the hour. As I ran over the lawn, I saw a man come hurriedly away from the pavilion."

"You saw a man leaving the pavilion? Who was he?"

"I don't know. I couldn't see his face. I thought he was one of the guests and I shouted hello. But he didn't answer."

"You are unable to describe him?" Chan asked.

"Not his face—that was in shadow, as I told you. But he was wearing a coat—an overcoat. I thought it odd on a night like this. The coat was open, and a streak of light from the kitchen window fell on his shirt front. He was dressed in evening clothes, you see, and across his white shirt ——" Suddenly she turned pale and sat down weakly in the nearest chair. "I never thought of it before!" she cried.

"You never thought of what before?" Charlie prompted.

"That stain on his shirt—that long, narrow, bright red stain!" she gasped. "It—it must have been blood!"

VI

FOR a moment, stunned by the picture Miss Dixon's words presented, the assemblage was silent. Then a low murmur, a buzz of amazed comment, filled the room. Charlie Chan stood looking at his newest witness speculatively, as though he asked himself whether her statement could possibly be true.

"Most interesting," he said at last. "There has been, then, on these grounds tonight, a gentleman whose presence was up to this moment unsuspected by me. Whether or not he carried blood-soaked shirt bosom ——"

"But I tell you I saw it," the girl protested.

Chan shrugged. "Perhaps. Oh, most humble pardon; I do not question your truth. I merely mention overwrought nerves or maybe optic illusion. You must excuse if I say I might admit murderer would be so clumsy at his work as to inundate himself, but reason totters on pedestal to add that such a man would rush from scene of crime with coat flapping open on his error. Rather I would picture him with garment wrapped close to hide away this crimson evidence. But what does it matter? We must at any rate pursue thought of man with overcoat. The idea in itself presents portrait of queer human being. Overcoat in smiling tropics, even over evening dress, is unaccustomed garb." He turned to Julie. "And what, please, is name of manservant in this house?"

"You mean Jessop?" she inquired.

"I mean the butler. Will you summon him—if I am not getting too obnoxious?"

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Julie went into the hall, and Charlie turned to the deputy sheriff. "I find it impossible to accompany you to scene of crime just yet. Same took place in small beach house at right of lawn—please accept this key. You may begin examination and I will join you when I have interrogated servants here."

"Did you find the weapon, Charlie?" asked the coroner.

"I did not. That was, I think, carried off by the assailant. He was person, you will find, who had wits in good control." Charlie turned to the Japanese. "Kashimo, you may enjoy yourself by keen observation of the neighborhood. But if you repeat one former performance and spoil any footprints for me, I will at once arrange for you to return to former position as janitor of fish market."

The coroner and the little Japanese went out. At the same moment Jessop held open the curtains and followed Julie into the room. The butler was pale and agitated.

"The name is Jessop?" Charlie inquired.

"Yes—ah—sir."

"You understand who it is that I am?"

"I take it you represent the local constabulary, sir."

Chan grinned. "If it will help you to endure society of person like me, Jessop, I offer statement that my humble efforts on one occasion met with the complete approval of a gentleman from Scotland Yard."

"Really, sir?" answered Jessop. "The memory must be most gratifying to you."

"It is, indeed. How long is it now that you have been Miss Fane's butler?"

"Two years, sir."

"You were in Hollywood before that, maybe?"

"For about eighteen months, I was."

"A butler, always?"

"Always a butler, sir. I had a number of berths before I went with Miss Fane. I am bound to say that I was unhappy in all of them."

"The work was, perhaps, too difficult?"

"Not at all, sir. I objected to the familiarity of my employers. There is a certain reserve that should exist between servant and master. I found that lacking. The ladies I worked for would often weep in my presence and tell me stories of unrequited love. The gentlemen who engaged me were inclined to treat me like some long-lost brother. One in particular was accustomed to address me as 'old pal,' and when a bit under the influence, would embrace me in the presence of guests. A man has his dignity, sir."

"It has been well said, without dignity there can be no stature," Charlie assured him. "You found Miss Fane of a different type?"

"I did indeed, sir. A lady who knew her place as I knew mine. There was never any undue informality in her treatment of me."

"Relations were, then, of the happiest?"

"That they were. I should like to add that I am quite heartbroken by this evening's business, sir."

"Ah, yes, coming to this evening—did any of the gentlemen whom you admitted here tonight wear an overcoat, Jessop?"

"An overcoat, sir?" Jessop's white eyebrows went up.

"Yes. With dinner costume, you understand."

"No, sir," replied Jessop firmly. "No such gaucherie of dress was evident, constable."

Chan smiled. "Kindly look about the room. Do you recall admitting any visitor with exception of those now visible to your view?"

"No, sir," returned Jessop, surveying the party.

"Thank you. When did you last see Miss Fane?"

"It was in this room, at about twenty minutes after seven, when I brought her a box of flowers. I heard her voice after that, but I did not see her."

"Please detail your activities from hour of twenty minutes past seven onward," Chan requested.

"I was engaged with my duties, sir, in the dining room and the kitchen. I may add that it has been a rather trying evening in my department. The Chinese cook has exhibited all the worst qualities of a heathen race—I'm sure I beg your pardon."

"A heathen race," repeated Charlie gravely, "that was busy inventing the art of printing at moment when gentlemen in Great Britain were still beating one another over head with spiked clubs. Pray excuse this brief reference to history. The cook has been in uproar?"

"Yes, constable. He has proved himself sorely deficient in that patience for which his people have long been noted. Then, too, the—er—the bootlegger, to use one of your—or their—American phrases, has been unforgivably late."

"Ah, you already possess bootlegger?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Fane was a temperate woman herself, but she knew her duties as a hostess. So Wu Kno-ching, the cook, arranged with a friend to deliver a bit of liquor just out of the laboratory, and a wine of the most recent vintage."

"I am deeply shocked," Chan replied. "Wu's friend was late?"

"He was indeed, sir. As I say, I was busy with my duties from the moment I gave Miss Fane the flowers. At two minutes past eight ——"

"Why do you make selection of two minutes past eight?"

"I could not help but overhear your questions to these others, sir. At that moment I was in the kitchen ——"

"Alone?"

"No, sir. Wu was there, of course. And Anna, the maid, had dropped in for a cup of tea to sustain her until dinner. I called Wu's attention to the fact that it was already past eight o'clock, and we had a few words about the bootlegger's tardiness. The three of us remained there together until ten after eight, when Wu's friend made a rather sheepish appearance, and I immediately set about to do what I could with the ingredients he brought. At fifteen past eight I came out to admit Mr. Van Horn. From that point on I was in and out of this room, sir, but I did not leave the house until I went to the beach and sounded the dinner gong."

"I am obliged to you for a most complete account," Charlie nodded. "That is all, Jessop."

The butler hesitated. "There is one other matter, constable."

"Ah, yes. What is that?"

"I do not know whether or not it has any significance, sir, but it came back to me when I heard this terrible news. There is a small library upstairs, and today, when I had cleared away the luncheon things, I went in there to secure a book, planning to take it to my room as a recreation during my siesta. I came suddenly upon Miss Fane. She was looking at a photograph and weeping most bitterly, sir."

"A photograph of whom?"

"That I couldn't say, sir, save that it was of some gentleman. She held it so I could not obtain a better view of the face, and hurriedly left the room. All I can tell you is that it was a rather large photograph, and was mounted on a mat that was Nile green in color."

Chan nodded. "Thank you so much. Will you be kind enough to dispatch heathen cook into my presence, Jessop?"

"I will indeed, sir," replied Jessop, and withdrew.

Charlie looked about the circle. "The matter lengthens itself out," he remarked kindly. "I observe beyond windows a cool *lanai* crowded with nice Hong-kong chairs. Any who wish to do so may stroll to more airy perch. One thing only I ask: Please do not leave these grounds."

There followed a general movement, and amid a low buzz of comment all save Bradshaw, Julie, Tarneverro and Chan went out onto the dim *lanai*. The fortune teller looked keenly at Charlie.

"What have you accomplished?" he wanted to know.

Charlie shrugged. "Up to the present moment I seem to have been setting off fireworks in the rain."

"That's precisely what I thought," Tarneverro said impatiently.

"Do not lose heart," Chan advised. "Changing the figure, I might add that to dig up the tree, we must start with the root. All this digging is routine matter that does not fascinate, but at any moment we may strike root of vital importance."

"I sincerely hope so," Tarneverro remarked.

"Oh, you trust Charlie," Bradshaw said. "One of Honolulu's first citizens, he is. He'll get his man."

Wu Kno-ching came in, mumbling to himself, and Charlie addressed him sharply in Cantonese. Looking at him with sleepy eyes, Wu replied at some length.

The high-pitched, singsong exchange of words between these two representatives of the oldest civilized nation in the world grew faster and louder, and on Wu's part, seemingly more impassioned. The three outsiders stood there deeply interested; it was like a play in some dead language; they could not understand the lines, but they were conscious of a strong current of drama underneath. Once Chan, who had up to that point been seemingly uninterested, lifted his head like a bird dog on the scent. He went closer to the old man and seized his arm. One recognizable word in Wu's conversation occurred again and again. He mentioned the "bootleggah."

Finally, with a shrug, Chan turned away.

"What's he say, Charlie?" asked Bradshaw eagerly.

"He knows nothing," Chan answered.

"What was all that about the bootlegger?"

Charlie gave the boy a keen look. "The tongue of age speaks with accumulated wisdom, and is heard gladly, but the tongue of youth should save its strength," he remarked.

"Yours received and contents noted," smiled the boy.

Chan turned to Julie. "You have spoken of Miss Fane's maid. She alone remains to be interviewed. Will you be so good as to produce her?"

Julie nodded and went out. Wu Kno-ching still lingered at the door, and now he burst into a tirade, with appropriate gestures. Charlie listened for a moment and then shooed the old man from the room.

"Wu complains that no one eats his dinner," he smiled. "He is great artist who lacks appreciation, and his ancient heart cracks with rage."

"Well," remarked Jimmy Bradshaw, "I suppose it's an unfeeling thing to say, but I could put away a little of his handiwork."

Chan nodded. "I have thought of that. Later, perhaps. Why not? Do the dead gain if the living starve?"

Julie returned, followed by Anna, the maid. The latter was a dark, thin woman who moved with a rather graceful step.

"The name, please?" Chan inquired.

"Anna Roddick," she answered. There was just a trace of defiance in her tone.

"You have been with Miss Shelah Fane how long?"

"Something like a year and a half, sir."

"I see. Before that you were perhaps employed elsewhere in Hollywood?"

"No, sir, I was not. I went with Miss Fane the day after my arrival there, and I have never been employed by anyone else in the picture colony."

"How did you happen to go to California, please?"

"I was in service in England, and a friend wrote me of the higher wages that prevailed in the States."

"Your relations with Miss Fane—they were pleasant?"

"Naturally, sir, or I wouldn't have remained with her. There were many other positions available."

"Did she ever admit you into her confidence regarding personal affairs?"

"No, sir, she did not. It was one of the things I liked about her."

"When did you last see your mistress?"

"It was not quite 7:30. I was about to go down to the kitchen for a cup of tea, for I saw that my dinner was likely to be long delayed. Miss Fane came to her room—I was in the one adjoining. She called to me and said she wanted a pin for some orchids she had in her hand. I went and got it for her."

"Kindly describe the pin."

"It was a rather delicate affair, set with diamonds. About two inches long, I should say. I fastened the flowers to the shoulder strap of her gown."

"Did she remark about those flowers?" Charlie inquired.

"She said they were sent to her by someone of whom she was once very fond. She seemed a bit excited."

"What happened next?"

"She sat down at the telephone," Anna told him. "There is an extension in her room. She looked up a number in the telephone book and then busied herself with the dial, sir."

"Maybe you heard subsequent conversation?" Chan suggested.

"I am not accustomed to spying, sir. I left her at once and went down to the kitchen."

"You were in the kitchen at two minutes past eight?"

"Yes, sir. I recall the hour because there was a great deal of talk between Jessop and the cook about the bootlegger."

"You were still in the kitchen when this bootlegger came, at ten minutes past eight?"

"I was, sir. A little later I went back to my room."

"You did not see your mistress again?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"One other thing." Chan looked at her thoughtfully. "Kindly speak of her manner during the day. Was it same as always?"

"I noticed nothing unusual."

"You did not note that she was seen with a portrait—the portrait of a gentleman—during the afternoon?"

"I was not here this afternoon. It was our first day ashore and Miss Fane kindly gave me a few hours off."

"Have you ever seen, among Miss Fane's possessions, portrait of gentleman mounted on Nile green mat?"

"Miss Fane always carried with her a large portfolio, containing many pictures of her friends. It may be such a one is among them."

"But you never saw it?"

"I have never opened the portfolio. That would seem too much like prying—if I may say so, sir."

"Do you know where portfolio is now?" Charlie asked.

"I believe it is lying on a table in her room. Shall I fetch it for you?"

"A little later, perhaps. Just now I would inquire—you are familiar with jewelry usually worn by Miss Fane on occasion of evening party? Aside from diamond pin fastening orchids, I mean?"

"I think so, sir."

"Will you come with me, please?"

Leaving the others in the drawing-room, he led the maid across the moonlit lawn in the direction of the pavilion. They went in, and Anna lost her composure for a moment at sight of Shelah Fane. She gave a strangled little cry.

"Kindly conduct thorough search," Chan said to her, "and inform me if all jewelry is at present time in place."

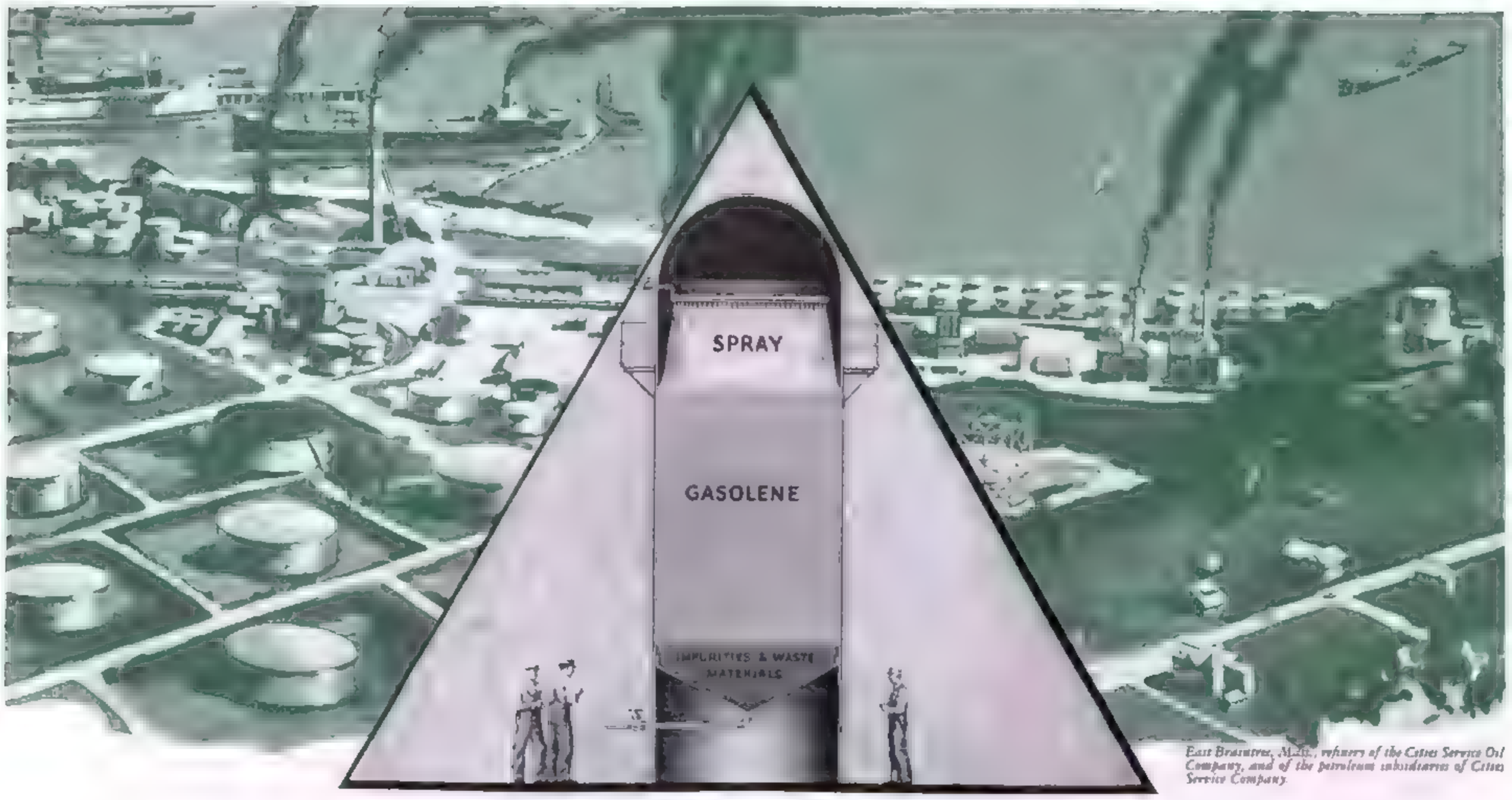
Anna nodded without speaking. The coroner came over to greet Chan.

"I've made my examination," he said. "This is a pretty big thing, Charlie. I'd better send somebody to help you out."

Chan smiled. "I have Kashimo," he answered. "What more could any man ask? Tell chief I will report entire matter to him at earliest convenience." They stepped onto the *lanai* of the pavilion, and at the same moment Kashimo crept like a correspondence-school sleuth from a cluster of bushes at the corner of the building.

"Charlie, come quick," he whispered.

(Continued on Page 141)



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Winner of World's Speed Boat Championship and holder of World's Automobile Speed Record

Speed Pilot says HORSES

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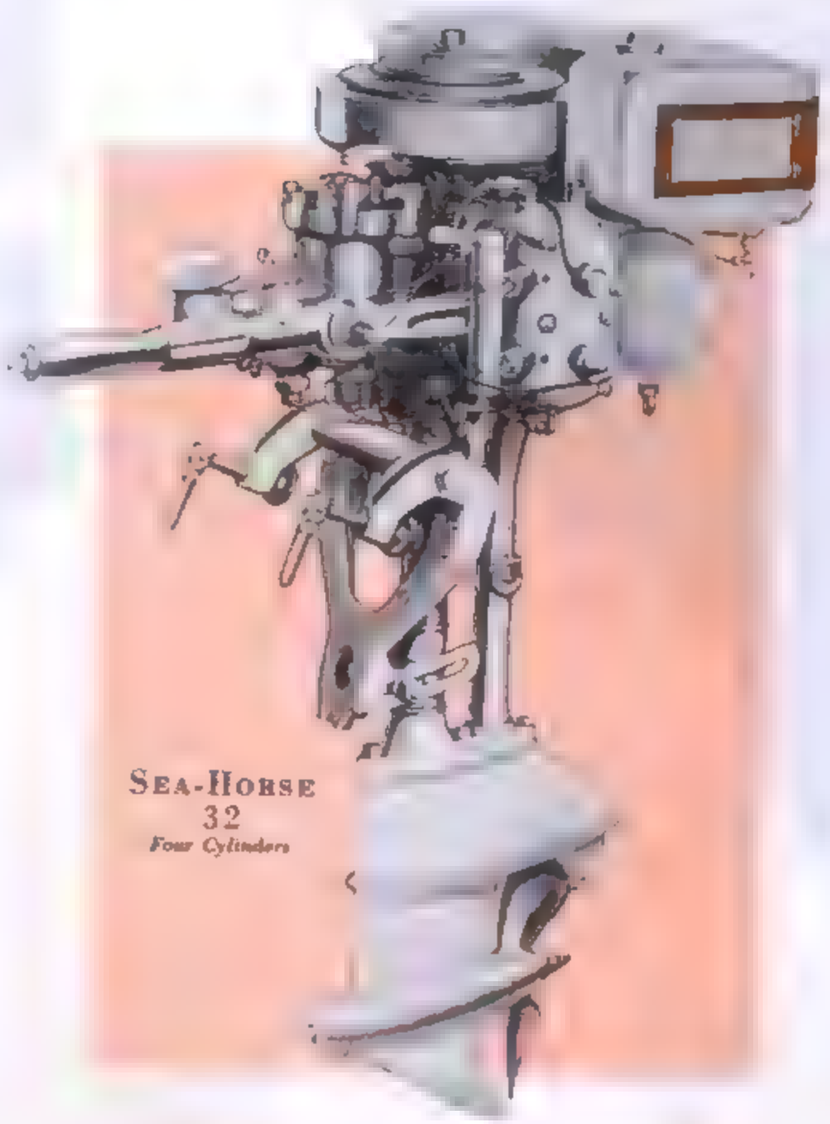

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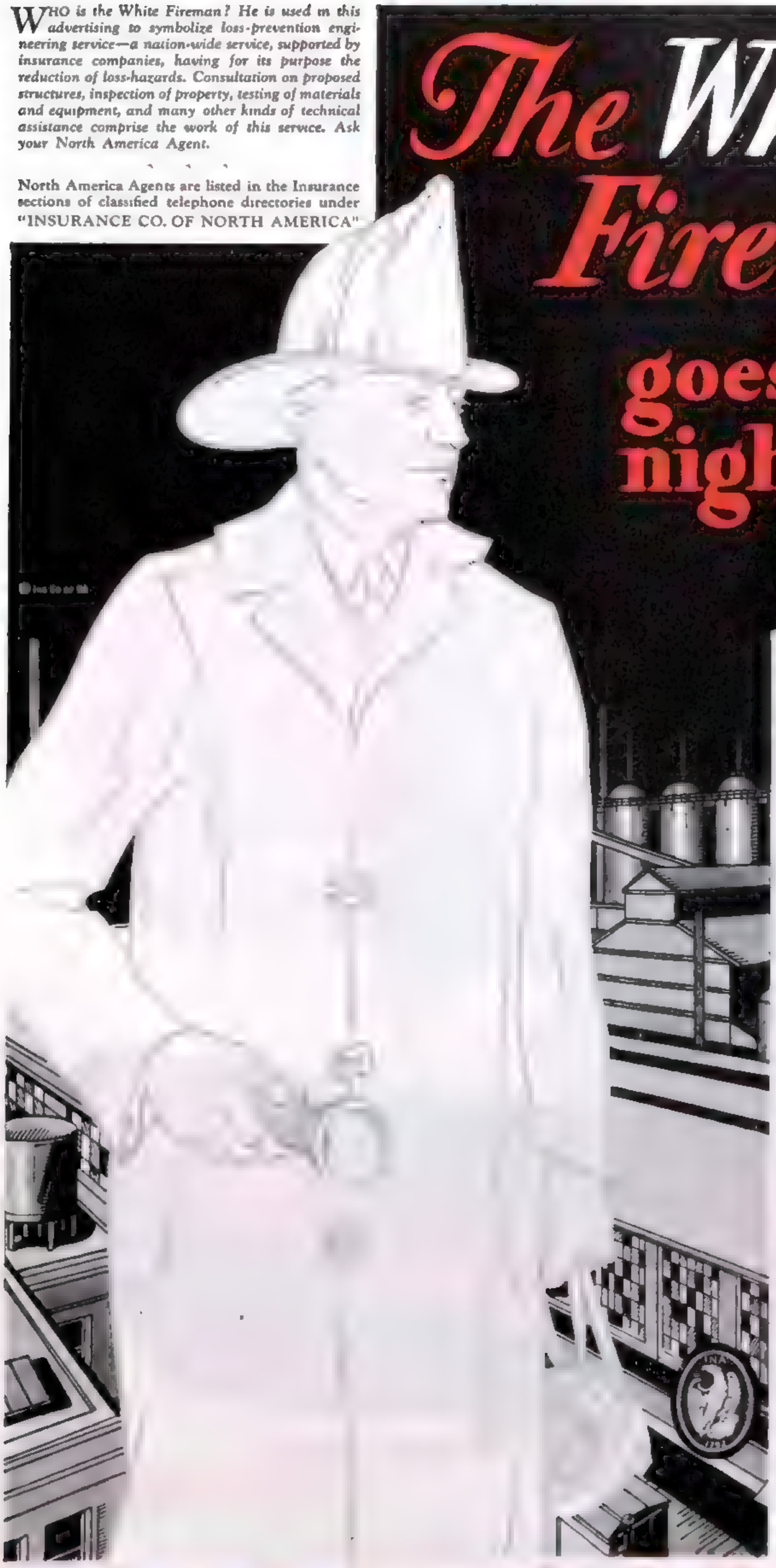
WHO is the White Fireman? He is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineering service—a nation-wide service, supported by insurance companies, having for its purpose the reduction of loss-hazards. Consultation on proposed structures, inspection of property, testing of materials and equipment, and many other kinds of technical assistance comprise the work of this service. Ask your North America Agent.

North America Agents are listed in the Insurance sections of classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA"



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FIRE danger never sleeps! Tonight it is lurking in thousands of stores, warehouses, office buildings, apartment houses, hotels, factories, institutions and schools—awaiting its chance to *destroy* while the world slumbers.

Long ago the White Fireman recognized in the night watchman a potential tool for fire prevention work. He fathered the idea of establishing schools where night watchmen might be trained to meet fire emergencies with alert, intelligent, effective action.

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And this is but one of the hundreds of activities promoted by the White Fireman in his never-ceasing efforts to reduce America's fire loss.

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write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—*Founded 1792*

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents or Brokers

(Continued from Page 136)

"Kashimo has discovered essential clew," Charlie said. "Please join us, Mr. Coroner."

They followed the Japanese through the bushes and out upon a public beach that bounded the property on the right. On that side of the pavilion, which stood flush with the dividing line, was a single window. Kashimo led them to this and swept a flash light over the sand.

"Footprints-s-s!" he hissed dramatically.

Charlie seized the light and knelt on the sand. "True enough, Kashimo," he remarked. "These are footprints, and peculiar ones too. Shoes were old and battered, the heels are worn down unevenly, and in sole of one shoe was most unfashionable hole." He stood up. "I fear that fortune has not been smiling on owner of that footwear," he added.

"I am one to find things," remarked Kashimo proudly.

"You are," smiled Charlie, "and for once you do not destroy clew the moment you come upon it. You are learning, Kashimo. Warm congratulations."

They returned to the lawn of Shelah Fane's house. "Well, Charlie, this is up to you," the deputy said. "I'll see you early in the morning—unless you want me to stay."

"Your duty is accomplished," Chan answered, "or will be when you have made proper arrangements in city. Body will of course be taken at once to mortuary."

"Certainly," the deputy replied. "Well, good-by, and good luck."

Chan turned to Kashimo. "Now great opportunity arises for you to perform your specialty," he said.

"Yes-s-s," Kashimo answered eagerly.

"Go to house, inquire for bedroom of Miss Shelah Fane, and search ——"

"I go now!" cried Kashimo, leaping away.

"Stop!" commanded Charlie. "You are one grand apprentice detective, Kashimo, but you never pause to inquire what it is you sleuth for. On table of that room you will find large portfolio of photographs. I very much desire to see portrait of gentleman mounted on mat that is colored Nile green."

"Nile is new word to me," the Japanese complained.

"Yes, and I have no time for geography lesson now," sighed Chan. "Bring me all photographs in room mounted on cardboard colored green. If none such is in portfolio, search elsewhere. Now be off. The portrait of a gentleman, remember. If you return with pretty picture of Fujiyama I will personally escort you back to private life."

Kashimo sped across the lawn and Charlie again entered the pavilion. Anna was standing in the center of the room.

"You made investigation?" he inquired.

"I did," she said. "The pin that fastened the flowers is nowhere about."

"A matter already known to me," he nodded. "Otherwise the ornamental equipment is complete?"

"No," she replied, "it isn't."

He regarded her with sudden interest. "Something is missing?"

"Yes, an emerald ring—a large emerald that Miss Fane usually wore on her right hand. She told me once that it represented quite a bit of money, and it has disappeared."

VII

CHARLIE sent the maid back to the house and then sat down in the straight-backed chair before the dressing table. The sole illumination in the little room came from two pink-shaded lamps, one on either side of the mirror. Thoughtfully he stared into the glass where, dimly reflected, he caught occasional glimpses of an ivory satin gown. Shelah Fane now lay on the couch where the coroner had placed her. All the loves and the hates, the jealousies, the glittering triumphs of this tempestuous career were ended tonight. A woman of flame, they had called her. The flame had flickered and died like a candle in the wind—in the restless trade wind blowing from the Koolau Range.

Chan's small eyes narrowed in an intense effort at concentration. In one of her more indiscreet moments, Shelah Fane had seen Denny Mayo murdered. For three years she had carried the secret about until—and this moment was even more indiscreet—she poured it into the willing ears of Tarneverro the Great, a crystal gazer—a charlatan, no doubt. That same night the black camel had knelt before her gate.

Carefully in his mind, the detective began to go over the points his investigation had so far revealed. He was not one to carry a notebook, but he took an envelope from his pocket, and with a pencil began to write a list of names on the back. He was thus engaged when he heard a step behind him. Looking over his shoulder, he saw the lean, mysterious figure of Tarneverro. The fortune teller came forward and dropped into a chair at Chan's side. He stared at the detective, and there was disapproval in that stare.

"Since you have asked me to work with you in this affair," he began, "you will perhaps pardon me if I say I think you have been extremely careless."

Charlie's eyes opened wide. "Yes?" he said.

"I refer to Miss Fane's letter," continued Tarneverro. "It may have been the answer to all our questions. In it the poor girl may have written the name we so eagerly seek. Yet you made no move to search the people in that room; you even pooh-poohed the idea when I offered it. Why?"

Chan shrugged. "You think, then, we have to deal with a fool? A miscreant who would take pretty complete pains to obtain the epistle, and then place it on his own person, where a search would instantly reveal it? You are wrong, my friend. I had no taste for revealing how wrong you were, at the expense of further embarrassment for myself. No, the letter is hidden in that room, and sooner or later it will be found. If not, what of it? I have strong feeling that it contains nothing of the least importance."

"On what do you base that feeling?" Tarneverro inquired.

"I have plenty as a base. Would Shelah Fane have written big secret down and then given it to servant who must pass it along to you? No, she would have awaited her opportunity and then delivered it to you with her own hand. I do not reprove you, but I believe you attach undue importance to that probably innocent epistle."

"Well, the murderer certainly thought it important. You can't deny that."

"Murderer was in state of high excitement and took unnecessary risk. If he takes few more like that, we are at trail's end."

Tarneverro, with a gesture, dismissed the matter. "Well, and what have you discovered from all your questions?" He glanced at Chan's notes.

"Not much. You perceived that I was curious to learn who was in Hollywood three years ago last month. Assuming that the story is true—the story you say Shelah Fane told you this morning ——"

"Why shouldn't it be true? Does a woman make a confession like that as a joke?"

"Never," answered Chan, somewhat sharply for him. "And for that reason I am remarking I assume it to be true. It is, then, important to locate our many suspects in June three years ago. I have written here the names of all who were in Hollywood at that time, and consequently may have slain Denny Mayo. They are Wilkie Ballou, Rita his wife, Huntley Van Horn, and—ah, yes, Jessop, the butler. I regret that, overwhelmed by account of bloody shirt, I neglected to make inquiries of Miss Dixon."

"She has been in Hollywood six years," the fortune teller informed him. "I know from what she has told me in the course of readings I have given her."

"One more." Charlie wrote down the name. "I may, I presume, add Miss Julie; though very young at the time. Of these, for the hour of two minutes past eight tonight, two have been accounted for. Jessop, presents plenty good alibi and Huntley Van Horn has perfect one, to which I myself can swear. Other things I learned—not very important—but it struck my mind, as it must have struck yours, that Mr. Alan Jaynes was breathless with anxiety to leave Hawaii tonight. Do not forget, it is within grounds of possibility that Denny Mayo murder had nothing to do with death of Shelah Fane. This Jaynes was in overwrought state, his may be fiercely jealous nature, he may have looked at those orchids, the gift of another, on the lady's shoulder, and ——"

"But he, too, has the alibi of the watch," Tarneverro suggested.

"Alas, yes," Chan nodded.

For a moment they sat in silence. Then Tarneverro rose and walked slowly toward the couch. "By the way," he said casually, "have you made a thorough examination of this watch?"

"So sorry." Chan rose and followed him. "You now call my attention to fact that I have neglected most obvious duty." Tarneverro was bending over, but Chan stopped him. "I will remove it at once and have careful look at it; though I am so dense I do not quite grasp your meaning."

Taking a linen handkerchief from his pocket, he spread it over his left hand. With his other hand he unfastened the narrow black ribbon from Shelah Fane's wrist, and lifting the costly little watch, laid it on the handkerchief. He went back and stood directly under one of the lights, staring down at the timepiece.

"*Hais*, I seem in stupid mood tonight," he sighed. "I am still at sea. Crystal is broken, watch has ceased to function at precisely two minutes past eight."

"Permit me," said Tarneverro. "I will be more explicit." He took both handkerchief and watch, and with the linen always between his fingers and the metal, turned the stem of the fragile timepiece. At his touch, the minute hand moved instantly.

A flash of triumph shone in the fortune teller's eyes. "That," he cried, "is more than I dared to hope for! The murderer has been guilty of a small error—it was very kind of him. He adjusted the stem so that the time shown on the face of the watch could be altered at will—and in his haste he forgot to readjust it. Surely I needn't tell you what that means."

Charlie gave him a look of enthusiastic approval. "You are detective of the first class yourself. Give me credit that I noted same this morning. I can never cease to be grateful to you. I grasp meaning now."

Tarneverro laid the watch down on the glass top of the dressing table. "I think we may be sure of one thing, inspector," he remarked. "At whatever hour the murder took place, it was certainly not at two minutes past eight. We are dealing with a clever man. After he had killed Shelah Fane he removed her watch, set the time back—or perhaps forward—to two minutes past eight, and then smashed the thing as though to indicate a struggle." The fortune teller's eyes lighted; he pointed to the corner of the dressing table. "That's the explanation of the nick in the glass. He banged the watch against that corner until he had stopped its running."

Chan was instantly on the floor. "There is no glass beneath," he said.

"No, no," Tarneverro continued. "There wouldn't be. The broken glass was naturally found where Miss Fane fell. And why? Because this unknown person removed the watch with a handkerchief, as you have done, he swung it against the table still in that handkerchief to catch the bits of crystal, and carried the wrecked remains intact to the spot where he wanted them. A bright boy, inspector."

Charlie nodded. Obvious chagrin was in his manner. "But you are brighter boy. Almost I am on verge of resigning in disgust at my own stupidity. You should take my badge, Mr. Tarneverro, for you are the smart detective on this case."

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Tarneverro gave him an odd look. "You think so, do you? I'm afraid you exaggerate; the matter was really simple enough. It came into my mind that too many of us had alibis in this affair. I thought how easy it would be to change the time on the face of a watch. That is what happened here. The murderer set it at a moment then past, for which he had already established an alibi—or at a future time for which he proposed to get an alibi forthwith. However, when a man is excited he is likely to slip up somewhere, and this chap stumbled when he forgot to push down that little stem before he left."

Chan sighed. "I am, as I remarked, bubbling with gratitude toward you, and yet I am appalled. Whole flock of alibis is now quite ruined and the field broadens like some boundless prairie. Van Horn's alibi is gone, the alibis of Martino and of Jaynes, they are gone, too, and—begging humble pardon, Mr. Tarneverro—you have likewise destroyed the alibi you yourself possessed."

The fortune teller threw back his head and laughed. "Do I need an alibi?" he cried.

"Perhaps not," Charlie grinned. "But when a tree falls, the shade is gone. Who knows? Even you might regret the loss of that shade in time."

"It may happen that I have another tree," suggested Tarneverro.

"If that is true, I congratulate you." Charlie glanced around the room. "I must have poor unfortunate lady removed now to house, then lock this place until finger-print expert can do work early in morning. You will observe we do not move with vast speed here in Hawaii. It is our lovely climate." He put the watch in the dressing-table drawer and he and Tarneverro went out, Chan again locking the door. "We will now continue to living room, which we will seek to obtain to ourselves. Perhaps there you will deign to keep on with remarkable research. I travel in luck tonight. What could I do without you?"

A little group of chairs on the lawn indicated the whereabouts of most of the guests. In the living room they came upon Julie and Jimmy Bradshaw, seated close together. The girl had evidently been crying, and Mr. Bradshaw's manner suggested that he played the rôle of comforter. Chan gave Julie the key to the pavilion and told her gently what must be done. She and the boy went out to seek the aid of the servants. When they had gone, Charlie walked thoughtfully up and down the big room. He peered into receptacles that held flowers and plants, opened the few books he came upon and ruffled the pages.

"By the way," Tarneverro remarked, "have you made an inspection of Miss Fane's bedroom?"

"Not yet," Chan answered. "So much to do, and only you and I to do it. I have sent Kashimo, our Japanese sleuth hound, on an errand, from which he will doubtless return in course of week or two. As for myself ——"

He was walking across a rug, and paused. "As for myself ——" he repeated. He rubbed his thin-soled shoe back and forth over a spot in the rug. "As for myself," he added a third time, "I have plenty good business here."

He stooped and threw back the rug. There on the polished floor lay the big envelope that had been snatched from his hand earlier in the evening. One corner was missing, but otherwise the letter was intact.

"Fortunate that Miss Fane preferred such thick note paper," Charlie said. He picked up the envelope. "I fear I cannot offer my unknown friend warm congratulations on his originality this time. But he was very hurried gentleman when this matter engaged his attention—I must remember that."

Tarneverro came close, his dark eyes gleaming. "By gad, Shelah's letter. And addressed to me, I believe?"

"I remind you again that the police are in charge," Chan said.

"They were in charge before," Tarneverro answered.

"Ah, yes. But history will not repeat just yet." Charlie removed the note from the envelope and read. He shrugged his shoulders and passed the missive to the fortune teller. "Once I was right," he remarked.

Tarneverro looked down at the huge, sprawling handwriting of one who was generous of note paper, as of all things. He frowned at what he saw.

Dear Tarneverro: Please forget what I told you this morning. I must have been mad—mad. I intend to forget it—and so must you. Oh, Tarneverro, promise me you will. Pretend that I never said it. I shall refuse poor Alan tonight; it will break my heart, but I'll do it. I am going on alone; perhaps in the end I may even find a little happiness. I want it so much.

Yours ever,

SHELAH FANE.

"Poor Shelah." The fortune teller stood for a moment, staring at the letter. "She hadn't the courage to go through with it. I might have known. A pitiful letter. I don't believe I would have insisted, after all." He crushed the paper in his hand fiercely. "The murderer of Denny Mayo was safe. She wasn't going to tell on him. He killed her for nothing. She's gone, and she might be here. By heaven, I'll get him if it's the last act of my life!"

Chan smiled. "I have a similar ambition, though I trust the accomplishment will not finish off my existence." His Japanese assistant came stealthily into the room. "Ah, Kashimo, have you enjoyed pleasant week-end upstair?"

"Pretty hard job, but I got him," Kashimo announced proudly. "Found in jar under potted plant."

Chan reached out his hand. To his surprise Kashimo proffered, not the photograph Charlie expected, but a handful of torn bits of glazed paper and of heavy green cardboard. Someone had ripped the portrait on the green mat to bits and then attempted to conceal the wreckage.

"What have we now?" Chan said. He stood looking in wonder at the handful of scraps that he held. His eyes sought Tarneverro's. "Here is a matter worthy of consideration. Person unknown does not wish me to look upon the photograph over which Shelah Fane wept so bitterly this afternoon. Why? Is it then portrait of the man you had asked her to betray?"

"It may have been," Tarneverro agreed.

"Course now becomes clear," Charlie announced. "I must view this photograph; so with all patience at my command I propose to fit these scraps together again." He pulled a small table up before the windows that faced the street.

"I investigate outside the house," Kashimo remarked.

"Much the safest place to have you," Chan returned. "By all means investigate very hard." The Japanese went out.

Charlie removed the table cover and sat down. On the smooth top he began carefully to lay together the pieces of the photograph. The task, he saw, was going to be long and arduous. "I never was bright man with jigsaw puzzle," he complained. "My daughter Rose was pride of family at that work. I would enjoy to have her at my side."

He had made scant progress when the door of the *lanai* opened and a group of the guests entered the living room. Wilkie Ballou walked at the head, and after him came Van Horn, Martino, Jaynes and Rita Ballou. Diana Dixon followed; she seemed detached from the crowd, which had the air of a delegation.

A delegation it was, evidently. Ballou spoke, in his most commanding tone.

"See here, inspector, we've talked it over and there's no earthly reason why you should keep us here any longer. We've all been questioned, we've told you what we know, and now we propose to leave."

Charlie tossed down the as yet unplaced bits of the photograph and rose. He bowed politely.

"I recognize you are impatient with good reason," he said.

"Then you're willing for us to go along?" inquired Ballou.

"I am—and I say it with extreme pain—quite unwilling," Chan replied. "Unfortunately, new developments keep popping off like firecrackers on New Year holiday, and I have something still to talk about with you."

"An outrage!" Ballou cried. "I'll have your badge for this!"

Charlie rewarded him with a maddening smile. "That may happen tomorrow. But looking only at tonight, I am placed in charge of this case, and I say you will remain here until I tell you to depart."

Jaynes pushed forward. "I have important business on the mainland, and I intend to sail at midnight. It is now long past ten. I warn you that you must call out your entire force if you propose to keep me here."

"That also can be done," answered Charlie amiably.

"Good Lord!" The Britisher looked helplessly at Wilkie Ballou. "What kind of place is this? Why don't they send a white man out here?"

A rare light flared suddenly in Charlie's eyes. "The man who is about to cross a stream should not revile the crocodile's mother," he said in icy tones.

"What do you mean by that?" Jaynes asked.

"I mean you are not yet safely on the farther bank."

"You know quite well I've got an alibi," cried the Britisher angrily.

Chan's little eyes surveyed him from head to foot. "I am not so sure I do," he remarked calmly.

"You said yourself you had fixed the time of this affair."

"How sad," cut in Charlie, "that we pass through this life making so many errors as we go. Me, I am stupid blunderer. Your alibi, Mr. Jaynes, has been punctured like bubble with a pin."

"What!" cried Jaynes. Van Horn and Martino stirred with sudden interest.

"Back off and cool down," Chan continued. "And accepting my advice, speak no more of alibis. You have already said too much."

Like a man dazed, Jaynes almost literally obeyed Chan's orders. Charlie turned to Rita Ballou.

"Madam, my humblest apologies and regrets. I hold you here with the utmost grief. It has occurred to me that there is a dinner long prepared—I fear the passage of time has wrecked most of it now. But if I might suggest ——"

"Oh, I couldn't eat a thing," Rita told him.

"No, of course, the very thought is horrifying," Chan nodded. "Such heartlessness would be quite out of place." Julie and Bradshaw came in. "Nevertheless, I urge that you all go out to your positions at the table and at least partake of one cup of coffee. The event will shatter strain and make easier the period of waiting. Coffee, as you know, stimulates and fortifies the mind."

"Not a bad idea," said Huntley Van Horn.

"Miss Julie ——" Chan suggested.

The girl smiled wanly. "Yes, of course. I'll tell Jessop to get things ready. You must forgive me. I'd quite forgotten we had guests tonight."

She turned and went out. Charlie walked back to the small table where his task lay uncompleted. At that instant a French window facing the street was thrust suddenly open, and the trade wind swept into the room like a miniature hurricane. Instantly the air was filled with torn bits of photograph, swirling about like snow in a Minnesota blizzard.

Kashimo stuck his head into the room. "S-s-s!" he hissed. "Charlie!"

"Splendid work, Kashimo," said Chan through his teeth. "What is it now?"

"I find window unlocked," announced the Japanese triumphantly, and withdrew, closing the aperture behind him.

(Continued on Page 145)

All these *other extras* come from the extra quart

THERE'S an extra quart of lubricant in every gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil. Put this oil into your crank case and you'll know.

The extra quart results from the exclusive Quaker State process of *super*-refining. Ordinary commercial refining leaves, in every gallon of oil, a quart of material that has little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor. Quaker State goes a step farther—takes out this quart of waste—and gives you *four* full quarts of lubricant in every gallon. An *extra* quart!

And in addition, Quaker State is refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude—whose superior quality makes it cost two to three times as much as the crudes from which most other oils are refined.

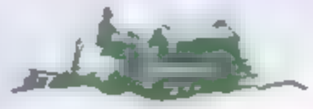
You can't match that combination. Let your next crank case full of oil tell you the whole story—in motor performance. Fill up with Quaker State at the green and white sign! QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., OIL CITY, PA.

Quaker State Specialized Tractor Oils are designed to give every make and type of tractor a longer life and a merrier one.

THE ORIGINAL CERTIFIED PURE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL

QUAKER STATE MEDIUM MOTOR OIL

QUAKER STATE HEAVY MOTOR OIL



QUAKER STATE TRACTOR OILS

QUAKER STATE AERO OILS

Arizona hunter tracks down big catch ... *for his pipe!*

Stranded in hot desert pipe-smoker finds oasis of comfort in this little blue tin

ASK Mr. Kirby, a victim of the stifling heat of the desert, and he'll tell you it's mighty uncomfortable to hunt for your favorite pipe-tobacco and find you've lost your pouch. Unless—(as it so happened) one of the boys has a welcome "shot" of Edgeworth to fill the breach.

Mr. Kirby says it certainly did *more* than that for him. For from the moment he packed his pipe with Edgeworth the world seemed pretty good again. And now he's made up his mind he'll never smoke any other brand.

Not all pipe smokers are brave, bold hunters. But nearly all pipe smokers are calm, serene fellows. Pipe-smoking runs to sound, thinking men—not to the nervous, helter-skelter breed. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply *can't* be hurried into nervous, jumpy decisions.

But you don't have to wait until you're stuck in a desert to try the powers of Edgeworth.

Try this FREE *offer now!*

How long is it since you've had *your* pipe out? Weeks? Months? Perhaps it's because you've lacked proper fodder. If so, let us send you, *free of charge*, a trial package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco so that you can try it in your pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 30 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Battle Mountain Sanitarium,
Hot Springs, So. Dakota,
December 5th, 1928

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

One day in the desert, in Arizona, I went out on an all-day shooting trip, and left my pouch at home, and did not discover it until I was miles from town and a mile or more from where we had left our Ford. Well, I was disgusted. The sun was shining hot as the devil that day, and everything was dancing in the heat, and I soon got a headache.

Now a queer thing about these headaches I have is that tobacco relieves them. So I asked one of the boys for a pipe of tobacco, and he handed me a tin of Edgeworth. Well, I thought here was the place where I was going to ruin a perfectly good pipe and get a sore tongue as well. But I packed a handful into the bowl and lit up.

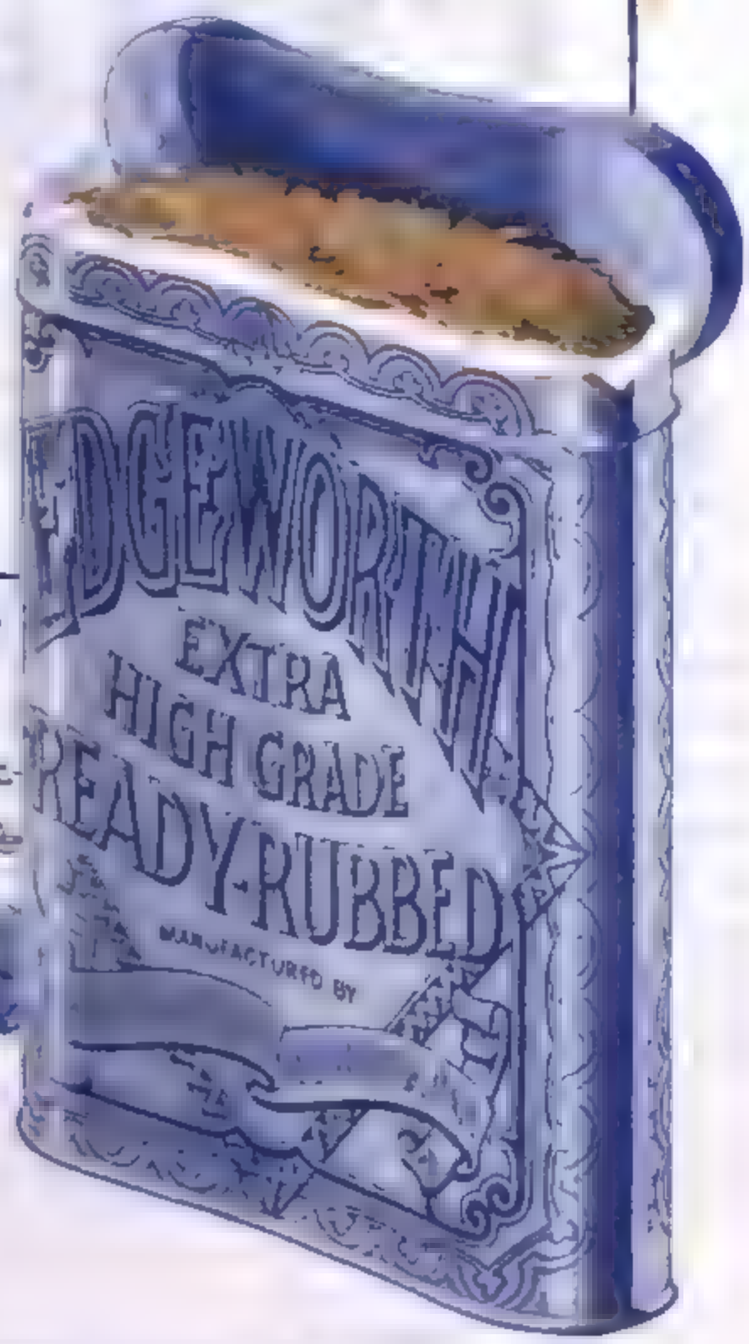
I got the biggest surprise of my smoking experience. For the pipe tasted just as good as it ever had with the other brand, and was quite a bit cooler, too. I smoked three or four pipes before we got through the day's shooting, and when I had finished there was no dryness of mouth and throat, and no unpleasant taste in my mouth.

You can be sure I have never smoked any more imported mixtures since that day, and as long as Edgeworth is what it is I will use no other. I want to thank you for a really fine tobacco, than which there is no greater rarity in this machine-made country.

Sincerely yours,
(*Signed*) McKinley Kirby

(All Edgeworth endorsements are genuine —unpaid and unsolicited)

Two forms—same blend—both for your pipe 15¢



Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins. Also "Plug Slice" Edgeworth comes packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

(Continued from Page 142)

Concealing his disgust, Charlie moved around the room, retrieving the bits of photograph from most unlikely places. Tarneverro and some of the others came promptly to his aid. In a few moments he again held a little packet of scraps in his hand. He walked about, still seeking, but no more were in sight.

He resumed his place at the table, and for a few moments he worked hard. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and stood up.

"What's the trouble?" Tarneverro asked.

Charlie looked at him. "No use. I have now little more than half the pieces I had before." For a moment he stood staring about that innocent-appearing little group. It was in his mind to search every one of them, but a glance at Ballou reminded him that such action would mean a hot battle, and he was ever a man of peace. No, he must reach his goal by some other path. He sighed and placed what he had left of the photograph in his pocket, as Kashimo dashed in. More in sorrow than in anger, Charlie regarded his ambitious confrere.

"Detectives were practically extinct at station house when they sent you out tonight," he said.

The doorbell rang, a loud, insistent peal. Jessop being in the distant kitchen, Jimmy Bradshaw went to the door. Those in the living room heard a few sharp, quick words in the hall and a man strode into their midst. He was a handsome fellow of forty, gray at the temples, with great poise of manner and a keen eye. The grease paint of the theater was still on his face. He stood, looking about him.

"Good evening," he said. "I am Robert Fyfe—at one time the husband of Miss Shelah Fane. This is terrible news someone telephoned me a short time ago. I came the instant my part in the piece was finished, without stopping to remove my make-up or change my costume. Most unprofessional, but I must ask you to overlook it."

"Shall I take your overcoat?" Jimmy Bradshaw asked.

"Thank you so much." He stepped to the curtains and handed Jimmy the coat. As he turned back toward the room Diana Dixon's scream rang out, shrill and unexpected. She was pointing at Robert Fyfe's shirt front.

Diagonally across that white expanse lay the bright red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Startled, Fyfe looked down at it.

"Ah, yes," he said. "I came in my stage costume, as I told you. This week, you see, I happen to be playing the rôle of a French ambassador."

VIII

DURING the long silence that followed, Charlie stood gravely regarding this handsome actor who had, all unknowing, made the best entrance of his career. The actor looked back at him with a cool, level stare. Still no one spoke, and Fyfe began to realize that the gaze of everyone in the room was upon him. Accustomed though he was to the scrutiny of crowds, he found something a bit disconcerting in this situation. He stirred uneasily and sought for words to break the spell.

"What is all this about Shelah? I came at the earliest possible moment, as I say. Though I had not seen her for many years ——"

"How many years?" cried Chan quickly.

Fyfe looked him over casually. "You must pardon me," he said, "if I do not at once grasp your position here."

Nonchalantly Charlie pushed back the left side of his coat, revealing his badge of office. It was a gesture of which an actor could approve—business, not words.

"I am in charge," Chan said. "You were, you say, at one time husband of Miss Shelah Fane. You have not seen her for many years. How many?"

Fyfe considered. "It was nine years ago, in April, when we parted. We were both playing in New York—Miss Fane in a Ziegfeld revue at the New Amsterdam, and I was doing a mystery play at the Astor. She came home one night and told me she had a splendid offer to go to Hollywood for a picture; she was so excited, so keen for the idea, that I hadn't the heart to oppose her. A week later, on an April evening, I said good-by to her at the Grand Central Station, wondering how long I could hold her love. Not very long, as it turned out. Within a year she went to Reno, and it was all quite painless—for her, I fancy. Not quite so painless for me; although I had felt it coming that night at the station. Something had told me then that I was seeing her for the last time."

"You no doubt appeared in Los Angeles in later years," Chan suggested, "at moments when Miss Fane was in Hollywood?"

"Oh, yes, of course. But we never met."

"Do you happen to recall—were you playing in Los Angeles three years ago, in June?"

Charlie was struck by the look that came into the actor's eyes. Was it, perhaps, a look of understanding?

"No," said Fyfe firmly. "I was not."

"You are plenty positive," Chan commented.

"I happen to be, yes," Fyfe replied. "Three years ago I was touring with a company that did not reach the Coast."

"It is a matter that can easily be verified," the detective reminded him slowly.

"Certainly," agreed Fyfe. "Go ahead and verify it."

"Then you assert," Chan continued, "that you have not seen Shelah Fane since that moment in New York station, nine years ago?"

"I do."

"You did not see her in Honolulu today?"

"No."

"Or tonight?"

A pause. "No."

Julie entered. "The coffee is ready," she announced. "Please, all of you, come into the dining room."

"I make haste to indorse that suggestion," Chan put in.

Reluctantly they filed out, assuring one another that they could eat nothing, that the idea was unthinkable, but that perhaps a cup of coffee —— Their voices trailed away beyond the curtains. Of the dinner guests, only the fortune teller lingered.

"Please go, Mr. Tarneverro," Chan said. "Small stimulant will increase action of that fine brain on which I lean so heavily."

Tarneverro bowed. "For a moment, only," he replied, and left the room.

Charlie turned to Kashimo. "As for you, I suggest you travel out to *lanai*, sit upon a chair, and think about your sins. When you appeared a moment ago like Jack of the Box, you scattered precious evidence to the winds."

"So sorry," Kashimo hissed.

"Please be sorry on the *lanai*," Charlie advised, and hurrying him out, closed the windows after him. Turning, he came back to Robert Fyfe. "I am happy to be alone with you," he began. "Though you may not have guessed, you are most interesting figure who has yet popped into this affair."

"Really?" The actor dropped into a chair and sat there, a striking figure in his ambassadorial costume. His manner was calm, unperturbed, and seemingly he was in the frankest of moods.

"Very interesting indeed," Charlie continued. "I gaze at you and I ask myself, 'Why is he lying to me?'"

Fyfe half rose from his chair. "Look here. What do you mean!"

Chan shrugged. "My dear sir, what is the use? When you visit lawn pavilions to call on ex-wives, how careless to flaunt distinctive red ribbon on chest. It might even be mistaken by excitable young women for—blood. Matter of fact, it was."

"Oh," said Fyfe grimly, "I see."

"The truth, for a change," went on Chan gently.

The actor sat for a moment with his head in his hands. Finally he looked up.

"Gladly," he answered. "Though the truth is a bit unusual. I hadn't seen Shelah Fane since that night in the station, until tonight. This morning I heard she was in town. It was quite startling—what the news did to me. You did not know Miss Fane, Mr.—er—Mr. ——"

"Inspector Chan," Charlie informed him. "No, I had not the pleasure."

"It was really that—a pleasure." Fyfe half smiled. "She was a remarkable girl, aflame with life. I'd once been very fond of her and I never got over it. No other woman ever meant anything to me after Shelah left. I couldn't hold her. I don't blame her for that—no man could hold her long. She wanted romance, excitement. Well, as I say, I learned this morning she was in town, and the news thrilled me, it was as though I heard her voice again after nine years' silence. I sent her flowers, with a message—love from someone you have forgotten. Have I said she was impetuous? Wild, unreasoning, sudden, and irresistible. My flowers had barely reached this house when she called me on the telephone. She caught me at the theater, made-up, ready to go on. 'Bob,' she said, 'you must come at once. You must. I want so much to see you. I am waiting.'"

He glanced at Chan and shrugged. "Any other woman, and I would have answered: 'After the show.' Somehow, that was never the way one replied to Shelah. 'Coming'—that was always the answer when Shelah spoke.

"It was a rather mad idea, but possible. I had arrived at the theater early, I needn't go on for forty-five minutes. I had a car, and could drive out here, if I rushed it a bit, in fifteen minutes each way. So, at 7:30, I went into my dressing room on the ground floor of the building, locked the door on the inside, and stepped through a window into the alley that runs along beside the theater.

"Shelah had told me about the pavilion, she said she was giving a dinner party but that I needn't meet any of the guests—my make-up, you know, and all that. She wanted to see me alone anyhow. I reached here about 7:45. Shelah met me on the lawn, and we went to the pavilion. She looked at me in a strange way; I wondered if she still cared for me. I was shocked at the change in her—when I knew her she was fresh and lovely and so very gay. Hollywood had altered her greatly. Oh, well, none of us grows younger, I suppose. We wasted precious time in reminiscences, living over the past. Somehow, it seemed to make her happy, just to remember. I was nervous about the time; I kept looking at my watch. Finally I said I must go."

He was silent. "And then ——" Chan prompted.

"Well, it was odd," Fyfe continued. "I'd got the impression over the telephone, and even more so after I saw her, that she wanted my advice about some terribly pressing matter. But when I told her I was going, she only stared at me in a sort of pitiful way. 'Bob,' she said, 'you still care for me a little, don't you?' She was standing close to me, and I took her in my arms. 'I adore you,' I cried, and—but I needn't go into that. I had that moment; no one can take it from me. Thoughts of the happy past came back. I was torn between my love for Shelah and that watch ticking in my very brain. I told her hurriedly that I would return after the play, that I would see her daily during her stay here, that we would swim together. I had a wild idea that perhaps I could win her all over again. And perhaps I could have done it, but now—now ——" His voice broke. "Poor Shelah. Poor girl."

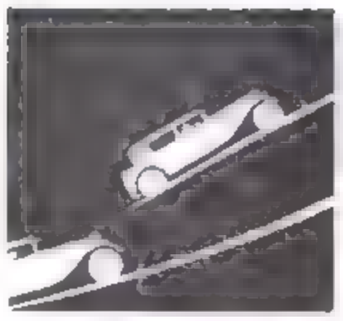
Chan nodded gravely. "It has been well said, those who live too conspicuously tempt the notice of Fate."

"And I suppose no one ever lived more conspicuously than Shelah," Fyfe added. He gave Charlie a quick, penetrating glance. "Look here, inspector; you mustn't fail me. You must find out who has done this awful thing."

"Such is my aim," Chan assured him. "You departed at once?"

"Yes, I left her standing there—standing there smiling, alive and well. Smiling, and crying too. I dashed out of the pavilion."

(Continued on Page 148)



HOW HIGH IS A HILL?

What a sweet feeling when the young mountain just ahead flattens out under your smooth-running car. But how different when a warning knock tells you that your motor feels the uphill strain.

* * *

That loss of power that makes a small hill seem big, is often the result of deteriorated spark plugs.

* * *

It's a good habit to replace spark plugs at least every 10,000 miles with Defiance. Made in Toledo, Ohio, by Defiance Spark Plugs, Incorporated. For passenger cars, trucks, tractors and buses. Buy where you see the orange-and-black Defiance sign, the symbol of a high type of spark plug service.

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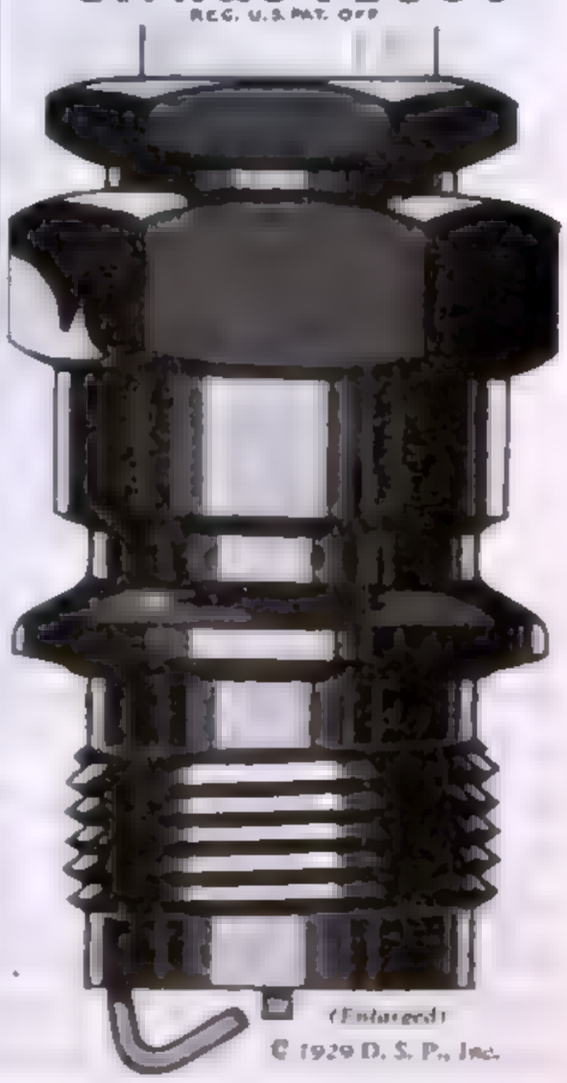

(Enlarged)

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THE BROADWAY LIMITED

[NEW YORK AND CHICAGO—20 HOURS]

The Flying Leader of the Largest Fleet of Trains in America

LIKE THE FLAGSHIP *of a giant navy—The Broadway Limited! . . . . To be in its operating crew is a mark of honor—a subject of pride. For the Broadway Limited is the symbol and finest expression of the service, efficiency, and courtesy of a transportation system which operates 6,700 trains a day and touches the lives of 50,000,000 people.*

"The Broadway is coming!"

Signals flash from tower to tower—miles ahead of the speeding train. Switches click into place. Signal lights are set . . .

You sink a little more comfortably into your seat in the club car and slowly turn the pages of a magazine . . .

"The Broadway is coming!"

In a round-house a hundred miles ahead, the fires of another great locomotive are stoked—in preparation—to a roaring glow . . .

You yawn and think it is time for bed. You decide to stroll, before retiring, to the observation car to have one last look at the fascinating picture that unfolds day or night in the wake of the speeding train . . .

All night, as you sleep, a thousand unseen hands guide your train—the engineman, trained watchers in the towers, track-walkers, telegraph

operators. At intervals—when the great Limited pauses in its flight, coming to a cushioned stop with brakes which grip a hundred wheels or more simultaneously—skilled inspectors move quickly, quietly . . . over it . . . under it . . . through it . . . testing every vital part . . .

Your safety! Your comfort! Your convenience! It's as if you had 10,000 unobtrusive genii protecting and serving you through every minute of this swift 20-hour run from New York to Chicago and from Chicago to New York.

Like a private club . . .

On the Broadway you find all the conveniences of a private club—in the observation car, the club car, the unexcelled dining service, barber, shower-bath, valet, clothes pressing, manicurist, writing desks, stationery, secretary and stenographer, terminal telephones, telegraph service at frequent intervals en route, stock market quotations, reports of national events, baseball and football scores in season, newspapers and periodicals.

More particularly for Madame

The services of a skilled ladies' maid—who is also an experienced manicurist—are available upon application to the Pullman Porter. Other special accommodations for ladies include an elegant lounge and a shower-bath.

Complete freedom from worry about hand-baggage

As a convenience to passengers on the Broadway Limited, hand-baggage may be checked direct from the train to residence, hotel, or office in New York or Chicago—thus leaving passengers free to go about the day's activities directly on arrival. Arrangements for this service at a nominal cost may be made through the train stenographer.

Arrive one hour earlier!

To accommodate the busy man—during the period of "daylight-saving time," April 28th to Sept. 29th—the Broadway Limited has advanced its schedule one hour, eastbound and westbound, as shown in the schedule below. Thus you arrive in either city bright and early, ready for the day's activities.

Westward Daily

Lv. New York		
Pennsylvania Station	1:55 P.M.	Standard Time
Hudson Terminal	1:55 P.M.	
Newark (Market Street)	2:17 P.M.	
North Philadelphia	3:40 P.M.	
Ar. Chicago		
Englewood	8:30 A.M.	
Union Station	8:55 A.M.	

Eastward Daily

Lv. Chicago		
Union Station	11:40 A.M.	Standard Time
Englewood	11:57 A.M.	
Ar. North Philadelphia	6:56 A.M.	
Newark (Market Street)	8:17 A.M.	
Ar. New York		
Hudson Terminal	8:42 A.M.	
Pennsylvania Station	8:40 A.M.	

On The Broadway you can dine either à la carte or table d'hôte ($1.50 dinner). You have a wide variety of delicacies from which to choose. Your cook is an expert—with long experience behind him. Your waiters, too, are picked men, trained in the extra niceties—the very polite art of making you feel at home.

The club atmosphere of The Broadway is not confined to the club car—but merely *centered* there. In the deep-cushioned seats, you can lounge and smoke, read, get the latest stock quotations, reports on athletic and national events—or you can chat in the easy, informal "aboard-ship" manner.

Traveling westbound, your way leads across the fertile farm lands of eastern Pennsylvania—up the broad Susquehanna, the "Blue Juniata" and into the heart of the Alleghenies—cooler in summer, more moderate in winter! Eastbound, you skirt the shores of Lake Michigan and speed through the rolling, fertile hills of northern Indiana and Ohio.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

Now give your office manager the same chance

The factory manager was given his chance. He did a great job. And he showed you what can be done. Now give your office manager the same opportunity. He wants to adopt modern methods, too . . . if you'll let him.

Put this guaranteed Calculator on every desk where any figuring is done

Then your employees will have more time to produce—for you. More time for other work. More time for planning. More time to develop their talent . . . This policy has already been adopted by some of the largest organizations in the Nation. This New Marchant Portable is only $125. It solves every figuring problem. Adds, multiplies, divides and subtracts. Anyone can run it. No mental work. Fully guaranteed. Mail the coupon for details. Or consult telephone directory—offices in all principal cities in the United States and Canada. Representatives in all foreign countries. Maybe you would also like information on our electric, automatic models—this Portable is only one in our complete line of calculators. If so, check the second square of the coupon. MARCHANT CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY, Oakland, California. . . . Sixteen years building calculating machines, nothing else.

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Please mail me booklets on
New $125 Portable ☐ New Electric Full Automatic ☐
Please show me—without obligation
New $125 Portable ☐ New Electric Full-Automatic ☐
Name
Company
Address

(Continued from Page 145)

"It was now what time?"

"I know only too well—it was four minutes past eight. I rushed down the drive, found my car where I'd left it before the house, and motored back to town as quickly as I could. When I stepped through the window of my dressing room, they were hammering like wild men on my door. I opened it, said I'd been having a nap, and went out with the stage manager to the wings. I was five minutes late—the stage manager showed me his watch—8:20. But that wasn't serious. I went on and played my rôle, and I was just coming off after the first act when some young man telephoned me the terrible news."

He stood up. "That, Inspector Chan, is my story. My visit out here tonight may prove embarrassing for me, but I don't regret it. I saw Shelah again, I held her in my arms, and for that privilege I stand ready to pay any price you can name. Is there anything more I can tell you?"

Chan shook his head. "For the present, no. I ask that you remain on scene a brief time. Other matters may arise later."

"Of course," nodded Fyfe.

The bell rang, and Charlie himself went to the door.

Peering into the night, he beheld a burly, dark-skinned man in the khaki uniform of the Honolulu police.

"Ah, it is Spencer," he said. "I am very glad to have you here."

The officer came into the hall, dragging after him a figure that, anywhere save on a tropic beach, would have been quite unbelievable.

"I picked this up on Kalakaua Avenue," the policeman explained. "I thought you might like to see him. He's a little mixed on what he's been doing tonight."

The man to whom he referred shook off the officer's grip and stepped toward Charlie. "I trust we're not too late for dinner," he remarked. He stood for a moment looking about the hall and then, as though prompted by old memories, removed from his head a limp and tattered hat of straw. "My chauffeur is really rather stupid. He lost his way."

His manner was jaunty and debonair, no mean triumph considering his costume. Aside from the hat, which he now clutched in a thin, freckled hand, that costume consisted of a badly soiled pair of white duck trousers, a blue shirt open at the throat, a disreputable velvet coat that had once been the color of Burgundy, and the remnants of a pair of shoes, through the holes of which peered the white of his naked feet.

The buzz of conversation from the dining room had died, the group in there appeared to be listening, and Charlie hastily held open the curtains to the living room. "Come in here, please," he said, and they entered, to find Fyfe waiting there alone. For a moment the man in the velvet coat stared at the actor, and under the yellow, ragged beard that had not known barber's scissors for a month, a slow smile appeared.

"Now," Chan said, "who are you? Where do you live?"

The man shrugged. "The name," he replied, "might be Smith."

"It might also be Jones," Charlie suggested.

"A mere matter of taste. Personally, I prefer Smith."

"And you live ——"

Mr. Smith hesitated. "To put it crudely, officer, I'm afraid I'm on the beach."

Charlie smiled. "Ah, you uphold noble tradition. What would Waikiki be without beach comber?" He went to the window that led on to the *lanai* and summoned Kashimo. "Kindly search this gentleman," he directed.

"By all means," the beach comber agreed. "And if you find anything that looks like money, in heaven's name let me know about it at once."

Kashimo's search revealed little—a piece of string, a comb, a rusty pocket knife, and an object which at first glance looked like a coin, but which turned out to be a medal. Charlie took this and studied it.

"Temple Bronze Medal, Third Prize, Landscapes in Oils," he read. "The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts." He looked inquiringly at Smith.

The beach comber shrugged. "Yes," he said. "I see I shall have to confess it all now—I'm a painter. Not much of a one at that—the third prize only, you will observe. The first medal was of gold; it might have come in handy of late, if I'd won it. But I didn't." He came a bit nearer. "If it's not asking too much, just what is the reason for this unwarranted intrusion into my affairs? Can't a gentleman go about his business in this town without being pawed by a fat policeman and searched by a thin one?"

"We are sorry to inconvenience you, Mr. Smith," Charlie replied politely. "But tell me, have you been on the beach tonight?"

"I have not. I've been in town. I walked out, for reasons which we needn't take up now. I was going along Kalakaua when this cop ——"

"Where downtown have you been?"

"In Aala Park."

"You talked with someone there?"

"I did. The company was not select, but I made it do."

"Not on the beach tonight." Chan was staring at the man's feet. "Kashimo, you and Spencer will kindly escort this gentleman out to spot below window where you discovered footprints, and make careful comparison."

"I know," cried the Japanese eagerly. He went out with the other policeman and the beach comber.

Chan turned to Fyfe. "Long, arduous task," he commented. "But man, without work, becomes—what? A Mr. Smith. Will you be seated at your ease?"

The others entered from the dining room and to them, also, Charlie offered chairs, which most of them accepted with poor grace. Alan Jaynes was consulting his watch. Eleven o'clock—he sought Chan's eyes. But the detective looked innocently the other way.

Tarneverro came close to Charlie. "Anything new?" he inquired under his breath.

"The inquiry widens," Chan answered.

"I'd rather it narrowed down," replied the fortune teller.

The two policemen and the beach comber returned through the *lanai*. Spencer again had the latter firmly in his grip.

"O. K., Charlie," said the uniformed man. "The footprints under the window could have been made by only one pair of shoes in Honolulu." He pointed at the beach comber's battered footwear. "Those shoes," he added.

Smith looked down, smiling whimsically. "They are a shocking bad pair, aren't they?" he inquired. "But Hawaii, you know, seems to have no appreciation of art. Perhaps you've noticed the paintings they buy to hang in their parlors—the wooden waves put on canvas by the local Rembrandts. I may be a third-rater, but I couldn't bring myself to do stuff like that. Not even for a new pair of ——"

"Come here!" cut in Charlie sharply. "You lied to me."

Smith shrugged. "You put things bluntly for one of your race, officer. It may be that I distorted the situation slightly in the interests of ——"

"The interests of what?"

"The interests of Smith. I observe that there is something wrong here, and I much prefer to keep out of it."

"You are in it now. Tell me, did you enter that beach house tonight?"

"I did not. I'll swear to that. True, I stood beneath the window for a few minutes."

"What were you doing there?"

"I was planning to make the sand in the shelter of the pavilion my lodging for the night. It's a favorite place of mine."

"Go back to beginning," cut in Chan. "The truth this time."

"I hadn't been out to the beach for three days and nights," the man told him. "I got a little money and I've been stopping downtown. When I was out here last, this house was unoccupied. Today my money was gone. I'm expecting a check—it hasn't come." He paused. "Rotten mail service out here. If I could only get back to the mainland ——"

"Your money was gone," Charlie interrupted.

"Yes, so I was forced back to my old couch under the palm trees. I walked out from town and got to the beach ——"

"At what time?"

"My dear sir, you embarrass me. If you will take a stroll along Hotel Street, you will see my watch hanging in a certain window. I often go and look at it myself."

"No matter. You got to the beach."

"I did. It's public, you know—this one out here. It belongs to everybody. I was surprised to see a light in the pavilion. 'Somebody's rented the house,' I thought. The curtain of that window was down, but it was flapping in the wind. I heard voices inside—a man's and a woman's—I wondered whether it was such a good place to sleep, after all."

He paused. Charlie's eyes were on Robert Fyfe. The actor was leaning forward with a fierce intensity, staring at the beach comber, his hands clenched until the knuckles showed white.

"I just stood there," Smith continued. "The curtain flopped about and I got a good look at the man."

"Ah, yes," Charlie nodded. "What man?"

"Why, that fellow there," Smith said. He pointed at Fyfe. "The chap with the red ribbon across his shirt front. I haven't seen one of those ribbons since the time when I was studying at Julien's, in Paris, and our ambassador invited me round for dinner. It's a fact. He came from my town—an old friend of my father's ——"

"No matter," Charlie cut in. "You stood there, peeping beneath the curtain ——"

"What do you mean?" cried the beach comber. "Don't judge a man by his clothes, please. I wasn't spying. If I caught a glimpse, as I did, it was unavoidable. They were talking fast, those two—this man and the woman."

"Yes. And perhaps—equally unavoidable; do not misunderstand me—you heard what they said?"

Smith hesitated. "Well, as a matter of fact, I did. I heard her tell him ——"

With a little cry, Robert Fyfe leaped forward. He pushed the beach comber aside and stood before Charlie. His face was deathly pale, but his eyes did not falter.

"Drop it," he said hoarsely. "I can put an end to your investigation here and now. I killed Shelah Fane, and I'm willing to pay for it."

A shocked silence greeted his words. Calm, unmoved, quite motionless, Chan stared into the man's face.

"You killed Miss Fane?"

"I did."

"For what reason?"

"I wanted her to come back to me. I couldn't live without her. I pleaded and begged, and she wouldn't listen. She laughed at me—she said there wasn't a chance. She drove me to it. I killed her. I had to do it."

"You killed her—with what?"

"With a knife I carried as one of the props in the play."

"Where is it now?"

"I threw it into a swamp on my way to town."

"You can lead me to the spot?"

"I can try."

Chan turned away. Alan Jaynes was on his feet. "Eleven-ten!" he cried. "I can just make the boat if I hurry, inspector. Of course you'll not hold me now."

"But I do hold you," Charlie answered. "Spencer, if this man makes another move, kindly place him beneath arrest."

"Are you mad?" Jaynes cried. "You have your confession, haven't you?"

"With regard to that," said Charlie, "wait just a moment, please." He turned

(Continued on Page 151)

Starting

The simple, compact Bendix Drive (shown full size) is the connecting link between the starting motor and the engine.

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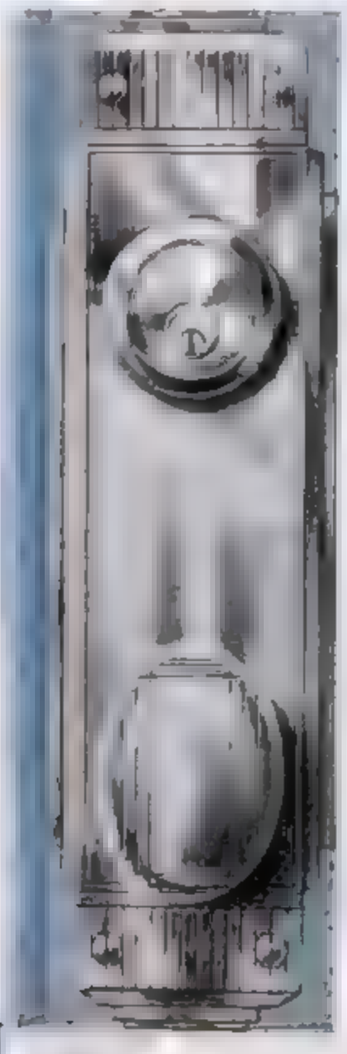

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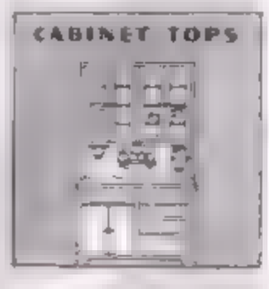

MONEL METAL

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(Continued from Page 148)

back to Fyfe, who was standing quietly beside him. "You left the pavilion, Mr. Fyfe, at four minutes past eight?"

"I did."

"You had already killed Shelah Fane?"

"I had."

"You drove to the theater and were in the wings of same at twenty minutes past eight?"

"Yes, I told you all that."

"The stage manager will swear that you were there at twenty minutes past eight?"

"Of course—of course."

Chan stared at him. "Yet at twelve minutes past eight," he said slowly, "Shelah Fane was seen alive and well."

"What's that?" Tarneverro cried

"Pardon, I am speaking with this other gentleman. At twelve minutes past eight, Mr. Fyfe, Shelah Fane was seen alive and well. How do you account for that?"

Fyfe dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"I do not understand you," Charlie said gently. "You wish me to believe you killed Shelah Fane. Yet, of all the people in this room, you alone have unshakable alibi."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TELL IT NOT IN GATH

(Continued from Page 15)

"I saw you dancing with her," he remarked—"with Miss Andris."

Tony smiled faintly. "Nell?" he corrected. "Yeah!"

"Call her Nell, do you?" the other asked softly, and cleared his throat again.

"Sure." Tony was amused at this little man—amused and curious too. "Sure. We're just like that," he boasted lightly.

"That so?"

"Sure," Tony repeated.

"How long have you known her?"

Tony made a careless gesture. "Oh, couple of weeks. I drop in here every night, have a dance or two."

"That so?" the mild young man commented, and cleared his throat once more. "You do?"

"She's a nice kid," Tony assured him, in that casual tone which he thought became a man. "Sure."

"You're Tony Dade, aren't you?"

Tony felt flattered by this identification. "Yes. Why?"

"College man, I guess."

"Yes," Tony assured him; and he resented the fact that his ears began to burn, that he felt young and immature.

"Live in town?"

"Right now I do. Why not?"

"Got a job?"

Tony chuckled. "You want to know a lot," he said derisively.

The other nodded in a confused way. "I hear you come from up in Massachusetts somewhere. Got a lot of money, eh?"

"What of it?" Tony countered. He was beginning to be faintly angry. This was an impertinent little man. "Any harm in that?" And he added, more expansively: "I got through college last June. Probably go to work by and by, but first I want to take a look around."

"You pal around with Bruno," the little man argued, as though this fact controverted what Tony had said.

"Sure," Tony agreed. "He knows the town."

"Like him, do you?"

"Sure. He's all right."

The little man cleared his throat unhappily. He fixed Tony's eyes with his own. "Well, I'll have to ask you to leave Miss Andrews alone," he said slowly.

Tony's brows lifted in an amused irritation. "So? Who says so?"

"Why, I do."

"Where do you fit in the picture?" Tony challenged derisively.

"I'm her friend," the other explained. "I'm looking out for her."

Tony stared at him, and he began to frown. Then he laughed unpleasantly. "Dog in the manger?" he suggested. "Shucks, I guess it's an open field."

The other's eyes blazed with a sudden flame that startled Tony, but after a moment they were clear again. He shook his head.

"No, the field's closed," he insisted. He hesitated, made a slow gesture. "She's straight. I've known her a long time. She's worked hard to get her training, and she's making a hit here. She's got no time for anything but her work. I don't want her mixed up with anyone. Leave her alone, Dade."

"She send you to say so?" Tony demanded.

The little man flushed. "She doesn't know anything about anything," he explained, almost appealingly. "I'm telling you myself." He added steadily: "But what I say goes!"

Tony leaned forward, his elbows on the table. His veins were tingling. This was the stuff you read about; this was life in the raw, man to man. Yet it did lack reality. The individual who thus confronted him was not in the least an impressive figure. There was nothing in him which commanded respect; which evoked any emotion except an amused resentment at his meddling. Tony rested his elbows on the table, and he grinned.

"I'll think it over," he said easily.

"I'm telling you," the little man repeated. There was, despite his harmless aspect, something in his still dignity which gave Tony a faint concern.

Yet he shook his head stubbornly. "It's my business," he insisted. He was taut as a drawn spring, ready to leap to avoid a blow or to strike one.

But the other man for a moment did not move at all, and when he did, there was nothing alarming in his movement. He simply stood up; he stood uncertainly, looking across the room. They were dancing again, but Banalian had reappeared, was working his way through the crowd toward the table.

The little man looked down at Tony. "Here comes Bruno," he remarked. There was no particular emphasis in his word when he continued: "I'm telling you. Leave her alone. Don't hang around her any more. I won't stand for it!"

And he nodded and drifted harmlessly away.

Tony stared after him; he chuckled and took a long drink from his tinkling glass. He was immensely amused by this little man.

When Bruno sat down at the table, Tony paid him no immediate attention, but Bruno instantly began to speak in a lowered tone.

"Saw you dancing with that girl," he whispered. "A pretty trick, isn't she?"

Tony made no reply at all; he did not even hear. He was watching the little man, yonder by the door, standing innocently there with his hands in the pockets of his coat. Tony watched him and wondered who he was.

Then Bruno said, "How about getting hold of her for a party after the show? I can fix it. I just talked to her."

Tony did not hear what Bruno said; but he did perceive that Bruno had returned, and Bruno knew everyone, would be able to satisfy his curiosity. He asked slowly:

"Who's that chap, Bruno?"

"Who?" Banalian inquired; and followed Tony's glance, looked quickly back at the boy again. "The little man over there by the door?"

"Yes," Tony agreed. "He was talking to me. Who is he?"

"Didn't he tell you?" the other evaded.

"No, just sat here and chinned."

"Say, don't you know who that is?" Bruno demanded. His tone was one of incredulous amusement.

The younger man looked at him curiously. "No. Who is he?"

"Him?" Bruno leaned across the table, looking cautiously to right and left. "Him?" His voice fell to a whisper. "Why, that's Pip Flint! Heard of Pip Flint, haven't you?"

"I guess so," Tony admitted, impressed by the other's manner.

"Well, I should hope so," Bruno assured him. "He's a protection man. He's got the biggest mob in town. His racket's the softest thing you ever saw. A thousand a week out of Luke, right here, and a hundred others paying him the same."

Tony looked at him in uncontrollable surprise. His cheeks drained white. "A gangster?" he gulped.

"And then some," Bruno agreed, with a vast emphasis. "Say, he'd bump you off as quick as he'd step on a bug."

"He doesn't look it," Tony protested.

"He don't, for a fact," Bruno admitted. "But, man! He's quick as a snake, and he can scratch a match with a forty-five the length of this room."

"You don't say!"

"I'm telling you," Banalian insisted. "He's the real thing. Say, if he gets in your way, go through the wall. Go anywhere to get around him. Don't you step on that baby's toes!"

"Gosh!" Tony whispered, and he swallowed hard. He was trying to remember what things he had said to the little man a few minutes ago, and the hair prickled on his nape and his hands were cold. A gangster! A murderer! And he, Tony Dade, had laughed at the man and flouted him. The slight figure by the door became in his imagination hideous and sinister, and the room began to swim before Tony's eyes.

Why was Flint waiting by the door? And what was in those pockets where his hands were thrust? And what did he mean to do?

Tony was desperately afraid; but though cowards flee from danger, brave men meet it face to face. Tony came stumbling to his feet. Bruno at his elbow sought to check him, but Tony brushed the man's hand aside. He went slowly across the room toward where Pip Flint, that harmless little man, stood so innocently by the door.

Bruno, unable to restrain him, dropped in his chair again; and he sat nibbling nervously at his mustache while he watched what went forward over there.

"I didn't want you to misunderstand," Tony said huskily, when he came to Pip Flint's side. "I want you to get me right."

The little man looked at him gravely. "About her?" he asked.

"I was joking," Tony confessed.

The other's eyes softened curiously. "Then you won't bother her?" he asked, almost eagerly.

Tony hesitated, and he swallowed hard. He was terrified, but also he was, suddenly, reluctant. A lovely damsel is thrice as desirable when a dragon guards her door.

"She's a mighty nice girl," he pleaded. He tried to find words.

"Then leave her alone," the other repeated.

"Why"' Tony asked, his eyes steadying.

"I'm telling you!"

"But why?" The boy had a moment of clairvoyance. In this little man's glance, and in his tone when he spoke of Nell, there was not so much possession as devotion. "Why?"

The gunman studied Tony thoughtfully. "What are you after?" he asked grimly.

Tony hesitated, seeking some reply; for this was a question he had never asked himself. But as though this hesitation were answer enough, the little man nodded.

"Well, that's why," he said briefly.

(Continued on Page 154)

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The Chevy Chase—A lovely 17-jewel model for women, in 14k white gold with silver dial and inlaid enamel numerals. *Left*—In enamel and engraved case at $80. *Right*—In plain case at $[illegible]

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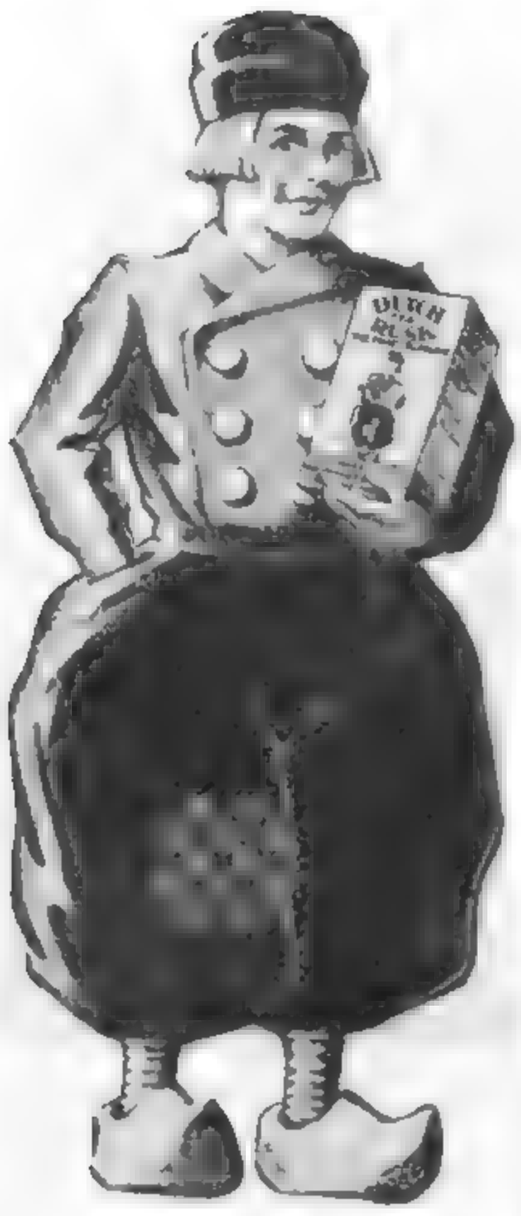

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(Continued from Page 151)

But Tony's head lifted in a sudden protest. "No, you've got me wrong," he urged.

"You're running the circuit of the night clubs," said Pip Flint implacably. "You'll be a bum in a year! Well, she's got work to do. Leave her alone."

"You've got me wrong!" Tony insisted, more stoutly. "I wouldn't hurt her. Not for anything."

The other studied him. "Well, you weren't thinking of marrying her, were you?" he asked mockingly.

Tony was stunned. He had no thoughts just then; certainly not this one. It had never occurred to him. He had in fact given no consideration to this question of what he did intend. He groped with the problem now, standing silently; and the little man nodded again.

"Well, there you are," he said, and turned scornfully away.

It was not altogether terror which prompted Tony's word. True, he was afraid; and he was desperately anxious to placate this deceptively mild young man. But more than this he wished to set himself right for the sake of his own self-respect. A bum? The word was a hideous one, shocking, awakening. But also it was insupportable to be thought capable of dark intent toward this girl, whose eyes were honest, friendly ones. And insupportable to think he must not see her more.

"Yes," he cried, catching at the little man's arm. "Yes, I do."

The other swung back to him, stared at the boy. "Marry her?" he challenged.

"I want to, yes," said Tony.

Flint fixed Tony's eyes with his; he held the boy's glance for a long minute. Then his own withdrew; he lowered his head; he began to whistle soundlessly, and his feet moved in a soft, shuffling step like a dance.

"Well, that's different," said the little man at last, under his breath. "Yes, that's sure different! I guess that's up to her."

"I'll go see her right now!" Tony cried.

But the other shook his head. "I'll see first," he decided. "Where do you live?"

Tony told him.

"Be there tomorrow afternoon," Pip Flint directed.

"All right," Tony agreed.

"And go along now," said the little man. "I'll see."

"Bruno ——" Tony hazarded.

"Never mind him," the other insisted. "You don't want anything to do with him if you're on the level. You go along."

And Tony, moving like a sleepwalker, did obediently go along.

Young Tony Dade lay next morning late abed, and his thoughts were busy ones. A curious nostalgia began, for no reason at all, to possess him; and by and by he picked up the telephone on the table beside him and put through a toll call to the mill at home. All went well there, old Madden assured him; but when was he coming home?

"We miss you, Tony," the old man said.

"Oh, yes, I'll probably be back pretty soon," Tony replied.

This did not commit him to return; yet after he had hung up the receiver the thought stayed with him, pleasantly. The little town on the river had its charms. True, there were no night clubs there, nor any men as wise as Bruno Banahan, nor any girls as sweet as Nell, nor any mild young men with bulging coat pockets in which a pistol might so readily be concealed. But the mill had a pleasant bustle of activity about it; and his own fine old white house on the river above the town, empty now since his father and mother were dead, wore an attraction of its own; and the river slipped so softly by, at the foot of the bank below the barn.

He lost himself in memories. There had been seasons when he found the little town monotonous and dull, but it was not so in his recollections now.

Then he began to wonder when Pip Flint would come to seek him here, and what the gangster would have to say. It occurred to him that Bruno might telephone; but he had a newly awakened distaste for this man, so he left word at the switchboard not to put through any calls. For the rest, he simply waited; and there were moments when his mouth was dry.

When at mid-afternoon he heard a light tap on his door, it was a moment before he could muster strength to open it.

As he had expected, Pip Flint, that harmless little man, stood there in the shadowed hall; he came in quietly, looked searchingly around the living room of the suite which Tony occupied, and then without apology glanced into the bedroom, too, and into the bathroom beyond. Such a man, Tony understood, must forever stand on guard.

Then Pip returned to where Tony waited; he nodded and cleared his throat in that apologetic way he had, and sat down. And Tony dropped in his big chair, his long legs sprawling out across the rug.

The gangster seemed to have trouble in finding words. Tony thought that if he did not know the other's reputation, the little man would have seemed a wistful, almost tragic figure. There was something stricken in his countenance; it wore, or seemed to wear, a grayish hue. But after a moment Pip nodded again, and cleared his throat once more.

"Well," he said, "I guess Nell wants it that way."

Tony swallowed hard. "Did you ask her?" he hazarded.

The other shook his head, smiling grimly. "Not straight out," he replied. "That's up to you. But I talked to her, got her to talk. I could tell well enough." He hesitated and his eyes hardened. "Did you send Bruno in to see her last night?"

"No!" Tony ejaculated. "No. Bruno? Did he see her?"

"She's used to drunks," said the little man. "She can laugh them off. But Bruno, he's the oily, slippery kind. He scared her." His tone was hard. "She was still scared, even today. He was talking to her about you, about a party. But she didn't believe you sent him in."

"I'll break him in two," said Tony. His breath was whistling.

"No," the other corrected. "No, you won't! I'll look out for Bruno. You're not going to see him any more. Nor he won't bother you."

His tone was mild, but Tony found himself shuddering. Then Pip hesitated, smiled faintly. "But the way it came out," he confessed, "I guess he helped you, at that. Hearing his line made her—sick of the racket. The dancing and the life. I got her to talking. She likes you. If you go at her right ——" He hesitated. "How about your folks?" he asked. "Will they stand for her?"

"They're dead," said Tony simply.

The little man almost beamed. "Good!" he exclaimed. It was clear that he discovered nothing humorous in this comment. "All right, then! You go see her, and put it up to her strong. She'll have you. She wants it that way. She may put up an argument, claim she's not good enough. But I'm telling you."

Tony was suddenly a little staggered at the prospect. "You sure?" he asked.

The other nodded inattentively. "But I've got to get some things straight with you, first," he explained. "You're going back home."

The words were a statement, not a question.

"Sooner or later," Tony assented. "Yes, of course."

"Sooner than that," said the mild young man. "This is going to be done my way, see? Nor you don't get married here—not with a piece in the papers and everything. You'll go down into Jersey. Just the two of you, and no one to know a thing about it."

Tony laughed uneasily. "You're taking her for granted."

"Why, I've known her twelve years," the little man gently explained. "I know Nell better than she knows herself." And he continued: "And then you take her up there, into the country, where you live."

"She'll be bored there," Tony urged. "It's so darned quiet."

"That's your job!" the other returned, and his mild eyes suddenly were stern. "You're going through with this, see! You're in it now. She fell for you, and even if you wanted to get out, you're in."

"I don't want to get out!" the boy cried.

"And you're going to keep her happy," Pip Flint continued, ignoring this assertion. "It's up to you. Study her, and watch her, and find out how to keep her glad she married you."

"There's no excitement up there," Tony objected. "Not a thing to do."

"Bruno cured her of wanting excitement," the gangster insisted. "She never was that kind, anyway. Always was one to go home from work and stay there. She'll like it. And if she don't, you've got to make her."

Tony twisted uneasily, fearful in spite of himself, full of arguments and protest; but his eye fell on that bulging pocket, where something compact and heavy seemed to hang, and he bit his lip and held his tongue.

"You can do it, all right," Pip Flint said thoughtfully. "I can see that! You were on the way to be just a bum, but you're going to turn around and go the other way. Lay off the hard stuff, see! No more hooch for you. Not even a cocktail! She doesn't touch it. Her old man went out that way, and she remembers, so she doesn't touch it herself. And after this, you're not going to."

"I don't care anything about it," Tony assured him.

"And you're going to be nice to her," Pip Flint continued. "Oh, you'll have your ups and downs. She needs a boss sometimes, and sometimes she needs someone to boss. You'll have to decide which is the time. You go home and go to work in that mill of yours."

"I mean to," the boy promised, strangely moved by the other's slow tones. The gunman wore more and more plainly an aspect of wistful tragedy. Tony had to remind himself that Pip Flint was a dangerous man, with death under his hand. The gangster seemed curiously lonely and appealing; and Tony wished to reassure Pip, not for his own sake but for the other's comforting.

"I mean to," he repeated.

"Don't fool with other women," Pip Flint directed. "Go to work, be nice to Nell, leave the hooch alone, cut out the women. And have some babies too. She wants 'em. Always has been crazy for babies. And no late hours, see! If you go out at night, get home early." He looked at Tony narrowly. "Any reason you can't?" he demanded. "Are you in any hook-up now that's likely to interfere?"

"No," Tony told him gently. "No, I'm all clear. Always have been."

"So has she," said the gunman quietly. His eyes fixed Tony's. "And you let her stay that way. You can get married tomorrow. You don't have to see her tonight at all."

"I'll have to go to the Dairy to find her," Tony pointed out.

But Flint shook his head. "She's through there. You go to her room."

"I don't know where it is."

Flint studied him through a long silence; he sighed at last as one who takes reluctantly an irrevocable step. "I'll give you her address," he decided.

He tried to continue, but he seemed to choke, and his eyes suddenly were misted. Tony was by this evidence of feeling in the other moved beyond control.

He said softly, "You're mighty fond of her, aren't you?"

"I brought her up!" the little man confessed, his tone defensively gruff. "I've taken care of her for ten years now."

"We'll always thank you! Nell and I!"

The other shook his head in a quick alarm. "No," he corrected sharply. "No,

(Continued on Page 157)

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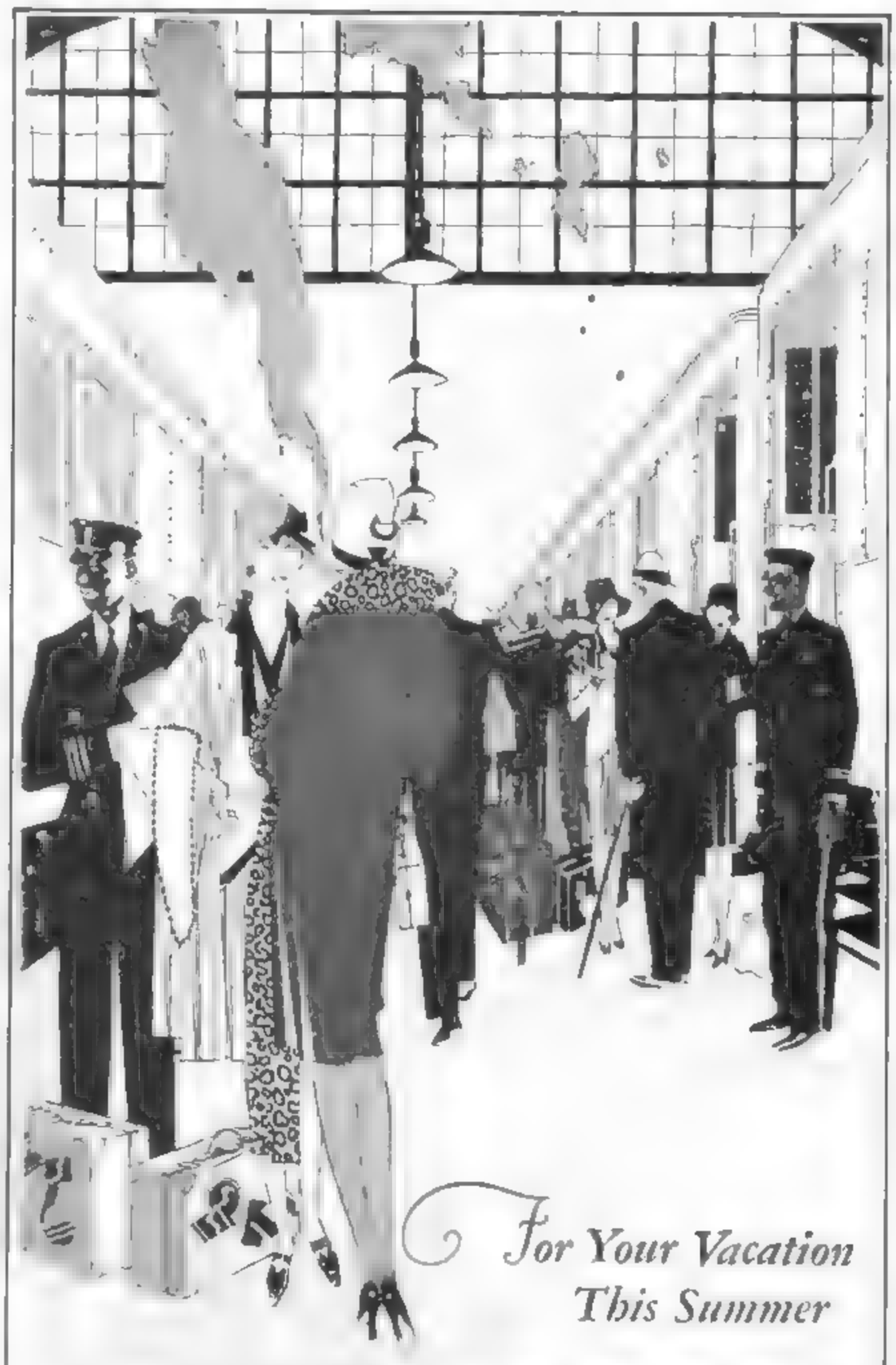

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Expressive Strathmore Papers

(Continued from Page 154)

don't say anything to her about me. I didn't tell her. Don't you."

"Why not?" Tony urged. "It's all right. You've been fine. I ——"

"It'd make her unhappy, thinking about me," the gunman replied. "She knows I've always expected we'd team up, by and by. I had a lot of plans, what we'd do together. We've talked about it. But that's out now." His eyes were swimming; he made a dismissing gesture with both hands. "That's out, clean! My outfit and hers won't mix from now on." He looked at Tony steadily, added: "Only, if you don't play the game, I'll take a hand. See?"

"I will," the boy promised. "I'll play the game." His heart was aching for the other's grief.

"Don't say anything about me to her," the little man repeated. "She knows I figured on something different from this, but if you don't ever talk about me, she'll forget it by and by."

"You wouldn't want her in your line," Tony suggested, in an awkward attempt at comfort.

But the mild young man came flaming to his feet. "Want her?" he cried; and all the passion in him was blazing in his eyes. "Want her? Blast you, I want her worse than anything in the world! See?"

Tony, too, had risen, at the other's sudden movement; and for a space they confronted each other silently, like two antagonists. Then Tony thrust out his hand.

"You're all right," he said softly. "You're fine!"

But the other only glared at him. "I don't like a hair of your head," he ejaculated. "I wouldn't throw you a rope if you were drowning. But if she wants you, she's going to have you, and you're going to play the game!"

He caught up his hat, swung toward the door, stopped there to speak one more word.

"So get your coat on and go find her, kid," he said grimly. "And go straight! Keep her happy! You won't see me again, but I'll be around."

Tony took one step toward him. "But shake on it, old man," he urged. "After all, we're both fond of her!"

The gangster hesitated, shook his head at last. "That can wait," he decided, "till we see how you come along!"

And a moment later the door shut silently behind the little man.

There remains only epilogue. These things occurred in February. Another February came, and March, and April, and May. Spring drifted softly up the river. The forsythia's golden blossoms gleamed and faded, the yellow petals littering the ground; and the trees began to wear a lacy green.

Young Tony Dade stayed late, one afternoon, in his office in the mill; and he was very busy, as he was now apt to be. The machinery had fallen silent almost an hour ago; the great building was empty. But Tony still sat at his desk, scribbling figures on a pad, totting them up, assorting them again. When the telephone rang, he picked up the instrument inattentively, and his eyes and his thoughts were still on these figures when he spoke in answer to the call.

But when he heard the voice on the wire he forgot his work; he took the telephone in both his hands, almost tenderly. "Oh, it's you, Nell," he whispered, and his lips were smiling with delight.

"You haven't started? I'm so glad!" she cried.

"I'll leave here in ten minutes," he promised. "Everything all right at home?"

"Fine!"

"Twins all right, are they?"

"Tucked in for the night," she assured him proudly. "And Anthony looks more like you every day."

"He's a buster, eh? Some boy!"

"But Tony, dear," she said urgently.

"Yes?"

"Listen, dear! An old friend of mine is in town. The best in the world. I want you to bring him out to dinner. Will you?"

"I sure will," he promised, and checked the quick question on his tongue. There had always been between them an unspoken agreement not to discuss this old life of hers. She never spoke of it, nor did he. It was for her now if she chose to let down the bars.

"It's no one you know," she told him. "But he's always been wonderful to me. As good as a—as a mother, Tony. He's a hoofer in vaudeville. You know, a soft-shoe dancer. His name's Lester Coyby. He's playing Springfield; and he's coming out between shows on the traction. He has to be back there by 9:20, but we can run him in to the theater, can't we?"

"Sure!" Tony promised. "We'll stay and see his act, if you want."

"No, I'll have to hurry home. The babies might wake up. He's coming out on the traction, Tony; on the car that gets to the square at 6:13; and I said you'd meet him there."

"How will I know him?" Tony asked.

"He says he knows you by sight," she explained

Tony nodded. "Right! Then I'll have to hurry." He chuckled. "Here, sweet. Take this!"

"And this!" she responded softly.

So he hung up the receiver and turned to his work again, but he was still smiling, thinking of her. At eight minutes past six he left the mill and drove up River Street to the square; and it was only then that he began to speculate about Lester Coyby. It was like Nell, he thought, to be so loyal. She was this, and all the other things that she should be too.

Three or four people got off the car, and Tony stood waiting for one of them to approach him. Then a little man he had not seen touched him on the arm, and he looked down and his heart checked its beat.

For this was Pip Flint, the gangster, the protection man.

Tony was dumb with astonishment and quick alarm. He was in some respects a stupid young man, and his thoughts were all confusion now.

Then the little man said quietly: "Hello, Tony." And he grasped the other's limply dangling hand.

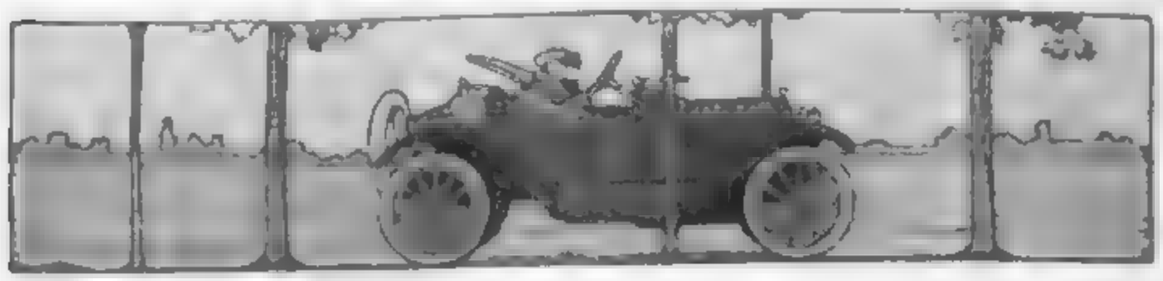
Tony stammered: "Oh, hello!" His eyes scanned the departing figures of the passengers. "I'm looking for a man," he explained. "A friend of Nell's. Maybe you know him. A fellow named Lester Coyby."

The other nodded in cheerful surprise. "Why, sure, Tony," he returned. "That's me!"

Tony stood rigidly; but he was not always slow of comprehension; and almost instantly he understood. This was, after all, simple enough. Bruno Banalian, for the sake of impressing Tony, had lied. Tony understood, and he chuckled, and then he laughed aloud and caught Lester by the arm and led him toward the roadster at the curb.

"What's the joke?" the little man asked when they were in the car.

Tony laughed again, stoutly shook his head. "It's on me!" he cheerfully confessed. "Or maybe on Bruno, if you look at the way it has turned out. A joke, anyway, and a peach! But, old man, it's one I'll never tell!"



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CAPTAIN DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 4)

Here was his first big chance! So he brought the logs down in record time, until they came to a ninety-foot falls, but there they got caught in the whirlpool below. Working hard and fast with his men, he succeeded in saving most of the logs by running into the water with lines and hooking them out of the whirlpool with "dogs." But for nearly 100 miles upriver the rest of the logs were coming still. What should he do? A steep sluice ran around from above the falls, and from the local government man he got permission to let his logs come through that way. They came smoothly at first, and faster and faster, for the slide was very steep. He yelled to his men above: "Let 'em come!" For he wished to make up for the time he had lost. But the logs soon jammed in the steep slide; and the water, seeking an outlet, turned and rushed straight into and through a little match factory close by. Out came the angry owner and his 100 workingmen. The explosion lasted quite a while.

"If you'll only quit talking and give me a chance, I'll break that jam," young Dollar said. It was a dangerous business, loosing logs in that steep slide; but he managed it; they came through with a rush and the water ran down the sluice as before. Then the factory owner said:

"I certainly gave you hell, young man, and I want to take it all back. You've ruined my factory for a while, but I take off my hat to the job you've put through."

He managed the rest of the drive all right; and the next year, at twenty-two, he was made foreman of a camp of forty. His pay was twenty-six dollars a month. Pay was especially low at the time because of the depression which, even up in Canada, was following our Civil War. He had heard little of the war, for far up there in the big pine woods they went without mail for months at a time. "We lived in a world of our own," he said. There he was now a lumber-camp boss, and in the roughest school on earth he learned how to depend on his own resources and how to get work out of men.

"A man away deep in the forest, running a camp of forty," he told me, "had to learn to think quickly at times. It was a case of getting things done—often things you'd never tried before. I came into camp one night and found one of our men with a broken leg. I had never seen a leg set before, nor had anybody in the crew. There wasn't a doctor in eighty miles and the man lay groaning on the ground. But with the help of one of the boys I fixed up some cedar splints, and we set that leg and bandaged it tight. And a doctor told me afterward that it was about as good a job as he could have managed himself."

Staving Off Labor Troubles

There were other accidents in the woods and on the river. Once three of his men were drowned in swift water just above a waterfall. It was only quick thinking that saved the rest. He was a skillful pilot now of big rafts and cribs of logs down through the rapids on spring drives. He was good, too, at building dams and roads and rough log cabins. He worked hard from dawn till dark, and kept his accounts in the evenings still; for to get the most out of his men he stayed right with them day and night, talked to them in their own language, English or French, and called them all by their first names.

"Personal contact—that's the great thing," he told me, speaking of those days. When he felt trouble brewing among the men, he would go out through the snowy woods and talk to them, alone or in couples. "I'd talk in a friendly way," he said, "and I always succeeded in getting things right. I learned that in the Canadian woods and I've held to it ever since. Don't fight a man. Keep friendly. It pays."

In those five years his salary was raised to thirty-two dollars a month, and later on to forty-four dollars. And saving determinedly all the time, long before this, with his brother's help, he had paid all the installments on a 500-acre farm, which they gave to their parents for a home. Since then he had saved a good deal more, and he now decided to go into business for himself. He had long been getting ready for this. He had kept up his figuring and writing, and some reading too. Though he read the Bible still, he had cheap editions of Scott and Burns and several other standard authors. He read them up in the woods, he said; and when he was down in the village, he learned to talk upon his feet, in the kirk or the small Masonic lodge of which he had become a member. But all this was on the side. The big thing he had learned was getting out timber. He must learn to sell it now.

The Lesson of Black Friday

He took a partner and went into business in 1872. North of Toronto, in a new country opened by the government, they bought timber on land owned by farmers and started lumbering at once, with a little office at Bracebridge. "We did not need much capital, for we did not have to pay our men till we got the timber to market," he said. Business was booming and prices were rising, so they decided to hold their logs. But then Black Friday came on Wall Street. When he heard of it, up in the woods, he thought very little about it at first; but the panic caused a depression which spread even into Canada. "Word came up to me," he said, "that the bottom had dropped out of the market. We started driving down our logs, and it was the worst drive of my life. Not only were all my savings gone but I had no money to pay my men. They took my notes and I made them good. But it was a lesson I've never forgotten. I could have sold at a decent profit, but I was young and lost my head and waited in hopes we would make a big haul. So I got wiped out. It served me right. Always take a fair price. Don't speculate. It made me cautious—a fine thing. For I've been a pioneer all my life, and a pioneer needs to learn caution while young."

His share of the loss was $2500 and he found himself in debt. To pay it off, he took a job as manager of ten lumber camps, at $100 a month, and this he held for three years. Meanwhile he had married Margaret Proudfoot in 1874. She was eight years younger, born in Canada of Scotch blood, a good Presbyterian and a bright, able, thrifty girl, who has been his close companion and greatest helper ever since. "She helped me," he said, "energetically to save up our money and pay off my debts." In Bracebridge they took a little house, and there, in three years, from his salary, they paid all his debts and lived on the rest.

"It wasn't hard at all," she told me. "We had no children at that time. I did all the housework. Our wants were few. For life was simpler in those days, and just as happy. We were every bit as comfortable as we are now. We had everything we wanted. I've got some of that old furniture still."

Her husband declares that he dates his success from the day he married her. By 1876 he had found another business partner, who put up the required cash; and their business increased till they had eight camps in the Muskoka region. His life was hard and strenuous still. One of their camps was on an island far out upon Georgian Bay. In the fall they sent men and teams and food for the winter out by boat; and in March a letter came from the foreman, brought by an Indian over the ice. The fodder was nearly gone, he wrote, and they must have more or the horses would die. Captain Dollar bought four loads of

(Continued on Page 161)

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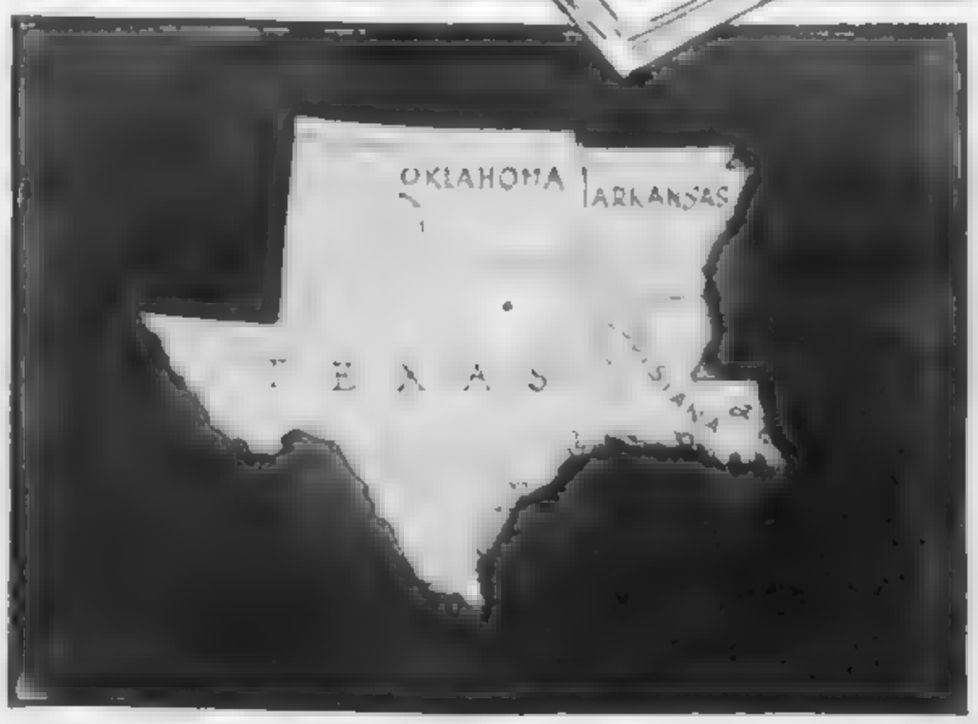

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WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

The future of Aviation largely depends upon its source of supply

(Continued from Page 158)

hay and started with teams on the sixty-mile journey out upon the frozen lake. A snow blizzard struck them out there and he steered by a compass and a chart. But as night drew on and the storm grew blinding, he brought the four loads of hay together in a hollow square; and lighting a lantern, he found by his map that there should be a small rocky island only about a mile away. He took an ax and started for it, hoping to get firewood, but the icy wind soon drove him back toward camp. He missed it, struggled on alone, slipped and fell and struck his head.

He was unconscious for a time. Then, rising on one elbow, he caught sight of land close by. He managed to get there and gather some wood, and into a pocket frozen tight he slowly forced his numb right hand until he found two matches. He lit a fire, thawed himself out and slept exhausted through the night. The dawn broke clear and he caught sight of his teams some distance off, a mere dark spot upon the snow. When he reached them, he found his men had burned one load of hay to keep warm, and had lost their provisions. They wished to go home, but he urged them on, and they reached his island camp toward nightfall of the following day. The next morning he could not move from his bunk till his men had rubbed and kneaded him. He had saved the starving horses, but for weeks after getting home he went about with a swollen hand. He showed it to a doctor at last, and learned that one of the bones was broken. It was the hand that had gripped that ax in the storm!

Selling to the Consumer

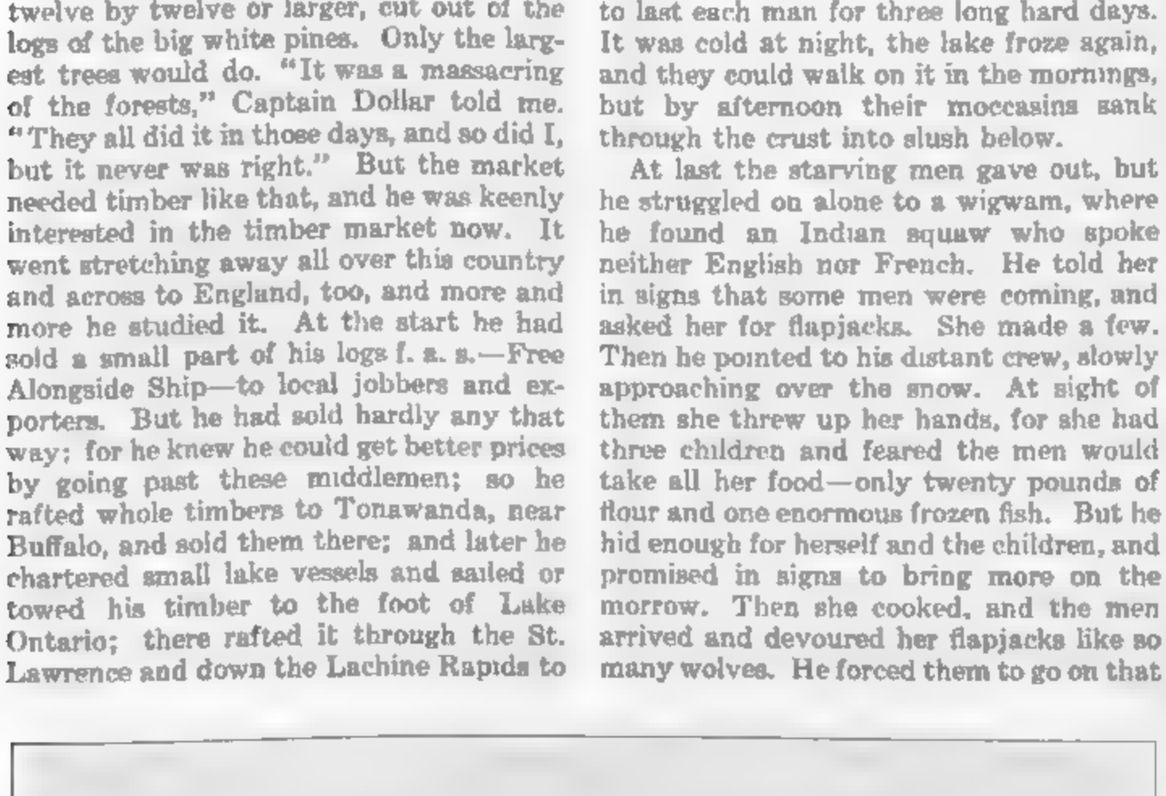
The next year, 1880, he began to get out square timber for England—long timbers twelve by twelve or larger, cut out of the logs of the big white pines. Only the largest trees would do. "It was a massacring of the forests," Captain Dollar told me. "They all did it in those days, and so did I, but it never was right." But the market needed timber like that, and he was keenly interested in the timber market now. It went stretching away all over this country and across to England, too, and more and more he studied it. At the start he had sold a small part of his logs f. a. s.—Free Alongside Ship—to local jobbers and exporters. But he had sold hardly any that way; for he knew he could get better prices by going past these middlemen; so he rafted whole timbers to Tonawanda, near Buffalo, and sold them there; and later he chartered small lake vessels and sailed or towed his timber to the foot of Lake Ontario; there rafted it through the St. Lawrence and down the Lachine Rapids to Quebec, where he sold it at first to the exporters. But why not save their profit too? So he chartered a sailing ship to England and there sold timber C. I. F.—Charges, Insurance and Freight delivered. He went ahead on a faster boat, and after hard search, he found a market in Manchester, with a big manufacturing firm.

"It was not easy, but at last I made them believe in me," he said—"that I could supply what they wanted—only the best and biggest white pine. I had much to learn still, and many troubles, difficulties large and small. But I won the confidence of that firm in Manchester, and of customers in Liverpool; and I gained the confidence, too, of banks back home in Canada, so that they would carry me. Men trusted me because I made good, and I soon learned the value of that; but it was a difficult job those days, and it needed grit and energy."

A Deal in Flapjacks

His widening operations kept him almost constantly traveling now. And here is a sample of one of his trips. To be sure that he could make good on a certain order for white pine, in the early spring of 1881, he visited one of his camps up the Serpent River. He went 250 miles by team, sleeping out at night, and had to do the last thirty-five miles in one day on foot through slush and snow. On reaching the camp he found a fine lot of white-pine timber. All O. K. So he let them stamp the dollar sign, his trade-mark, on each one of the logs. Then he took twelve of the crew, who were not needed for the spring drive, and started with them back to Bracebridge, along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay. The ice had gone out in the lake, so they tramped through the forest in the snow, until their rations were reduced to only one small cake of meal to last each man for three long hard days. It was cold at night, the lake froze again, and they could walk on it in the mornings, but by afternoon their moccasins sank through the crust into slush below.

At last the starving men gave out, but he struggled on alone to a wigwam, where he found an Indian squaw who spoke neither English nor French. He told her in signs that some men were coming, and asked her for flapjacks. She made a few. Then he pointed to his distant crew, slowly approaching over the snow. At sight of them she threw up her hands, for she had three children and feared the men would take all her food—only twenty pounds of flour and one enormous frozen fish. But he hid enough for herself and the children, and promised in signs to bring more on the morrow. Then she cooked, and the men arrived and devoured her flapjacks like so many wolves. He forced them to go on that



Second Street, San Francisco, 1865

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"—and ten pounds of sugar and a peck of those potatoes." Thus the thrifty hostess concludes her large order of groceries, all to be placed in the big, roomy Kari-Keen Luggage Karrier.

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night to some mills about ten miles away, and from there the next day he sent back to the squaw four times the flour they had used.

Starting right on for another camp, he made forty-five miles on snowshoes that day and did not get in till late at night. The next morning he looked over the timber, and then went on by team to a village, reaching it at midnight. The roads were breaking up again, and impossible for the team, so the following day he walked thirty miles, often ankle deep in mud; and next morning he was busy hiring men in Bracebridge for the spring drives in his other camps—apparently none the worse for his trip. He said of that life:

"It was a survival of the fittest, and only the strongest were able to come out of it alive."

Large timber was now growing scarce, so, in 1882, he moved down to Marquette, Michigan. When I asked him if he became an American citizen down there, he chuckled and replied:

"I did. The politicians saw to that. They got right after me for my vote, so I took out my papers at the end of that first year."

He built a sawmill deep in the forest, cut large timber for England and used the balance of the logs for lighter lumber, which he sold to Chicago, Detroit and Buffalo. He was selling not only in Manchester now but in Glasgow and Liverpool. He had no agent over there. "I still went with my timber myself," he said. On one such trip he took his wife, and they went up to Falkirk, the ancient town where he had been born. He gave them a public library. Upon visiting his old home, he found the garden a lumberyard, and there he discovered timber with the Dollar mark on it, which he himself had taken out on the shores of Lake Huron and sold in Quebec.

A Picture That Proved a Frost

He made several other trips abroad, and at home he was always traveling too—on lakes and on rivers, by road and by rail, with horse and on foot with Indian guides. In 1887, according to his diary, he traveled 29,100 miles by water, 1050 by rail and 991 by team. Meanwhile, along with his own affairs, he had managed the Michigan business of a large Canadian company.

"I was mighty busy," he said, "and every dollar I could save I put into government timber land, which I bought at $1.25 an acre."

But by 1888, the large timber he wanted was hard to find. Moreover, the strain had begun to tell and he no longer stood so well the terrific winters there. So, in the next two or three years, he closed up his Michigan business, selling at a handsome profit some 20,000 acres of land. And meanwhile he took his wife and children out to California. They went to Los Angeles at first, but while looking for a home, in a real-estate office one day he saw a large picture of a house surrounded by snow, with huge icicles hanging from the roof.

"Where's that?" he asked.

"Oh, that is up in San Francisco," the Los Angeles booster said. But the home-seeking lumberman had learned that San Francisco was the principal lumber market of the Coast; so he went up there, and liked it and got a home at San Rafael

"I've lived there ever since," he said, "and I've never seen an icicle yet!"

Soon afterward, with two partners, he bought the largest tract of redwood in Sonoma County, set up a mill and started cutting the giant trees—some several thousand years of age. "I'm mighty glad," he told me, "that we did not cut them all." A part of the tract became, later on, the grove of the Bohemian Club, for their annual High Jinks. Meanwhile, in 1893, he sold out his interest there: for his lumberman brother died, so Robert took over his mill at Markham, up on the Russian River, and ran it for his brother's estate. The next year he bought a part interest, too, in a mill among the redwoods at Usal, Mendocino County, and put in nearly half his time up there. Coming up from San Francisco on a schooner to that rocky coast, from the vessel he would be hauled in a sling on a long cable to the shore.

"He wore high boots in those days," said a friend, "and he lost no time in getting in through the mill to the forest. He'd be inspecting some work in the woods before the rest of us got ashore."

Great vigilance was needed in cutting those giant redwood trees. The tree must miss all stumps in its fall; for if it struck one, it would smash to a mass of splinters and pulp. So they cut in a manner to guide its fall; and to be sure they were cutting right, a man would climb into the great cut, with a hinged triangle of steel behind him. It was called "a gunning stick." Bringing the top of the triangle slowly forward over his head, he would sight over the top of it and so make sure their aim was right. The huge logs were hauled out on skids by teams of many oxen. Two of the bulls broke loose one day and started to tear down the camp.

"It was Sunday," said a friend, "and Captain Dollar was reading his Bible out there under a redwood tree. He laid it, still open, on the ground, quickly joined in the chase of the bulls, and used all the wonderful language he'd learned back in the Canadian woods. Then, when the brutes were caught at last, he came back to the Book he had left and was soon absorbed in it as before."

Using oxen to haul the logs, he decided, was out of date and it cost too much; so he bought a donkey engine, ordered a special wire rope and tried hauling them that way. When his cable broke, he bought one stronger, and a stronger engine, too, and went on with his experimenting. For he was that kind of man. In his long career as a lumberman since, he has tried in numberless other ways to save time and labor in the woods. So have many other men.

"And our methods today," he told me, "have as little to do with those of that time as this skyscraper office building of ours has to do with a cabin in the woods."

Long before this he had opened an office in San Francisco—one small room on the third floor—and had hired as his office boy Hugo Lorber, a lad of seventeen, who has stayed with him ever since and is secretary and treasurer of the big Dollar Company today. By that time, 1893, he was dealing both in redwood and in wany—sugar pine—logs, which he exported in chartered ships around the Horn to the United Kingdom, selling on consignment to his former customers in Liverpool, Glasgow and London. He bought a part interest, too, in a lumberyard in Los Angeles and traded all up and down the Coast. So far, he had used only chartered ships, but now he decided that he could save by owning a vessel of his own. And so, in 1893, he bought the Newsboy, a little steam schooner of only 260 tons. He found that with her he could halve the cost of transporting his lumber along the Coast; and besides, he was one of the seagoing Melvilles and it was good to get back to the sea. But one of his first voyages was very nearly disastrous.

On Again, Off Again

"When we came to Usal," he said, "we found the sea so heavy that we couldn't get in to the wharf, so we stayed out all night in the storm. The next day the wharf was gone, so we went on to Fort Bragg, to try to get a cargo there, but saw a signal up: 'Don't land.' Later they signaled that we might try it, but close to the entrance of the harbor a big sea swept us onto the reef. I shouted to Captain Fosen: 'Chris, look out for that reef!' But the next minute we struck with a crash that broke all the doors and windows. And there we hung. I looked over the rail and saw right beneath me the naked rocks, so I called down into the engine room, 'Come on up, boys, she's go'n' to go!' As I was cutting the lifeboat ropes, the captain yelled: 'Look out! Hang on!' As he spoke, an enormous comber swept over us. I shut my eyes, and when I could get them open again, we were in harbor steaming to dock! For that comber had lifted us over the reef!"

Captain Fosen has been with him ever since.

"Captain Dollar at that time," he said, "had thick reddish hair and beard. He was only about fifty years old and a good deal heavier than today; and he was the most observant man on shipboard that I ever knew. He was never seasick, no matter what the weather, and he was always out on the decks or down in the engine room. He spent a large part of his time down

(Continued on Page 166)

San Francisco in 1849

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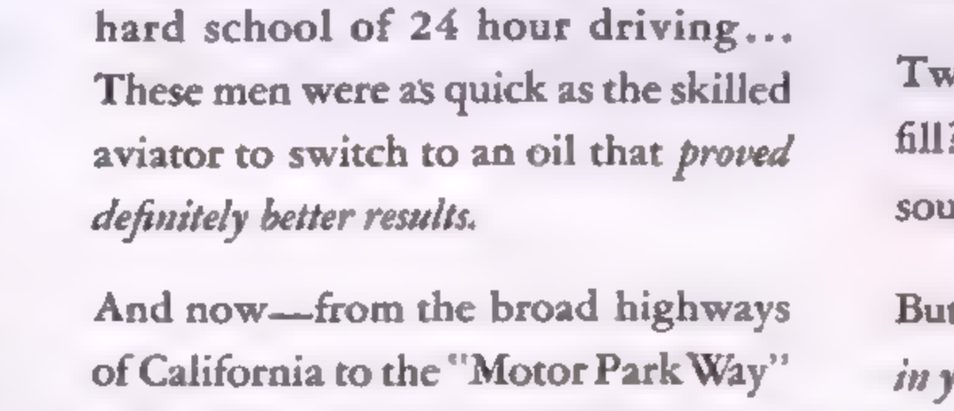
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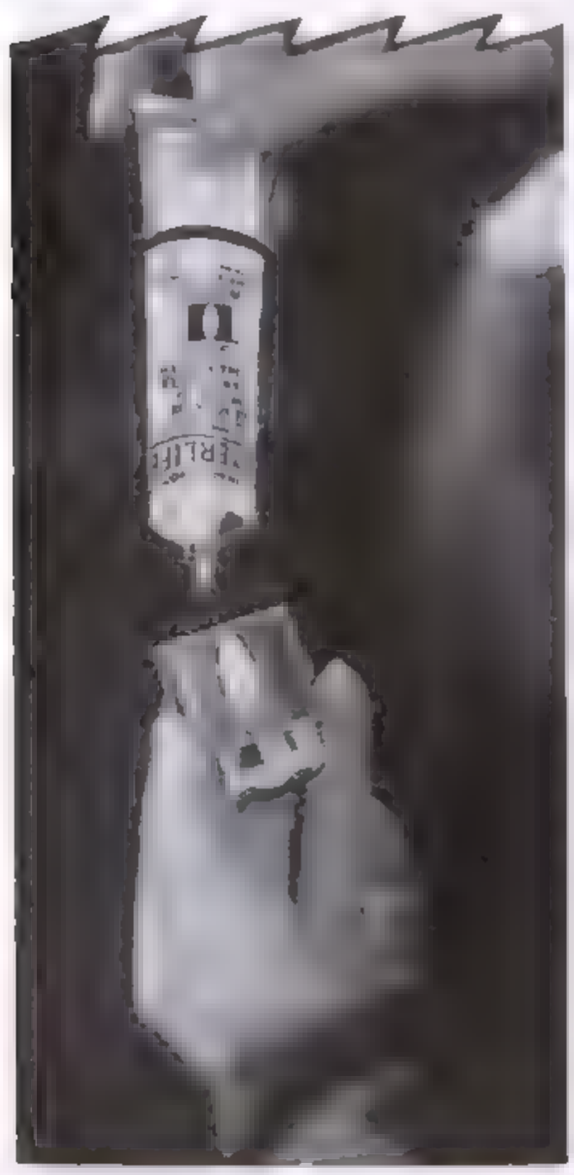

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(Continued from Page 162)

there, till he understood those engines like brothers. We carried a crew of seventeen; and working our own cargo in port, we went up and down the Coast from Usal to San Pedro, and we brought back telegraph poles. Coming out of there once in a thick fog, we struck on the end of the breakwater. Captain Dollar was down in the engine room, but he came streaking up on deck, jumped into a boat with two of the crew, and went off in the fog for a tug. I tell you, he was a hustler!

"He came with us whenever he could, and he always had us on his mind. One day up at Usal there was a big storm. We had loaded only two-thirds of a cargo, but we didn't have much coal, and so were afraid to stay on that coast. For the storm had risen to a gale. So we came back here to San Francisco Bay and tied up at Sausalito, about the middle of the night. I was worried about the cargo we'd left, for the captain liked the Newsboy stowed with every stick of timber she'd take. But at daybreak I heard him overhead. He had come all the way from San Rafael in a drenching rain.

"'Hello,' he said.

"'Captain,' I answered, 'I had to come back without a full cargo.'"

In the Klondike Trade

"'I don't care if you didn't bring a stick!' the Old Man cried. 'I knew you didn't have enough coal, and I've been lying awake all night, thinking about you boys in that gale!'

"That's the kind of a boss he was, and that's the kind he has been ever since. People ask about the Dollar sign. We used it on the Newsboy first. She was so small that when she lay among a lot of other vessels, you couldn't make her out in the dark. So I proposed to the captain that we paint something white on her stack. We used at first a Maltese cross, but then a friend of his suggested that we use the Dollar sign, which was the trade-mark on his timber. We did, and you can see it today on his big ships all over the globe."

In the next few years he bought or built several sailing fore-and-afters, and then two steam schooners, the Grace Dollar and Robert Dollar, boats of about 500 tons. I talked with the marine engineer who helped him plan and build them.

"A very extraordinary man. He was quick, he was apt," said the engineer, "and he had a natural love of the sea. In this work you can do little without it, but with him you could see from the start that ships were not only a business but a hobby and passion, too; and of course, when that is the case, a man picks up information very rapidly. And he did. Some people will smile and tell you about his Scotch frugality, but he was generous to his ships. If any repairs were ever required in the engine room, I needed only to explain the increased efficiency it would bring, and he would agree to it at once. He knew the functions of boilers, engines, circulating pumps, or if he didn't, he soon found out. For his questions struck in deep. He had no superficial mind."

Soon after the Grace Dollar was built, came the first big rush to the Klondike, in about 1896. And Captain Dollar saw his chance. To fit her for the Klondike trade, he built a shelter deck on her and he crowded in the bunks; but even so, there was not space for the frantic Klondikers waiting at dock.

"Those were hectic times," he told me. "One night three men came out to my house and said: 'We're determined to go on your ship.' She was sailing the next day. 'Every bunk on her is taken,' I said. But they answered: 'Then we'll sleep on the floor.' Crowded with passengers every trip, she ran from San Francisco and Seattle to St. Michael and Kotzebue Sound, and she paid for herself in that first year. I chartered her to two men for only half the summer season and they paid me half her cost."

Meanwhile he was building the Robert Dollar, and he finished her just in time for the next big rush—to Nome. He bought also a wooden passenger boat of about 1500 tons and put her into the same trade. She took 400 passengers every trip.

"He ripped the bar out of her," one of his captains told me, "but he couldn't keep the boys from bringing their own liquor on board. Quite a few of the tenderfoot class came on with guns stuck in their belts. The old-timers kept 'em out of sight. Half of 'em gambled all night long. We carried full cargoes of provisions, mining equipment, gambling and bar-room layouts. Yes, sir, those were wild old days!"

After the rush to the Klondike and Nome came the Spanish-American War, which again brought a great demand for ships. It took most of the big coasting vessels off to Manila and so left the coastwise trade to smaller craft, like those Robert Dollar owned.

"When I began to work for him," another of his captains said, "he was getting on toward sixty. His hair was gray and his chin beard was as white as it is now. But if he were down in San Pedro, even though it took twice as long as the train, he'd come up with me on the boat, and would spend his time on the bridge or down in the engine room. He was a great fellow to fire questions; he kept learning every trip. One day, up north, I was bringing my ship, with a load of lumber, out of the Columbia River, to see if I could cross the bar; but it didn't look safe in that heavy sea, so I was just about to turn back when I saw the Grace Dollar coming in. The Old Man was up on her bridge; and as they passed, he waved to me to cross the bar and put out to sea. But I knew it was one thing to come in, and another to go out, that day; so I disobeyed him and turned back. Did he give me hell for it? He did not. For by the time we met ashore, he had learned more about that bar.

"'Captain,' he said to me, 'I was a fool. You did just right and I'm mighty glad!' That was him; he kept learning all the time. Though he was a great boy for speed, he was always for safety first. I remember he once put it like this: 'Use your own judgment, captain, but let me tell you how I feel. If you were in Gray's Harbor with ten ships in heavy weather, and one came out over that bar and the other nine stayed in, and you were one of the nine that stayed, I'd say you'd used good judgment. If you were the one that got safely out, I would say you were nothing but a fool.' I never sailed for a nicer man. He worked none of his ships in harbor on Sunday, and in the fall he'd say to me: 'If you can get in before Christmas this year, you can stay a week with your family.'"

Sticking to Business

He bought and built other ships, sail and steam; and when I asked if he'd never been stuck, he thought a minute and then replied:

"No, I can't remember a time. You know, they say I'm pretty Scotch, and I don't know but what they are right. I used my own pine in building ships and kept close watch of the whole job. I was always on the alert."

"He was," agreed an old friend of his, "but combined with that, he honestly liked to believe in men, to believe they were square till they proved they were crooked. And this kept most of the crooked ones from trying any dirty work. Sometimes he would buy a ship, and would then sell shares in her, as was a common custom then. But he always kept the management. There were many in shipping at that time, but there's only one Robert Dollar today. Why is it? How did he get where he is? Not only by tireless energy but by constant keen observation combined with the most amazing balance and common sense I've ever known."

In those last years his office had grown. He had two lumber salesmen now—one in San Francisco and another in Los Angeles. His consulting engineer at first had looked after shipping repairs, but by this time that part of the work was being taken over by Melville Dollar, his oldest son. The father was against a college education for his three boys. While they were still in high school he had long serious talks with each one, and offered to teach them the business he loved; but they must start in at the bottom, he said, and learn lumber and shipping in every detail. Even while they were still in school, they spent a good part of their vacations in the office or down at the wharves; and later on, each one of them came to work for him regularly. It was a vigorous training school. Living out in San Rafael, Captain Dollar and his boys caught the 7:30 train and then ferried across the Bay, and were busy until night.

"I spent the morning, as a rule, in the office or out around town," he told me, "talking to customers, looking at ships. I had kept up my rule from the start to pay my bills on the day they came in, and this was bringing fine results. After luncheon I went to the Merchant's Exchange, to charter a ship or get a cargo and to hear the latest news; for it was on the Exchange that most of the lumber freighting was done. In addition to my own, I was agent for several firms up north and wholesaled their lumber here."

Thinking Ahead

There was much to be learned about that business; it needed quick calculating at times, for the market had its ups and downs. But he had learned caution from Black Friday and never got caught like that again. In the freighting there was keen competition, but not much rate cutting, he said. But he was constantly chartering ships, and he needed all his vigilance when it came to the charter party or lease. For the difference between profit and loss often lay in the time allowed to load and unload at the various ports—lay days, demurrage, and so on. His education proceeded fast.

"When I knew him first, in 1900," said a man on the Exchange, "in the matter of chartering a ship, nobody could beat him on this Coast. He was a great advance thinker. He could shut his eyes and see ahead that particular cargo and that ship on her whole voyage from start to finish. Working days, lay days, storms, acts of God—he'd figure 'em all and get 'em all in, till he was thoroughly protected. As a result, he was never brought into court on a lawsuit that I can remember. He was a mighty canny old Scot. He looked just about as he does today, with the same old white chin whiskers; but he carried himself as straight as an arrow, and used to come up California Street a-lumping! He was the boy for work! If a vessel of his was reported from Point Lobos to our night man here, he had orders to ring up the captain at any hour of the night and tell him his ship was outside the Gate. If she docked at four A.M., he'd be there; and if some other ship of his was due to sail at six P.M., but got some extra cargo and didn't sail till midnight, he'd stay right with her on the wharf, watching each stick of lumber come off and every box of cargo go in. He liked his ships to sail on time!

"Punctuality was one of his gods, and another was sticking to his price. Often at first some broker would try to haggle him down a few cents a thousand on a cargo of lumber, but he'd hold out like a rock. He used to take some general cargo for little stores up along the Coast, but you couldn't budge him a penny there. He'd carry your stuff for just so much. He'd figure it carefully, knew it was fair, and you could take it or leave it, he said. He has been the same way ever since. When he gives you a price, he'll stick to it; even if it should go against him, his word is just as good as his bond. On the other hand, he has always been less careful in the loans he makes; for he has a big streak of kindness there. Once, just before Christmas, he came to a friend who had struck some mighty hard times, and

(Continued on Page 168)

RONSON LIGHTER
STARTS NEW FAD
Ronson owners, enthusiastic about this lighter, have started a new indoor game. All over the country you will find them challenging owners of other lighters to a miss-and out contest.

"FOR THIRTY MINUTES WE HAD PLAYED THE LIGHTER GAME, THERE IN THE CLUB CAR OF THE BROADWAY LIMITED"

"It's a shame to take the money

A RONSON lights every time"

"If we hadn't pulled into Penn. Station for another hour, I might have made expenses from Chicago.

"For thirty minutes we had played the Lighter Game, there in the club car of the Broadway Limited.

"My lighter was the only Ronson, and I won steadily. I told them it was a shame to take the money. But they were unconvinced that a Ronson lights every time.

"Well, they found out—and paid me.

"Lucky there wasn't another Ronson Lighter in the crowd, or the battle would have ended in a draw."

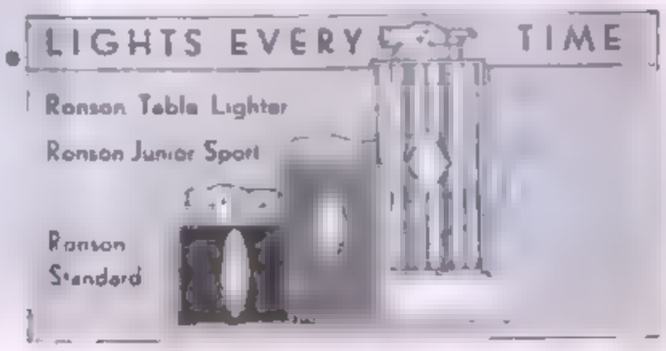
The Ronson is just as *easy* to light as it is *sure* to light. It has no cap to lift, no wheel to spin. Just press and it lights —in the flick of an eye. Release, and it's out. No soiled fingers, no need for an educated thumb.

Keep the flint and the fuel renewed, and your Ronson goes right on working without a miss for years, because it is made as sturdy as a steel die, yet as precise as a fine watch.

Styles for men and women, for business, sport and evening use, as well as table models, in scores of beautiful finishes, many of them priced at five dollars, and ranging up to $3,000 for jeweled presentation models.

Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., 64-66 Princess Street, Toronto, Ontario.

RONSON
De-light
THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



(Continued from Page 166)

tore up the man's note and gave him the pieces. It was for $6000. 'Jim, here's a Christmas present,' he said."

In those eight years since he purchased the Newsboy he had learned a lot about ships. Though not yet a big figure on the Coast, he owned several steam schooners, in addition to sailing ships, while his lumber trade was still growing. He had just bought more timberland, close to Mt. Shasta in California, and a sawmill at Everett, down on the shore of Puget Sound, to supply lumber for the Orient. For now, at the age of fifty-seven, he was thinking of trade in the Far East. He had made two trips to China to look into conditions before this.

"I knew that if I went in," he said, "I'd be in it all the rest of my life; for it would be a job of many years to build up business over there. So I wanted to be sure."

It took a lot of hard thinking and many long evening talks with his wife; for he valued her judgment in such things. At last he decided to try it out, and in 1901 he bought his first big steamer, the Arab, a steel ship of 6500 tons. With characteristic caution, he did not send his own lumber at first; he chartered her out to another firm. But in drawing up the charter pact, for once in his life he did not stand pat; they haggled him down to a low rate and put conditions in the pact that reduced rates lower still. Worst of all, his ship could find but little cargo to bring back. So the voyage was a loss; and he made up his mind, on the next trip, to take his own lumber and go himself, to get return cargoes and a closer knowledge of the East.

Creating Business

So, in 1902, he went with his wife to Japan and China, and filled letters home and his diary with detailed descriptions of harbors, river channels, docks, coaling and loading, both from the wharf and from the native sampans and junks. Foreign steamship companies were building wharves and terminals, and the big nations of Europe were grabbing concessions everywhere. It was just after the Boxer Rebellion and the Chinese were hostile still. He met foreign soldiers wherever he went. In Peking he was shown how the Temple of Heaven had been looted by Russian troops; and in Shantung he saw how the Germans, landing from their warships, had taken the peninsula and were getting ready for future trade. New railroads had been begun, and in cities shattered by the late fighting a lot of rebuilding was going on. So he saw a chance for the lumber trade. He was able to sell all the lumber he'd brought, but he could get almost nothing at first to carry home upon his ship.

For American trade was not what it had been in the old Yankee-clipper days. Just before the Civil War our ships had been first on the Pacific, but later our best energies had turned to developing the West, and discouraging shipping laws had been passed; and as a result of both these causes, not only our shipping but also our trade had dwindled to almost nothing in China, compared to what Europe was getting there. The only big American line coming into Shanghai was the Pacific Mail, dating from 1868 and running a fast, regular service for mail, passengers and freight, with rail connections on this side; for the Southern Pacific Railroad controlled a majority of the stock, and Harriman and Collis P. Huntington were behind it, people said. Later, in 1888, had come the Occidental and Oriental Company, sailing under the British flag, but backed by American capital of the Crocker and Union Pacific group. And last, in 1898, had come the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, a company strongly subsidized by the Government of Japan. These three companies—first, the P. M. and the O. & O.; and later on, the T. K. K.—had combined to stagger their sailings and form a joint weekly schedule with about a dozen boats.

Against this powerful combine, at Shanghai, in 1902, came Robert Dollar with one slow ship, pioneering the sale of American lumber. They did not care to carry that—it was penalty cargo for passenger ships—but when he tried to get return cargoes, they cut rates to freeze him out. Then he began the policy which later brought him such success: "Don't fight unless you have to. Find new fields. Create new business." Leaving an agent at Shanghai to sell his lumber on commission and get what low-class freights he could, Captain Dollar took his ship to Japan; for on the Chinese railroads he had noticed oak ties from Japan, and he thought he saw a new field there. On the island of Hokkaido, near the port of Muroran, he found many sawmills cutting the ties, which were hauled out on sledges over the snow, as in Canada and Michigan. The harbor near by was well protected and had room for many ships. Pleased with the quality of the oak, he took home with him six of the ties—the first Japanese oak to reach the Coast. There he tried them out in his own mills; and when this proved satisfactory, he succeeded in getting a contract to deliver large quantities of oak ties to the Southern Pacific, the selfsame road whose shipping line had kept him out of Shanghai! "Don't fight unless you have to Create new business if you can."

But he was taking no chances on the success of this new venture. So, in the next year, 1903, he went back to show the Japanese exactly what he wanted and make sure they gave him only the best. At the port of Muroran, though he was nearly sixty years old, he stood all day in a cold wind on the snow-and-ice-covered wharf and watched every tie that went into his ship. None of the Japs could speak any English, nor did he know a word of Japanese. "But I did know good timber," he told me. And every few moments his long lean hand would motion aside an imperfect tie. The Japanese stevedores kept smiling and chuckling to themselves. In Japan they had never seen a shipowner descend to such hard labor as this! But Captain Dollar got such good ties that the Southern Pacific ordered more. And later his vessels brought oak logs, too, and sold them to wholesale dealers or mills in San Francisco and Los Angeles. In future years it took many steamers to carry them all, he told me. He bought sulphur, too, in Japan, and mahogany and other hard woods, and cane sugar in the Philippines, and sold them also on the Coast.

Never Come Home in Ballast

So he got the return cargoes he needed and learned the secret of his success in shipping in the next ten years: "Never come home in ballast, or your voyage will bring you a loss. Always take a full cargo both ways, even if you have to buy it." It was a reincarnation of the old Yankee merchant-trader idea. For in the adventurous clipper days, having little to export from our shores, our ships had traded all over the globe, buying and selling as they went. In an old New England record I read of one young captain of nineteen, son of the owner of his ship, who came back from a two years' voyage with nearly $1,000,000 he'd made.

And now, in his careful, conservative way, this new Scotch-American pioneer was working on the same idea. But conditions had changed in fifty years. Out there upon our Western coast, he could feel a whole country behind him rapidly filling with cities and towns, mines and mills and factories—all to need foreign markets soon. And before him lay the Orient. Suppose it wakened to new life and began to want our goods? "What a chance for foreign trade," thought this adventurous pioneer.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles about Captain Dollar. The second will appear next week.

. . . . Does your catalog do your best customer justice?

HOW about your best customer? Does your catalog do him justice? Remember, between your salesman's calls it's all he has to keep the contact . . . to order from . . . to sell from.

Heinn has solved this problem . . . with its Loose-Leaf System of Cataloging. It shows you how you can have a real catalog . . . like the business leaders of the country are using. Economical . . . practical . . . always up-to-date—a catalog that will meet competition on equal terms.

Yet this better system of cataloging is inexpensive. In a period of three to five years it will more than pay for itself . . . by cutting your catalog costs. And many, many times each year pay for itself . . . by increasing your sales.

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Originators of the Loose-Leaf System of Cataloging

HEINN Binders

MILWAUKEE

DAY BY DAY CATALOGUES THAT LAST YEAR AFTER YEAR

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We are sending you a copy of our catalog and will appreciate any constructive suggestions you care to make. (If you do not need catalog, write on your business letterhead.)

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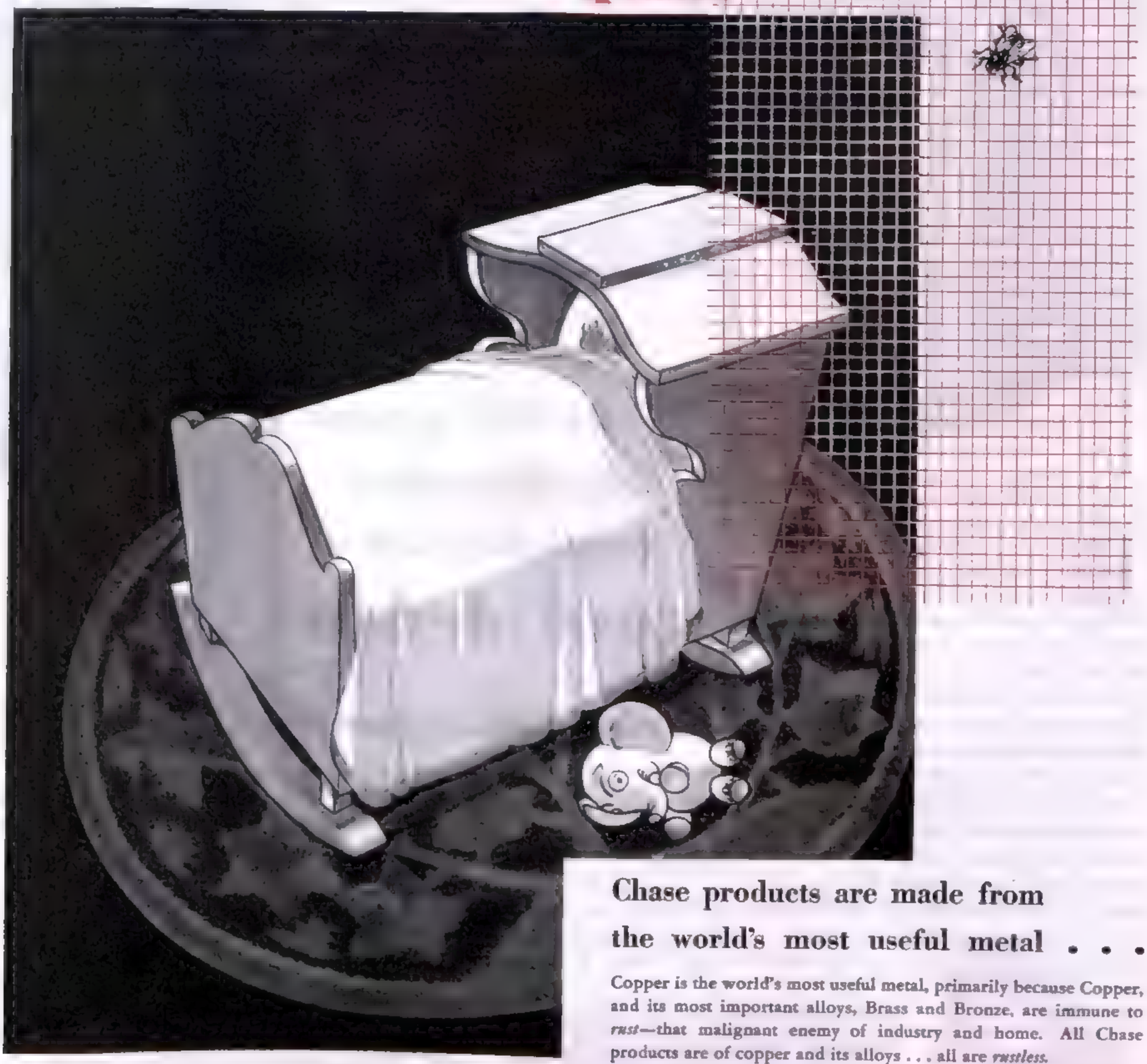
Sound healthful sleep—protected by screenings of Bronze. No stabbing mosquitoes—no persistent, early-morning flies to annoy . . . Undisturbed sleep for all the whole night through . . . Those menaces to sleep and health—the house-fly and mosquito—are barred out forever when you screen your house with screenings of Bronze*. Chase Bronze never rusts, never needs painting; its protection is permanent.

CHASE



Chase products are made from the world's most useful metal . . .

Copper is the world's most useful metal, primarily because Copper, and its most important alloys, Brass and Bronze, are immune to *rust*—that malignant enemy of industry and home. All Chase products are of copper and its alloys . . . all are *rustless.*

Alpha Brass Pipe, Copper Gutters and Downspouts, Bronze Screen Cloth are made by Chase, as you know. You may not know that, in addition, Chase Brass and Copper are used in the manufacture of thousands of the everyday articles which surround you. Because Chase Brass is good brass . . . Chase Copper is good copper . . . *and will give you life-long protection against rust.*

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.
—INCORPORATED—
WATERBURY . . CONNECTICUT

* Chase Bronze Fly Screening is easily identified by the Chase name and the distinctive Chase-mark. Look for these; they are your guarantee of *permanent* protection—your assurance of a product that beautifies as well as protects.

CHASE

The mark that identifies good brass and copper products

This sign of CONFIDENCE identifies the 4-SQUARE DEALER

THE mark of confidence is the Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Label on each package of 4-Square Lumber. This label specifies the exact *species* and the exact *grade* of the lumber in the package—both are *guaranteed* by Weyerhaeuser.

4-Square Lumber comes to the job in these *original* packages with the *original* labels. You know that you are getting what you order and pay for. There is no chance for "mistakes."

More than that. 4-Square Lumber is better than ordinary lumber. It is properly seasoned, properly manufactured by improved methods.

It is cut to *exact* lengths and trimmed *square at both ends*—thus eliminating a lot of hand trimming on the job. It is put up in *packages*—comes to the job clean and unmarred. It saves money and makes for better construction.

4-Square Lumber is sold only by reliable dealers—men who have taken their stand on Guaranteed Quality and are determined to clean up some of the "sore spots" in the lumber business which have cost users of lumber millions of dollars.

You will find the 4-Square Dealer a good man to do business with—his service keyed up to the level of his new and better lumber. Look for his 4-Square sign.

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Weyerhaeuser Sales Co., *Distributors*, Spokane, Washington
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Species and Grade are Marked and Guaranteed

TRIMMED SQUARE .. PACKAGED .. READY TO USE .. GUARANTEED

Other achievements by **WEYERHAEUSER** for Industry and the Home

NU-WOOD
The perfected all wood rigid insulating wall board and plaster base. A notable contribution to comfort and economy in home building. Sold by lumber dealers

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A dependable supply of ideal light weight freight saving crating lumber backed by Weyerhaeuser's long experience and scientific service in crate design

WOOD PARTS
Serving industry through the savings accomplished by contract fabrication at the mills of Wood Parts for later assembly into finished products

DOUGLAS FIR TIMBERS
Heavy structural timbers available for quick shipment from four separate supply bases, fed by regular sailings of Weyerhaeuser's own vessels through the Panama Canal

RIDE AND TIE

(Continued from Page 23)

to sleep and Al had tied the bedding down across him so, weak as he was, he couldn't throw himself out of the bunk if he was to come to while Al was after a doctor.

There warn't no regular doctor in a little camp like Ten Sleep them days. Folks either got well or they didn't. Several of the boys rode out to look after Hank while Al Witherspoon got a fresh horse and set off for Sheridan, where a young doctor had hung out a shingle. Folks had been mighty healthy at Sheridan, seems like, and what shooting had been done was accurate to the p'int where an undertaker was needed, not a doctor, and Doc Edmonds hadn't worked up much practice.

Al offers him a thousand dollars to take the case and stay on it, if he takes till spring. Doc Edmonds almost sprained his back reaching for his hat and medicine kit. Four days after Al leaves, he and Doc Edmonds came riding back, all wore to a frazzle. A man nurse was following along behind them and arrived two days later.

It was spring before Hank Arnold was up and around. Al Witherspoon had spent almost his last dollar, but the ghost had quit riding him. He felt that his finding Hank Arnold had been a direct intervention of Providence to give him a chance to pay off an installment on that debt to old Dave Peel. Well, Al Witherspoon and Hank Arnold decided to ride and tie, and they'd been at it for upwards of forty year prior to the time young Jim Channing relates the tale to Alice Merril.

Alice thinks that's quite a story. "Aren't they a delightful old pair?" she asked. "I just love them."

"I'm addicted to them myself," Chan says. "Near as I can make out, that debt to old Dave Peel has kept the pair of them about three-fourths bankrupt ever since. Every time they had a little stake laid by and it looked like they was on the highroad to prosperity, some broke-down old prospector or stove-up cow puncher come to their notice. It wasn't in the nature of them two kindly old boys to pass on without lending a helping hand. They'd consider it paying off a little more on that debt to old Dave Peel, and it's kept them broke. But anyways, they've had each other and have had a right carefree life. They started to ride and tie forty years ago."

"Ride and tie," says Alice Merril. "What does that mean?"

"It means to partner together," he explained.

"Of course," she says. "But what's the significance of it? Where did the term originate? Every expression has its roots in some actual occurrence or custom of the past. Usually it originates because it is peculiarly fitting."

"And the expression lives on after the custom it originally designated has become obsolete," Channing agreed; and the girl gives him an amused glance.

"And how many year have you-all been in these hyar hills yourself, stranger?" she inquired.

He grinned back over his shoulder. "Not so many," he says.

"And whar did you hail from original, neighbor?" she persisted teasingly.

He didn't answer that direct, but hums, "Dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood," which piqued her a trifle.

"Where was Chan's home?" she made casual inquiry of Al later in the day.

"Come to think of it, Chan never did confide in Hank and me just whar his home was located," Al says. "The details of his past that he's related has been right meager, sis."

"I expect it was some scrape that he got into and he came out here to live it down," she suggests sort of offhand.

"Then he's doing a good job of it," Al says.

"Must have been something he was terribly ashamed of," she surmised, "or he'd have mentioned it."

"Nothing of the sort," Al denied, training his mild old blue eyes on her. "Likely a little business upset at the worst, which all yearlin's experience now and ag'in, and he come out here to start over. I'm downright surprised at you, sister, for misreading character the way you do."

She laughed up at him with that nice way of hers. Then Mr. Archer rode up—the outfit at that moment being in a mountain meadow where there was room to ride abreast—and asked her to trot on ahead with him, which she did as pleasant as you please.

Though it was evident from the first that Archer was interested in Alice Merril, it was also apparent that his opinion of himself was such that he felt he was doing her a favor to accord that interest. It had struck Hank and Al that the father was engaged in fostering that interest between Archer and the girl to the best of his ability. He was a dignified party, Merril was, as if conscious of the fact that he had a position in the world to uphold. His face wore a weighty and impressive expression at all times and his simplest remarks was uttered as if he's handing down a decision that may rock the world. When he remarks at breakfast that he'll have another cup of coffee or a slab of bacon, it is with the air of decreeing the rise or fall of nations.

"I declare," says Al, "if he ain't just about the a-struttingest party I ever laid an eye on."

"He sure gives off the impression that the weight of the world has been roosting on his shoulders for many a moon and that he's bore the burden wise and well," Hank agreed.

"He strikes me as somewhat of a false front," Al says. "I never crossed the trail of a real one yet that felt it necessary to strike an attitude of greatness."

"Nor me," Hank said. "Usually, that sort of party is pretending to himself and others that he's holding down the important berth in life that he's always aspired to, but ain't attained yet."

"C'rect," Al agreed. "And I suspect that's Merril's case. But now he sees his way clear to attaining it. He's got a girl that's about the best they is. His idee is that she'll win him through to where he's headed for—which is to engineer a combination of money and position."

"And Archer has a plenty of both them commodities," Hank stated.

"Which I've got nothing agin such a union, p'vided the principals in the contract is satisfied," Al said.

"But it won't make no difference to Merril whether they're satisfied or not, long as he's satisfied himself," Hank analyzed. "He's out to put it through, whether or no. A man like him, rid by one devouring ambition thataway, is not going to let such a trifle as other folks' preferences sidetrack him. And his kind has a ruthless streak to'rds them that they control."

"All in all," Al says, "he's something of a he hen, Merril is, or he'd leave matchmaking for the womenfolks."

"Archer seems a fair sort, only maybe a mite oversold on his own importance in the scheme o' creation," Hank says. "Nothing outstanding agin him though."

"Not yet," Al agreed, "except, as you says, he holds his nose a trifle too high when he looks at his fellow man."

The party had come early so as to take it easy and get hardened in gradual on the way to the hunting country, and they was six days on the trail before they made a permanent camp in Butte Creek meadows. Meanwhile, Hank and Al had observed that Alice Merril was putting in considerable time riding near Jim Channing. If he's in the lead, she pulls in just behind him when the outfit takes the trail of a morning. If he cuts off midway of the string or brings up the rear, Alice maneuvers to ride at that p'int of the outfit too. On frequent occasions she dropped some casual question about him to Hank or Al. And all the time, no matter what the topic of conversation between her and Channing, Alice kept inserting leading queries designed to draw out what Channing meant to do with his future.

"How did you happen to take up horse wrangling as an occupation?" she asked one day.

"I didn't. It took me up, you might say," Channing returned.

So Alice fell back again on old Al Witherspoon.

"Well, sister, it come about like this," he says. "Hank and me has just delivered a dude party back to the railroad and is preparing to take the outfit up into the hills for the summer. A train is side-tracked thar and Chan is pacing back and forth and acting real gloomy and disconsolate. The station agent says the reason for the long stop is because of a wreck ahead.

"'A wreck ahead and a wreck behind,' Chan says.

"We inquired what the wreck behind was and he laughed kind of mirthless and says it's his own wreck. 'My dad—the best in the world, too—expected me to become a wizard at big business and high finance,' he says. 'All I've done is to prove I wasn't cut out for it. I've jumped the reservation. The governor will be pretty much cut up about it, I'm afraid.'

"'What're you aiming to do out in these parts, son?' Hank inquires. Chan says he'll likely take a whirl at larning the ranching game. It ain't no easy task to get a ranch job, what with plenty of experienced ranch hands looking for work. Hank and me are a great pair to size things up. It's clear as spring water to us that this boy has tried big business with his dad's money and took a fall. The fact that he'd lost the old man's money, and maybe his confidence, was fretting him more than his own part in it. We-all decided to take him back into the hills with us for the summer, so's he'd get his mental feet under him again, so to speak, and also would larn his way round out here. He took us up. Come time for this hunt, we hired him for wrangler."

"H'm!" Alice Merril sniffed. "To let himself go to pieces at his age, because of a business reverse!"

"But, honey, he ain't gone to pieces," Al insisted. "Not Chan. He's a-gathering himself for a fresh start. You don't live for two months with a man out in the hills without larning something of his make-up."

Alice drifted back to Chan.

"So you're just another installment on the debt to old Dave Peel," she says.

"That's the way I sized it up," Chan agreed.

"And you'd take their charity!" she flared. "Young and able-bodied as you are."

"I'm earning my keep now," he p'inted out.

"But what are you going to do with your life?" she insisted. "Later—as a life occupation, I mean?"

He shrugged carelessly. "Ranch, in all probability," he says.

Meanwhile, Archer is persistent in his attentions to Alice. But though he acted as if he was doing her a favor by bestowing his interest, the girl seemed unaware of the honor thus conferred on her. Not that she wasn't friendly and pleasant to him, for she was. It was merely that she seemed to accept the interest and attentions of all menfolks as her natural due, his among the rest, and not as in the nature of a favor.

Archer seemed a nice enough sort of chap, despite his toplofty notions of his own importance, but likely he observed Alice Merril's interest in Channing and it injured his self-esteem. Anyway, on about the fifth day out, he commenced to give orders to the horse wrangler. He wasn't nasty about it, but just conveyed his wishes in an offhand manner as he would to any servant.

(Continued on Page 174)

So simple that directions are wholly unnecessary—millions of people all over the world use Kork-N-Seal every day

Kork-N-Seal keeps the product just as it came to you in the original container—used on the finest products

THE FINEST AND HIGHEST PRICED OF ALL CLOSURES

The Cap with the Little Lever

Used by manufacturers who think so much of their product that they spare no expense in retaining the quality of that product, just as originally packed, until the last drop has been used.

Convenience and service to their customers is an important factor to the makers of fine products, and Kork-N-Seal is the only cap made that delivers the maximum convenience and service in sealing and re-sealing.

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NYAL SERVICE

Dedicated

to the support of the thousands of Communities in which they are located—and to the Welfare of the millions of People they Serve

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to the principle that the Independent Druggist has a duty to perform — he must maintain the highest professional standards and give superior service

12,000 of the best independent drug stores in the United States and Canada have pledged themselves to Nyal standards of service. You are entitled to know who these druggists are and what they stand for.

You can distinguish them by their display of the Nyal Service Drug Store emblem, and by the Nyal products that they carry and guarantee.

Every Nyal Service Drug Store is a prescription drug store. The Nyal franchise is never granted a store that is not in charge of a registered pharmacist. In fact, many Nyal Stores have several registered pharmacists who are always at your service.

These druggists—12,000 strong—have earned individuality, independence, and public respect. They are protecting that reputation by giving unusual merchandise and service—better than the buying public can obtain elsewhere.

Dedicated to superior service, your Nyal Druggist sells you what you ask for. Neither he nor his clerks will urge you to buy unduly large quantities. Fair dealing and superior service—these are the two hallmarks of the Nyal Service Drug Store.

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QUALITY ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ FAIR PRICE ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ FAIR DEALING

Pavement-pounded nerves are strangers to him

WHAT though he does carry eighty pounds on his back as he follows the blazed trail for mile after mile? The woodland turf is springy under his feet—every step is cushioned.

He has never known the *greater strain* of day after day pounding on hard pavements—the repeated shocks that jar every fibre—the transmitted blows of walking that lead the city dweller to *nerve exhaustion.*

And so he sleeps o' nights—and wakes *refreshed.* He does not jump at sudden sounds. He is not thrown off his mental balance by petty inconveniences.

Man was never meant to walk continually on hard surfaces. The structure of his foot proves it. Nature designed it for contact with soft sand and springy turf —which cannot injure the delicate nerve system.

Quit pounding your energy away—put springy cushions between your heels and the sidewalks—a pair of "U. S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

Step into a repair shop where you see the "U. S." Spring-Step sign. Have a pair put on. Wear them—you will feel better, have more energy and get greater enjoyment out of life.

Look for this sign on the shoe repairman's window. It assures you that he uses the best bottoming materials made —Ushide Soles —Spring-Step Heels.

SPRING-STEP
Rubber Heels
Made by the Manufacturers of Keds

Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company

(Continued from Page 171)

They'd been on the trail maybe an hour on the fifth day when Archer drew up to where Alice was riding behind Channing midway of the outfit and stated that he'd left his pipe and a pound can of tobacco behind and would Chan mind riding back to get them for him. Archer's manner was nice and pleasant, same as if he was speaking to some trusted servant. You might even call his manner indulgent, not to say patronizing

Alice looked up rather surprised, but Channing, as if he was glad to do a favor for Archer, says without even hesitating, "Sure, I will," and turned his horse on the back track. After a couple of hours he cantered back to the outfit, packing the missing plunder.

Little things like that kept cropping up and Chan performed every chore that Archer asked him to, and it didn't even seem to ruffle him. Merril, too, took notice that Alice was spending considerable time with Channing. Both Al and Hank observed that Merril turned a hard eye on the pair of them real frequent. But he wasn't one to go off half cocked. He waited until an opportunity to relieve his mind came up natural, which it did on the day they pulled into Butte Creek Meadows and set up camp.

Chan had throwed the horses up the meadow while the others was putting up the tents. Then he came back and was cutting down a dead lodgepole for firewood fifty yards from the camp. Mr. Merril strolled over and viewed his work approvingly. Archer had segregated Alice, and the pair of them was setting on a down log, laughing and chatting. Alice's rollicking laugh floated across to Chan and Merril. The father turned his head and came as near beaming as was compatible with his face.

"Happy couple," he says weightily to Channing. "And why not? Handsome and well matched in every particular. Both of good family and position. Yes, an ideal match, I would say. You have no idea, Channing, how much anxiety falls to the lot of the father of a charming young woman. So many make mistakes in their choice of a life companion. But I am glad to say that Alice did not. At last I can feel a vast relief to know that she has chosen a man with whom I can trust her future happiness and welfare."

He went on to speak glowingly of the advantages of the match—the union of two families long known and respected in their state. In his pompous manner he conveyed the impression that the union between the Merril and Archer clans was similar to a treaty between two powerful nations.

"This is by way of being a betrothal trip," he confided.

It was quite natural, he went on to say, that they should wish to get away from their many friends for a while. The demands of society were great. And no matter how well meant, the attentions of friends were more or less of an intrusion when a young couple was betrothed and wished to discuss their future plans. But Alice was so gracious and good-hearted that she simply could not refuse her time to any and all who demanded it, even though she was anxious to be alone with Archer. So they had decided that a trip into the wilderness was the logical solution.

"You can see for yourself how it is," Merril says. "Even in your case or that of Seely, the cook, whenever either of you has anything to say to Alice, her natural graciousness makes her conceal the fact that she'd rather be with him. That's Alice," he says fondly.

"And that's that," says Channing to himself, gazing after him. "Father has handed down the ultimatum. He don't intend for any horse wrangler to impose himself on Alice's time, which, to further his own plans, he wants her to put in with Archer. And if I don't act according to instructions, father's not going to enjoy the trip or let anyone else enjoy it. It's to the interest of Al and Hank to see that the hunters enjoy the hunt. Therefore, it's up to me to behave myself."

He patterned his actions on what he considered his duty toward Al and Hank. He continued to be pleasant as all outdoors to Alice whenever chance threw them together, but instead of seeking her society as he had formerly, he now took to avoiding her whenever it was possible without making it pointed. That wasn't difficult for a few days, because Channing stayed near camp and looked after the horses and rustled wood for the cook while the others were out on the hunt. Hank guided Merril while Alice and Archer hunted together with Al. There was plenty of game in the hills, and by the end of the first week in the Butte Creek camp, Merril and Alice each had a mule-deer buck and a six-point bull elk and Archer had his elk, but no buck.

As they set round the camp fire that evening, Alice, as usual, tried to draw Hank and Al into spinning some yarn or other.

"How did the term 'ride and tie' originate?" she inquired of Hank.

"Well, it was prev'lent all through the West, forty-fifty years ago, same as it is to a lesser extent now, but I didn't exactly know whar it come from myself. Thar was an old mountain man who'd lived among the Injuns more years than he could remember. He told me it came from back in the days of the keel-boat commerce between Kentucky and New Orleans. Many of the boats was homemade and intended only to float a cargo down the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans and then to be abandoned, while the crews got back the best way they could. There was two keel-boaters that was mighty nigh inseparable. At the end of the down trip they'd draw their wages and go on a bust until they was broke. Before starting the spree, however, they'd purchase one horse and saddle. When funds ran out they'd start back overland through the wilderness for the upper Ohio. One would ride for a spell, dismount and tie the horse and hold on afoot. The other would come to whar the horse was tied. He'd ride until he overtook his pardner. Then they'd both walk for a spell to give the horse a rest, then repeat. Arriving on the upper Ohio, they'd sell the horse, drink up the price of it and sign on another flatboat for New Orleans. 'Ridé and tie,' they called it. Others took it up, and finally the term comes to mean a partnership between two or more men who had agreed to share and share alike, come good luck or bad. That's how that old party told me it was, Miss Alice, and he was old enough to know."

"That's a perfect duck of an expression—ride and tie," she approved. "Don't you think so, Chan?"

But Chan had slipped off to his bedroll. He warn't asleep, as indicated by the occasional glow of his cigarette. It had been coming over Alice that Channing hadn't been bestowing any great amount of his society on her of late. There warn't a thing she could put her finger on to indicate any change in their relations. Channing was friendly and amiable as all outdoors to Alice whenever he was round, but he was round mighty infrequent, it seemed to her. Friendly as she'd been to him, it piqued her a mite to discover that he wasn't making a p'int of seeking her society at every possible opportunity. She hardly knew how to account for that, because she warn't accustomed to be overlooked by any man, old or young. But being real well acquainted with her dad, she suspected that he was at the bottom of it.

She announced that she wasn't going to hunt next day but intended to stay in camp and rest. Archer was scarcely a breath behind her in declaring that he believed he'd rest a day in camp himself. Mr. Merril speaks up real prompt and announced that he would make it unanimous. So everybody rested but Chan. He snatched a bite of breakfast and run the horses up to the upper meadow, explaining to Al and Hank that he'd herd them on good feed during the day, and if they wanted any saddle horses brought down, to fire two shots a minute apart.

"H'm," says Alice, her not knowing that Al had observed her listening in on Chan's announcement.

It warn't but round ten o'clock when Alice slammed loose at a mark with her rifle. After the lapse of a minute she shot again.

"H'm," says Al in his turn.

"Yeah, that's what I say," Hank agreed.

In about a quarter of an hour the horses came streaming from the timber at the far end of the meadow and trots down the open. Chan left them a hundred yards outside camp and came riding on in.

"Oh, here's Chan with the horses!" Alice exclaimed as innocent as you please. "Now since you're here, Chan, I believe I'll have you take me out for a ride."

Mr. Merril cleared his throat importantly. "But you were going to rest, my dear," he said.

"I'm rested now," Alice announced

"I'd prefer that you did not go," he says flatly; so flatly, in fact, that it sounded like an order. Alice knew he was going to make an issue of it, and that if it came to an issue she'd either do as he said or he'd make things unpleasant all round for the balance of the trip. So she submits gracefully

"We will not need a horse, after all, Channing," Merril said. "No."

Channing nodded pleasantly. The laugh had all died out of Alice's eyes, though her lips still smiled.

"Did you hit the mark you was shooting at, girl?" Al Witherspoon inquired.

She looked up, startled, wondering if they had guessed. For just a second she saw something in Channing's eyes that caused a tide of pink to sweep up across her cheeks. Chan turned away, but not until she'd caught that flash; and she had seen that look in men's eyes before. Somehow, everything seemed all right with the world and the smile crept back into her eyes.

Channing stepped down off his pony and rolled a cigarette.

"While you're here, Channing, I wish you'd take the bedding out of my sleeping bag and spread it out on the bushes to air," Archer said.

"Glad to," Channing says instantly.

There was a queer look flashed into his eyes that nobody noticed but Al and Hank They wandered down to the creek bank and presently Al chuckled.

"I've been resenting all them burdensome little chores they've been handing out to the boy," he says, "and was on the point of informing them that he's here to wrangle horses, not to act as Archer's flunky. But I won't need to do it."

"No. He was laughing all over inside, but it didn't break to the surface except in his eyes," Hank said. "If he derives that much amusement from it, instead of grief, then thar ain't no call for us to horn in."

They sauntered back and sat down near the others.

"Very willing young man," Merril says heavily, waving a hand toward where Chan is day-herding Archer's blankets. "He always does what is required of him very cheerfully."

From his tone and manner, he might have been announcing that the heads of the Army and the Navy had been won to his point of view at last and would cooperate against the enemy at sunup.

"Yes. With a little training he'd make a good man for someone," Archer agreed.

Alice looked at him, and her eyes were snapping, but before she could say anything, Channing was within earshot, moving toward them with his easy stride.

"Channing, would you like to come with me?" Archer inquired.

"Sure," Chan agreed instantly. "Where do you want to go?"

"I don't mean now. I mean to come with me permanently when the hunt is over—work for me, y'know. I'll make a place for you," Archer offered.

"Oh, that," Channing said. "I hadn't given much thought to leaving these parts. In what capacity were you thinking of using me?"

"Er, well, I confess I hadn't gone into detail in my own mind," Archer hesitated. "You're a good hand with horses, though. With a little more experience, and working up to it, you might qualify to take charge of my stables. Not large, you know—thirty-odd head."

"I've had some little experience training hunters and polo ponies," Channing stated reflectively. "But perhaps not enough. Awfully good of you. It's an offer that will take some thinking over."

The face he turned upon Archer was smiling and pleasant—suspiciously pleasant it seemed to Al and Hank. To Alice it appeared that Channing was genuinely pleased, but she felt that the expression was assumed to conceal the deadly hurt dealt to his pride. During the conversation she turned red and white by turns—white when she suffered with him in spirit; red when she thought that possibly he was actually pleased with the offer. His expression seemed too genuine to be assumed. There he stood, his flannel shirt open at the neck, handsome as the answer to a maiden's prayer, proportioned as if designed to lead forlorn hopes on the football field or on the field of battle, and with a grin on his face, beaming upon the man who was offering him a job as a stable swipe. And suddenly she was angry at Channing for not resenting the offer, furious at Archer for having made it, and raging at herself for some unknown reason. She felt cold and faint deep down inside. When she turned to old Al Witherspoon and Hank Arnold, her eyes were half angry and half miserable. But that pair of old stagers sat there as placid and expressionless as a brace of stumps. She was bewildered and sick, without knowing why, and for the next three-four days her bubbling good spirits was conspicuous for their absence. She kept turning over and over in her mind that one brief look she had surprised in Channing's eyes. The next second she'd be boiling mad because Chan continued to act as affable as a half-growed pup while performing menial chores for Archer and her father.

Archer killed his buck and a nice brown bear. The hunt had drawed close to the end. Three days now and they'd be breaking camp. Al and Hank had decided to go into winter trapping quarters on Butte Creek, and Channing was to stay there to look after such of the outfit as they was leaving behind until their return. Alice began to think how short the time was and that Chan wouldn't be with them on the outward journey. Her scorn melted somewhat and she sauntered over to where he was jerking some elk meat for her father to take home. She intended to be extra friendly. But when Chan kept tinkering with the smudge fire, smiling and casual, something happened to her.

"Oh, don't be a worm!" she flared suddenly, surprising herself a sight more than it surprised Channing.

He straightened up and surveyed her with that amiable grin.

"Why not?" he inquired. "Worms have their uses."

"So do stable boys!" she stormed. "But who aspires to be one?"

"Well, ambitions vary," Chan says. "But in your own mind, you never for one second believed that I was going to close with Archer's generous offer, did you now?"

"A man who has had your advantages, as your very manner proves, and just because of some silly financial reverse," she scoffed, "you haven't sufficient spirit left to resent an offer like that."

"And because you have a parent who's determined to engineer a consolidation of position and wealth," Chan returned, smiling down at her, "you haven't sufficient spirit to resent the implication that you're going to wed a stuffed owl who would make an offer like that."

She stood there breathing hard, as if she'd just finished a race, and her cheeks turned from pink to white and back again

Continued on Page 178

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ASK the miners about Uskide Soles. Ask the men in the steel mills. Ask the cloud dodgers who raise and rivet the steel

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Painted from life by R. John Holmgren. Miss Newberry, who was selected by Mr. Ziegfeld for her perfect legs, has already achieved distinction as the youngest featured ingénue on Broadway

ZIEGFELD *selects*

PHOTOGRAPHS

Florenz Ziegfeld's booklet, "How I Selected America's Most Beautiful Legs," will be sent you for the asking. Address, F. Ziegfeld, Ziegfeld Theatre, Fifty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City.

America's Most Beautiful Legs

as a pattern for stockings woven a marvelous new way

The Phoenix Girl—possessor of the most beautiful legs in America! This is the title conferred by Florenz Ziegfeld, internationally-famous producer, on the ingénue favorite, Barbara Newberry . . . Nearly three hundred Ziegfeld girls in five Broadway shows—the world's greatest beauty aggregation—submitted their leg measurements in contest for the coveted honor. After viewing all the lovely entrants and averaging their proportions, Mr. Ziegfeld declared Miss Newberry's legs not only perfect but also most typical of the majority of attractive women . . . The noted sculptor, Mahonri Young, has created a bronze cast of Miss Newberry's legs to be kept as a permanent record. Fashioned after the measurements of America's most beautiful legs, Phoenix Hosiery is now knit with the aid of the *Accurator*, a device almost magical in the precision with which it controls the shaping of the stocking. By the *Accurator* method of weaving—which Phoenix alone uses—colors, too, attain new beauty heights . . . Women everywhere will delight in the increased charm of these perfect, full-fashioned Phoenix offerings. Indeed, in the soft shading, the subtle coloring and the flattering contour of the ideally-patterned Phoenix stockings there is increased smartness for every costume, accented beauty for every woman whose pride is graceful legs . . . The stores are now showing fascinating Spring and Summer shades. $1.50, $1.95, $2.95.

F. ZIEGFELD
NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE
NEW YORK

January 21, 1929

Phoenix Hosiery Company,
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I was, of course, flattered to have you ask me to select for you the most beautiful legs in America typifying the average American girl. This would have been simple enough had you not specified "average." There are girls just under six feet tall with beautiful legs and so on down to the petite miss who barely exceeds five feet.

There are nearly three hundred beautifully formed girls in my current productions. All have beautiful legs. Dimensions vary, but their proportions are perfect. I have taken the measurements of these girls, added them, divided by the number measured, and chart enclosed shows the result.

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Before closing may I add that your new Accurator device, controlling accurate knitting of Phoenix Hosiery, strikes me as a great contribution to women's dress, and I believe that your pattern made from the legs of Miss Barbara Newberry will fit perfectly the legs of all of America's lovely women. You are truly glorifying the leg of the American girl and actually painting the lily.

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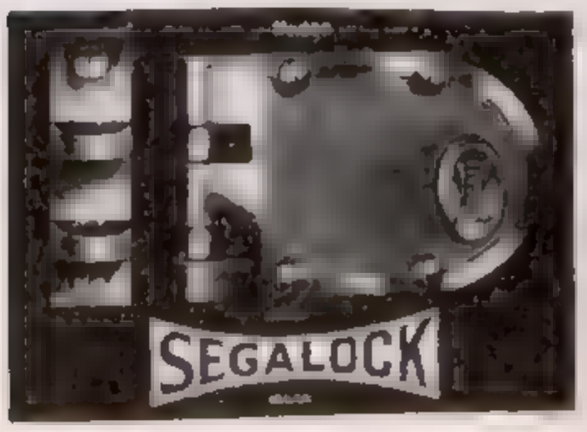

(Continued from Page 175)

with every other pulse beat. She couldn't seem to tear her eyes away from his or think of anything to say.

"If you don't go away from here this very second, you'll be sorry," Channing said. "There are some things that flesh and blood can't stand. Looking at you without touching you is one—and the whole camp has its collective eye on us."

He stooped over and fussed with the fire, then straightened up and looked down at her again.

"Of course, you know that I've been loving you to death from the first second I set eyes on you. If you hadn't stepped off that train, I'd have stepped on, and Al and Hank would have been out one fair average horse wrangler. But since I'm wrangling for them, I'm going to see the job through. I wouldn't let those old boys down for a million. I can't stir up a hornets' nest in camp, so I've got to hold myself on the track for their sake. Sometime after this hunt is finished I'll be presenting myself at your front door. Meanwhile, sweet, I don't dare look at you for fear of what I'll do."

He climbed his pony and rode off up the meadow at a trail trot. For the next two days and nights Alice didn't think of anything but that conversation. She went over every syllable of it a thousand times. One minute she'd feel all warm and elated with the whole world just because Channing lived in it. The next she'd be cold and frightened at the prospect of what that world might hold in store for the two of them. And through it all, one picture kept crowding on her—the picture of Chan presenting himself at her front door. She knew her father, Alice did, and she couldn't help visualizing the reception that Chan would get at the hands of her father. And that picture took all the joy out of life. If only Channing had wealth and position, her father would welcome him. But Chan didn't. Oh, she knew her dad, all right. And Chan went along about his business, as amiably casual as always, when all she wanted was to hear him assure her all over and over again that he'd meant every word he'd said and a lot more of the same. It was tormenting her something fearful, while he seemed to take it cool and easy. He just couldn't feel the same as she did. And then there'd come again that picture of Chan presenting himself at her front door and of what her father would say to him.

It came down to the last night. In the morning they'd be breaking camp and Chan would stay behind.

Meanwhile, old Al Witherspoon and Hank Arnold had arrived at a pretty accurate surmise as to how matters stood.

"Right tough break them two colts is getting, knowing that they'll say good-by in the morning and never meet up again," Al says.

"Chan is taking it standing up," Hank testified. "Saying nothing, so's not to make it hard for her."

"Which likely makes it harder for her," Al hazarded. "Archer's part always amused Chan. His self-respect was too solid for Archer's small-bore ammunition even to ruffle his fur. It's Merril that's the stumblingblock. Chan knows the old wart would never listen to reason; and Chan won't ask the girl to jump the reservation and go on short rations with him."

Hank nodded and sighed reflectively.

"Which if I was setting up as a matrimonial agency at my age, which I ain't, I'd sure advise them to high-tail it for other pastures while the going's good," he said.

"This is one job we've fell flat on," Al regretted. "In trying to help the boy out of one hole we crowded him into a deeper one." He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and crawled into his camp bed.

Round ten minutes later, he saw a match flare a hundred yards away at the edge of the timber, and he knowed that Channing was out there smoking and gazing out across the meadow. Al thought things over for a spell and then he got out of bed and headed out to have a little chat with Channing.

Someone else had seen that match flare too. Alice had been laying there awake in her tepee, thinking things over. But it always ended up in that picture of what would happen when Chan presented himself hopefully at her front door. Then she saw the match flare out there at the edge of the meadow.

Al had drawed to within a few feet of Channing, walking silent without his boots, when another figure flitted past him at an angle. He could see Chan standing there, just a shadow at the edge of the trees. Then another shadow joined him and the two of them faded into one without a sound except that of the girl's catchy breathing. It seemed like they understood each other without words. Al hadn't suspected that it had gone as far as that. They hadn't suspected it either until right then. After a space the girl's voice came, low and husky:

"I've thought it all out, Chan. Life together may be rough in spots, just at first, but life apart wouldn't be worth living."

"And I've known that all along," he said.

"Then take me with you now, Chan. It's the only way I know. We can ride all night and all day tomorrow. That would take us to some ranch road or other, wouldn't it?"

"And you'd do that for me?" he asked, as if in wonder. The silence revealed his method of thanking her. But after a while his voice sounded from the dark again. "It's going to come out all right, sweet. But I can't just run off with you that way. Think of the awful hole it would leave Al and Hank in. I'd sell my shirt for those old boys. Consider the ruckus they'd have on their hands if I left them flat that way. I could never look myself in the face again if I didn't shoot square with them. Besides, I'm coming after you, sweet, before many days."

"But you don't know what coming after me means," the girl insisted, a low, desperate urgency in her tones. "Oh, Chan, you don't know my father."

"I know him better than you think," Channing said, the least bit of grimness edging into his voice, "so I've not the least doubt that I can persuade him into our way of thinking."

"Never!" she predicted. "Even if we started together from there, it would be after an ugly scene that would always rankle. So why not start from here, when all is peaceful and quiet? It's the only way, Chan. Al and Hank are such kindly, fine old souls that they wouldn't mind a bit if they knew what it meant to us."

Al had been trying to edge away, not wanting to eavesdrop and being even less desirous of breaking up that meeting. Finally he made it and got Hank out of bed. The pair of them appeared suddenly and silently beside that single shadow that was Chan and Alice.

"Here, son; Hank and me know how it is with you two," Al announced. "The girl is right. It's the only way. By riding until four hours after sunup you can strike Tyson's ranch on the head of Saddle Creek. Tyson will take you to town in his flivver. We'll saddle a couple of nags and you be on your way."

"You old darlings! I knew it," the girl murmured.

"And it'll be a big relief to us, not a bundle of grief like you thought it would," Hank said to Chan. "This matter has been weighing on our minds aplenty. I can vouch for that. This clears it up."

"If you and Al feel that way about it," Channing said, still holding Alice, "we'll be off. It will be moonlight in an hour and I know the trail."

Al thrust a sizable roll of bills into Channing's hand.

"Just to tide you over for a few weeks, son, until you get squar'd around. Since me and Hank has turned Cupid for the first time in our lives, we won't make no halfway job of it. If you two colts strike them rough spots you was speaking of, send word to old Hank and Al. We'll find means to tide you over somehow. Betwixt the four of us, we'll ride and tie."

"And that works both ways," Channing said, sort of slow and thoughtful. "Will you stand by that?"

"Try us out and see!" Hank challenged. "Me and Al don't lay a job down unfinished, once we pick it up. We've flung the pair of you in at one end, so to speak, and we'll ride and tie till you come out at the other."

Channing held out his hand.

"Sealed and sworn to by all hands," he said. He turned and gathered thet girl close to him and kissed her. "Smooth water or rough, we're on our way," he says, and there's a happy lilt in his voice when he says it.

Alice gave each of the old mountain men in turn a fierce, ecstatic little hug. "Chan and me, we're off to ride and tie," she said, as if wondering if it could be true after all.

Al and Hank filled their pipes and stood peering after Channing and Alice Merril as they rode off down the trail.

"Thar'll be considerable language spilled, come morning," Al chuckled presently.

"It's music to the gambler's ear to hear the suckers roar," Hank said. "I never did feel any overpow'ring affection for Merril or Archer nohow. A jolt won't hurt 'em. I don't recall when I've felt so peaceful and contented."

Well, you know them two old longhorns, Al and Hank, as you remarked some time back. You know Channing, too—or of him. Yes, it's the same Jim Channing that owns the X L, which is likely the biggest and best-run outfit in the state. Al and Hank got their wires crossed just a trifle that time in jumping to the conclusion that young Jim Channing had stubbed his toe financial. His dad's the Channing who owns most of the railroads and got a mortgage on the rest; and Chan had enough in his own right to buy Archer out a dozen times over and not miss it. So he wasn't fretting about money matters, like Al and Hank surmised. He'd always had a vast affection for his dad, and he imagined that the old man expected him to follow in his footsteps. What worried him was the thought that his dad would take it pretty hard when Chan got fed up on directors' meetings, and all such, and jumped the track to branch out for himself in some line that was better suited to his taste. He was afraid his hopping off the reservation thataway would cut the old man to the quick. Al and Hank had misread what was working on his mind. But it turned out that the elder Channing actually didn't care a hoot what kind of a job his son elected to take on, as long as he did it well; so that part of it was all right too. All of which is largely incidental.

But to get back to old Al Witherspoon and Hank Arnold; they arrived back in town and saw the irate Merril and the outraged Archer safe aboard a train, then headed up the street feeling right well satisfied with themselves. The president of the Hissop bank called them in and handed them a document. It was a deed from James Channing and Alice Merril Channing, his wife, conveying the Wilkins place to two old longhorns by the name of Al Witherspoon and Hank Arnold. They perused it at some length, thinking there's a mistake somewhere.

"The radiant young couple that left this document also left a verbal message for me to give you along with it," says the banker. "It don't make sense to me, but perhaps it will to you. They said to tell you this was just a little dividend on the debt to old Dave Peel and that there warn't any way you could back out of it, because it had been sealed and swore to that the four of you would ride and tie."

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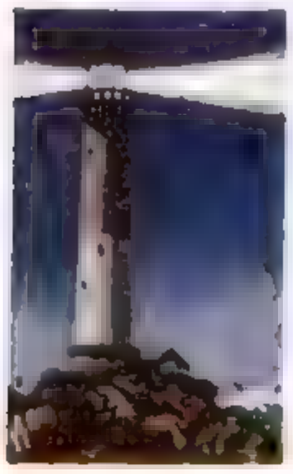

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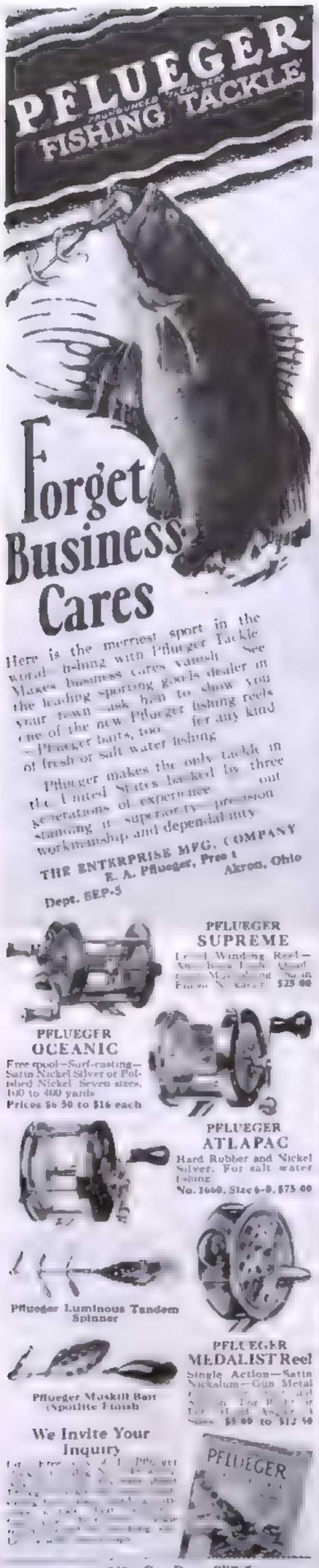
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I GAVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED

(Continued from Page 38)

about fifty miles away. I was glad to hear that he had done this, because disquieting rumors were beginning to reach me. As a matter of fact, most of them had reached me during my trip to and from the capital. Virtually all the political talk I had heard on the train related to this man. He was already being referred to as "Governor Tom," and there was an unmistakable note of affection in the sobriquet. Also, I detected enthusiasm and admiration, as though the speakers were saying: "Well, boys, one of our own kind is going to win this time and make monkeys of the slick politicians." Anyone who can put himself before the people in that guise is the shrewdest of all politicians, whether he has had previous experience or not. This man had held a few minor offices in his own county, but his principal income was from his farms.

You may wonder why Mike and I knew so little about him; the principal reason was that he had never made a speech in any of the cities of the state. It was part of his program not to go near them. Naturally we assumed that he was some sort of crank or freak, especially in view of the fact that he had already run twice without cutting much of a figure. However, I now learned for the first time a few significant facts about the progress he was making. The traveling salesman for a soap-manufacturing company told me of a little town where Governor Tom had spoken in his first campaign to an audience of eighteen men assembled in front of the post office. In the same town he had been heard two years later by about one hundred and fifty. In this campaign the same town had provided an audience of twelve hundred, which was somewhat more than the total population and meant that at least half of those people had come in from the farms probably over a radius of twenty miles. One newspaper had just sent a correspondent to report his speeches. Here was a thing to ponder.

When Mike returned I was more eager to tell him what I had heard about Governor Tom than about my conference with the actual governor.

He grunted morosely and then said: "He's a nut. Regular dynamiter. I heard him speak."

"Does he get votes?" I asked.

"Yes," Callaghan admitted. "He's got the genuine amen gargle." That was Mike's standard term for a speaker whose voice indicates great emotion. There is no doubt that it makes a tremendous impression, properly used, and yet it is the easiest of all platform tricks to learn. If you doubt me, just try it yourself. To register great anger is difficult; to be funny is extremely difficult, and if you fail, terrible. Fear and horror are also difficult to express in a speech, but almost anyone can put a sob in his voice. You don't even have to reserve it for such words as "mother" or "my country" or "children." You can say woodpile or saltcellar and put a sob in them, it is so easy. But it brings home the bacon when properly used.

I tried to draw out more about Mike's impressions of Governor Tom, but without success. Not until long afterward did I learn the details of what had happened, but the story belongs here. Mike reached the conclusion that Governor Tom could be elected, and therefore sought a conference with him. The rebuff he received was probably the most terrific of his entire career.

Governor Tom declined to shake hands, and told him bluntly: "I don't care to know you; I don't want anything to do with you; I'm against you and everything you represent. I welcome your personal enmity and political opposition. I am going to be elected and that will be the end of your machine. That's all I have to say to you except get out." And Mike got out, carrying with him the unpleasant impression that this man would probably be the next governor of the state.

Governor Tom had struck a new note in our politics, and thereafter we were destined to deal with what really was the paramount issue, instead of something merely put forward by force of propaganda or personalities. The real issue was the inevitable conflict between city and country; between our growing industry and commerce on one side and agriculture on the other. The major portion of all public revenues had always come from the taxation of land, and that meant that the agricultural districts were now paying far more than the industrial communities. Governor Tom's program was to lay a heavier tax upon corporations. He was thus promising the farmers exactly what they wanted and in the way that they wanted it—not a smaller state budget but an equalization of the burden. As for the prohibition issue, he dismissed it with a paragraph, taking the position that the matter was not debatable. Anyone not allied with the liquor traffic or addicted to the habit of drinking, he assumed, would necessarily be a prohibitionist. I admired him very much, because he was the first living proof I had encountered that the fundamental theories upon which our form of government rests can be made to work in practice. By that I mean that he had first studied the tax situation and reached an honest conclusion as to what was true; next he had sought a remedy; and then he had gone before the people to tell them what they ought to do. Moreover, he had been patient in defeat and retained his faith. He had made his own constructive criticism of the state government into a platform and finally he had made that platform the paramount issue. That was how the giants of our country's youth practiced politics.

It has always seemed to me that the word "politician" ought to mean a man of really awe-inspiring ability. He should be learned in the law far beyond the ordinary practicing attorney; he should be an able administrator, a searching critic of government; his knowledge of history should far excel that of most history teachers; and in addition to this vast and scholarly store of information, he should also be an orator and publicist. That would be my conception of a politician. If he isn't that I should say that he is merely a candidate—one who lets politics and politicians toss him about rather than one who creates issues and solves problems. We have a great many public men who simply ride the thoughts of others or any popular fancy, whim, prejudice, enthusiasm or hate. And these are the very men we mean when we speak of politicians. I wish that the word "politician" could mean something even greater than statesman, for as I see it, an able, fearless, honest administrator qualifies as a statesman and yet he might not know the A B C's of guiding the future course of the state by implanting a new theory of government firmly in the public mind. Such men represent stability beyond the point of safety—and some very great men can be so classified. There is always need for the creative thinker who can persuade as well as govern; statecraft is not a fixed science, it is an art; government is either undergoing constant evolution or it is moribund.

Mike's interview with Governor Tom had stimulated him to a frenzy of energy. He worked literally day and night, never less than fourteen hours and sometimes eighteen. Nothing to compare with the state-wide organization he built had ever been known before, nor has it since. He took the model of our city machine and extended it to every country precinct, even in the most remote counties.

One day he said to me: "Why the devil doesn't the governor attack Darling?" I reminded him of my efforts to prevent that attack. "Ancient history," he grumbled. "They'd better get at each other and make the fur fly. That dynamiter is hogging the show. Crack down with the blind-asylum dirt."

I drew up a brief statement of the facts and sent it to ten members of the legislature, asking them to pledge me their support for an investigation at the coming session. At the same time I gave the statement and my letters to the press. The publication created a tremendous impression. Moreover, from day to day I was able to give out the answers received from my legislative friends and keep the subject very much alive. I had carefully selected men who would write the sort of letters calculated to help my own political fortunes; all of them expressed confidence in my ability and my good faith in bringing this matter to public notice. The governor's denial that he had any knowledge of the transaction sounded very weak. By shooting first we also took away much of the force of his attack upon Darling, which included, of course, an attack upon our machine. People smiled at that, seeing clearly that he was merely hitting back.

However, in the light of subsequent developments, it would have been much better politics if I had let him fire the first shot, because we accomplished nothing but the final destruction of both men. Instead of making their dog fight the paramount issue, they succeeded only in committing hara-kiri.

The election became a landslide for Governor Tom. We have no better descriptive term in politics than "landslide." You have to participate in such a campaign to know just how accurate it is. Picture my friend Mike at the center of a vast network of organization extending over many thousands of square miles. Precinct chairmen scurry hither and yon at the direction of county chairmen who report almost daily to the central organization. Posters, circulars and buttons go out in bales. Speakers are routed by experts, so that no part of the state is neglected. All this hurry and labor and planning gathers momentum from day to day until the very eve of election, when tired nerves can scarcely stand the strain. Then the state simply tips up on edge, figuratively speaking, and crash! the whole organization comes tumbling down, swept to confusion under a torrent of adverse votes. Unless a man is devoid of patriotism, I do not believe he can view a political landslide without feeling a thrill of pride and confidence in our form of government. Here, far more than in the ordinary election, you know that the people have spoken and that the ballot is sovereign.

By ten o'clock on the night of election the result was beyond all doubt. Mike quit reading the reports, clapped on his derby hat, stuffed a new cigar into his mouth and said: "Well, that's over." He was grinning. Then we went home. I was in no doubt about my course. I had learned enough by this time to subscribe to the ancient dogma of all practical politicians: "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." Governor Tom was not destined to find me a thorn in his path. Quite the contrary.

Three days after the election a new storm broke. I was working late in my office when, to my astonishment, Mike came in. It was the first time he had ever visited me.

"Know what's going on?" he asked casually, while propping his feet on my desk.

"No," I answered.

"Governor has sent fifty special officers," he said. "They're raiding everything. This is his answer to the blind-asylum thing."

I jumped to my feet. "What do you want me to do?" I exclaimed.

"Nothing, tonight," he said, still quite composed. "We may be able to do something later. I'm not sure. We'll see. . . . But, kid, watch your step. Don't get tangled up."

We sat there a long time in silence. I was deeply touched by this demonstration

(Continued on Page 182)

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(Continued from Page 180)

of Mike's affection. I knew exactly what he meant to communicate, also that it would be impossible for him to put it into words. He was through. And he was appointing me his successor, not to carry on his policies but to inaugurate my own.

On the following day my office was crowded with anxious friends and relatives of imprisoned men and women. All were confident that I could soon have them released. I looked into the situation and discovered that the governor had made arrangements to transfer several judges from other districts to our county to try the cases. They were not justices of the peace, either; they were judges. He had invoked the full powers of his office under laws that had almost been forgotten. At one time—and not many years before—such high-handed procedure would have been resented bitterly as an attack upon local self-government. Now it was either approved or accepted with gloomy resignation. There was no fight left in us. Our wide-open town simply closed its doors and switched off the lights. Public opinion had spoken; no matter that it stuttered, nor that the governor was somewhat of a hypocrite. Personally I was glad to have done with that phase of boss rule. I never had believed that it represented the best sources of either strength or revenue. I made a few gestures in behalf of the victims of the raids in order to maintain my titular position, but that was the sole purpose. Mike simply abdicated and went on a vacation.

As soon as I could clear my office of unwelcome clients I summoned the executive heads of two construction companies that had done some work for the city, and we formed a corporation in which I received a block of stock. Nominally, it was my fee for legal services. Actually, it was understood that henceforth this company would get contracts from the city—and it did. Next I summoned the executives of our three trunk-line railroads and offered them my assistance in acquiring the land they needed for a union station. This project had been hanging fire for several years because of the excessive price one man had fixed for one parcel of land. There was another delayed project for a new post office. It was held up because the proper site would be near the new union station. I suggested a way out of this difficulty. My plan was that the city government should offer to obtain the proper post-office site for the Federal Government and transfer it. The city would then exercise its power of eminent domain and take the plot of ground which the railroads had been unable to buy. The price, even when fixed by condemnation proceedings, would no doubt be much above the Federal Government's appropriation for a post-office site and we would then raise the question as to whether the city should absorb the loss. While this question was pending the railroads would offer to buy the plot without any loss. That would meet with public approval and the sale would be made. Thus the whole matter would be straightened out and the union station could be built. In return for this assistance the railroads would give generous contracts to my newly formed corporation. We reached an agreement within two hours. It was a better stroke of business than old Mike had accomplished during his entire career. I estimated that it would net me not less than twenty-five thousand dollars and it called for no illegal actions. On the contrary, it helped everyone affected except the recalcitrant landowner, and even he was awarded about twice what his property was worth by the committee of five which the court named to fix the value. He was holding out for twenty times the assessed valuation of the property, or about ten times its market value.

This transaction brought me much prestige in the world of big business, where I had previously been regarded as a mere fixer. Railroad executives were conferring among themselves rather anxiously at that time about the coming session of the legislature. Other business interests were also appointing committees and planning to send lobbyists to the capital to fight Governor Tom's program for extensive regulation of corporations and an upheaval in the tax laws. All these men assumed that I would be a leader of the opposition, and naturally my name was mentioned in their conferences. After a few of them had met me in the course of the union-station deal they decided to admit me to their councils. A sort of supercommittee of seven met one night in the private car of a railroad president down in the yards. I had never before seen the inside of a private car, but from early boyhood they had always meant to me the last word in Oriental luxury. I don't even know what I meant by Oriental luxury; at any rate that private car stands out in my memory as one of life's saddest disillusionments. It was nothing but an office jammed too close for comfort to a kitchen and sprinkled with cinders.

Our conference was an amusing game of hide and seek played in a fog. They assumed that I was some kind of grafter and tried to open the way for me to show my hand so that they could determine whether my game was too rough for safety. I let them know that I had no intention of asking for money. This reassured them and we then proceeded on the assumption that I opposed Governor Tom's program as a matter of principle. There was no hope of explaining just where I did stand, so I let it go at that. My actual position was one of accord with Governor Tom, tempered by a desire to prevent the lunatic enthusiasts among his supporters from carrying his ideas too far. If the committee had known that, the conference would have closed at once. I explained to them the importance of giving me exhaustive data bearing on all of the points soon to be at issue, so that I could win legislative strength by virtue of superior information. Instead they gave me their lengthy printed briefs attacking Governor Tom's program *in toto*. They couldn't understand that it had already won. Their theory was that they would furnish the arguments and that I would deliver them verbatim during the coming session of the legislature.

Business men, I think, usually do this in similar situations; to me, at least, it explains why they get such small returns from their expenditures for lobbying. Not only were their arguments entirely unsuited for use anywhere except before a higher court but even their statistical data could be understood only by experts familiar with the businesses in question. In short, they were eager to address the public in a foreign language. I could see the grave danger that this would lead to disaster, both for them and Governor Tom; moreover, I had not the time to decipher their arguments and data, and translate them into the language of legislators. However, something had to be done, so I urged them to summon Mike Callaghan. They smiled at this. Now, they thought, the cat is out of the bag—Mike does the collecting. I couldn't let that impression stand unchallenged—not that Mike or I cared a hoot what they thought, but because I had to have Mike's help, and in order to get it I must make them understand his value.

"Gentlemen," I said, "we are face to face with a problem as old as government. You have prepared arguments that are of tremendous weight to business men and of no weight whatever to politicians; in fact, they aren't even intelligible. You are girding your loins to enter a fight that ended on election day. Politically Governor Tom's program now has the binding force of a signed contract. You are going to be regulated and your taxes are going to be increased. The only question is whether the job will be done sanely or insanely. Most of the men who will vote for the forthcoming laws will not even read them. They will accept what the committees offer. If I fight the governor's program I will not be on any of the committees that draft the

(Continued on Page 185

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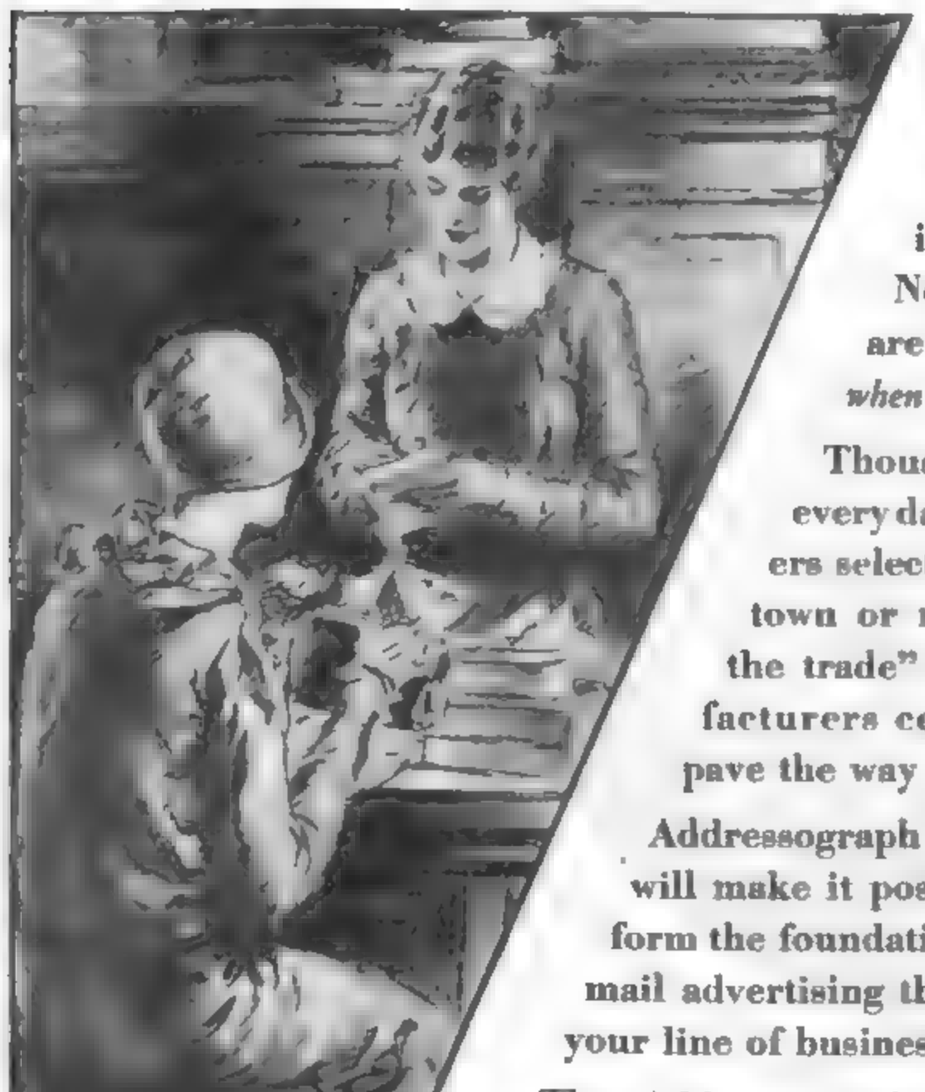

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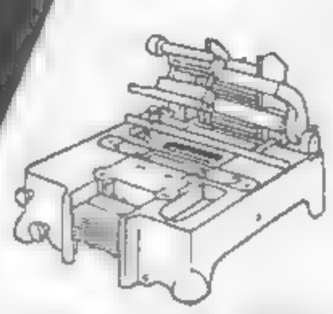

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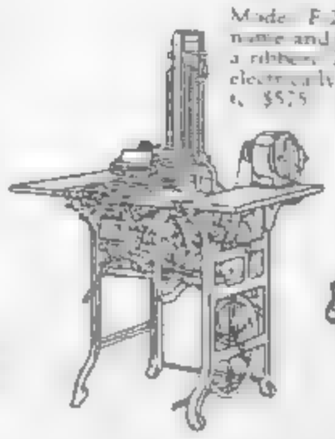

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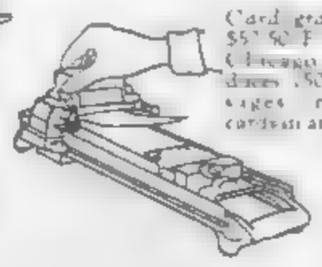

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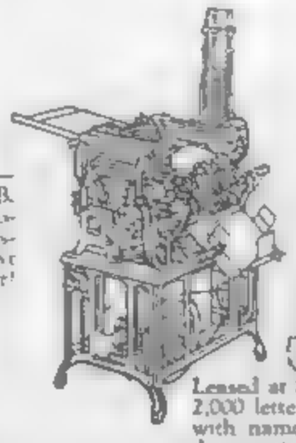
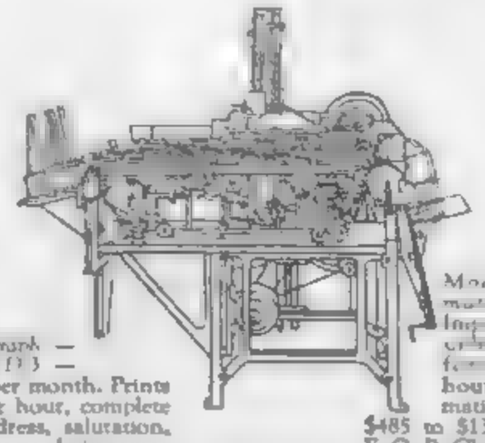


Dupligraph — Model D 3 — Leased at $65 per month. Prints 2,000 letters per hour, complete with name, address, salutation, date, entire letter and signature.



Model A 4 Automatic — $2,[illegible]5. Inserts an almost unlimited variety of forms, 7,500 per hour. Other automatic machines from $485 to $13,000. All prices F. O. B. Chicago.

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Enjoyable Living Rooms by KROEHLER

Davenport Bed No. 1798—Upholstered in an attractive shade of deep rose damask, with outside back of davenport in plain velour—reverse sides of spring-filled cushions also in damask $170

Fireside Chair No. 1798—Decidedly out of the ordinary is this Fireside Chair in a pleasing pattern of figured green tapestry. Reverse side of cushion in same material . $91

Today the davenport bed is considered *modern*

A Kroehler Davenport Bed answers the need for added sleeping space *in the truly modern way.* Expensive remodeling is not required—nor an added room at twenty to twenty-five per cent more rental.

By day, with or without matching chairs, it graces the living room—as only fine upholstered living room furniture can.

But by night, one simple operation transforms the handsome davenport into a full width, deeply comfortable bed, with thick mattress and all bedding in place ready to use—a restful bed with a sagless cable fabric spring. Thus your extra bedroom is provided for nightly or occasional use, *at no extra cost.*

In the living rooms of many fine homes and apartments this *modernized* Kroehler Davenport Bed is today conspicuous; the graceful contours and stylish finish giving no hint of the dual rôle it plays.

Kroehler Hidden Qualities

The Kroehler Assured Quality label is a pledge to you that the *inside* construction is built to highest standards—that all materials used are of superior quality—and that the beauty of your furniture will endure through many years of service.

A new, improved Spring-Steel Underconstruction replaces the old-fashioned webbing. It never sags or breaks, and yet it makes a much more comfortable seat.

All frames are of selected, kiln-dried hardwood, firmly *glued,* doweled and corner-blocked. *Not soft wood frames merely nailed* together. Kroehler construction is permanent irrespective of the price you pay.

Cushions are made more comfortable by many small, fine, flexible springs—interlocked to form a single unit. The padding is of clean, white, felted cotton and the filling is of high-grade moss.

Coverings are of select quality. You may choose from beautiful silk damasks, rich tapestries, fine mohairs, Chase Velmo, jacquard velours, Ca-Vel velvets, linen frieze and moquette. Also leathers of exquisite softness.

Yet Kroehler Assured Quality Furniture—because it is built in the ten great Kroehler factories where modern ideas of construction, modern manufacturing practices and tremendous volume reduce the cost of making—offers this *finer quality* at very moderate prices.

If you do not know the name of your nearest Kroehler dealer, write us. We will send his name and a free copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms."

KROEHLER MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
or Stratford, Canada

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley Ill., Dallas Texas, Binghamton, N.Y.; Los Angeles, Calif., San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ont.

KROEHLER

This Kroehler Label *identifies the genuine*

(Continued from Page 182)

bills. Consequently I am going to support the governor's program. But I am going to endeavor to make it constructive. The great changes it will bring about are not necessarily damaging to you. What I know of history proves to me that eventually the various economic interests of a state come to have their proportionate share of influence in the government—but rarely before they pay their proportionate share of the taxes. This state has always been ruled by the farmers, because they produced its wealth. Now the cities and the public utilities have become almost as important as agriculture. Hence it is time for them to take their rightful place in the councils of government—but not until they pay their taxes.

"What is about to happen to you isn't a disaster; rather, it is your badge of manhood. You are no longer infants. Of course, if you are going to kick and scream when the farmers present you your long pants, they'll spank you. I'm going to try to keep you from getting spanked—that's all. You'll find me working hand in glove with the new governor. Someone else must commit political suicide by acting as your spokesman. I intend to remain in politics for many years. If you will hire Mike Callaghan to read the bale of literature you have just offered me, he will tell me what it is you are trying to say and I will make use of it to the best of my ability. If this is not satisfactory we are through. I am primarily a politician, as I have said before, and your fortunes are not allied to mine. I can do just as well in the present political gales by giving you hell."

It was a bold adventure, this speech, for I really wanted to work with them, but I felt it would be silly to crawl into their good graces by humiliating capitulation.

"What would Callaghan cost?" the chairman asked.

"I don't know," I said, "and if I were you I wouldn't ask. He isn't eager for the job, I'm sure. Make him what you consider a reasonable proposition. Have in mind that you are making him associate counsel for this whole group. He has no license, but I believe he is one of the ablest constitutional lawyers in this country. For your present needs there is no other man even approximately his equal. He will not bargain with you, I know. Make him your offer and he will either accept or probably not even answer your letter."

The committee authorized the chairman to bargain with Mike and that ended our session.

A week later Mike again called on me. "What's going on around here?" he demanded gruffly, at the same time showing me the chairman's letter. It was a well-worded letter and the salary named was twenty thousand dollars a year; not very large when you consider the enormous interests at stake. I explained to Mike about the conference in the private car.

"But twenty thousand dollars!" he exclaimed. "What do these scoundrels think I am? A crook? Do they want me to bribe the legislature?"

Poor Mike had never garnered that many shekels in any one year of his entire czardom. It was an unthinkable sum to him. I tried to explain that it was a straight salary, and a modest one, for a very difficult job that no one else could do. And as I talked I meditated upon the fact that Mike was now being urged to do for me the very thing I had done for him when first we became associated in politics. I had been his adviser in the franchise fight. Now he was to become mine—that is, if he accepted.

"Are you sure," he asked, "that they don't want me to buy anybody?"

"I'm sure," I said. He sat down, lighted a cigar and pondered glumly. Finally he said: "You know that brother of mine?" I did. "Well, he gets twenty thousand dollars a year from a gang of damage-suit shysters for picking jurors. He knows which ones are always for big verdicts and which ones are procorporation and who is somebody's cousin and all that kind of skullduggery. I've always regarded that brother of mine as a crook—just between you and me—so I don't take any twenty-thousand-dollar salaries. If they're honest, fifteen is plenty; and if they ain't, I'd be quitting before I started, anyway."

I shall omit the details of our humorous negotiations; we compromised on fifteen thousand. And I went back to the legislature to face the fight of my life. There had been sufficient changes in its membership to leave me much less strength than I had had before. I would have to rebuild my fences. Also I must try to win my way into the good graces of a governor who hated Mike venomously. Whatever I did for the business interests would have to be done under cover. If my friendly attitude toward them were discovered I would be ruined in spite of the fact that my purposes were not dishonest. I was hopeful, also, that I might again assist in drawing the appropriations bill. On the whole, I had assigned myself quite an armful of chores.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Familiar Monologue: "What We Want ish Temperanch. I'm Against Prohibition, Mind You—But I'm for Temperanch Every Time. Moderation, What I Mean. Y' Never Get it by Exercise of Forch; Y' Gotta Leave it to the Will Power and Personal Initiative of the Individual. I Guesh We Know Whatish Besht for Ush"

WHEN the emergency comes . . . a flat tire, miles from anywhere . . . be prepared. Save time, trouble, expense by carrying a Shaler Vulcanizer in your car. Make *permanent*, heat-welded repairs . . . the safe kind . . . this simple, quick way. Shaler Vulcanizing Outfit M-100 sells for only $1.00 . . . DeLuxe Model M-5 for $1.50 . . . slightly higher in Canada and far West. Obtainable at garages, service stations, filling stations and auto supply stores everywhere . . . The Shaler Company, 100 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis., U.S.A.
Remember . . . always insist on Shaler Vulcanized repairs when you have punctures fixed. They cost no more than makeshift repairs. Where you see the sign shown below displayed you are sure of getting genuine Shaler Vulcanized repairs.
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THE TEENIE WEENIES.

There was a moist woodsy smell in the air. Frogs blinked stupidly at sluggish flies and the birds preened their feathers and stared into the yellow sunshine.

Beneath a certain clump of bushes the Teenie Weenie village dreamed through the day's work. Many of the little men, no taller than an ink bottle, covered yawns behind their tiny hands.

"I don't know what's the matter with everybody," said the General.

"The men act as though it were a great task to lift a toffie and the boys in the peanut butter factory could hardly cut through the shell of a peanut with an ax. I can't understand it—I found the Dunce sound asleep today behind a jar of sweet chow in the pickle factory. I can't make out what is the matter with them."

"It's Spring fever, General," smiled the Lady of Fashion as she threaded a tiny needle with a thread of spider's web. "All they need is a little vacation and I suggest a picnic."

"HOORAY!" shouted the Dunce, who had been dozing on the caterpillar fur rug before the open door.

"I believe you're right!" exclaimed the General. "We've been working pretty hard and fast lately and a picnic will do us all good."

The little people were greatly pleased with the idea of a picnic and many plans were made for the great event.

It was decided to have the picnic on an island in the creek and the General promised to charter a duck for the trip.

The day before the picnic the Cook was busy preparing the good things to eat and the little women washed and ironed most of the day in order to be neat and clean for the holiday.

The Teenie Weenies were out of their tiny beds before daylight and after a hurried breakfast, of Teenie Weenie Wheathearts, the men carried the picnic food down to the creek.

There was a thimbleful of Teenie Weenie Sardine sandwiches and a thimbleful of Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter sandwiches. A whole Teenie Weenie Sweet Pickle had been wrapped carefully to keep it fresh and clean and five grains of Teenie Weenie Popcorn were taken along as a special treat.

The Lady of Fashion made a delicious salad out of Teenie Weenie String Beans and Teenie Weenie Diced Carrots with bits of Teenie Weenie Beets cut in to make it pretty.

There were Teenie Weenie hammocks, Teenie Weenie blankets for the babies to roll on and a Teenie Weenie Toffie was taken along for dessert.

The duck swam up at the appointed time, and when the Teenie Weenie women and children were helped onto his back he swam off to the island, where he left the little folks and returned for the food and the Teenie Weenie men.

The little people had a wonderful time on the island. Only one thing happened to mar the day and even that proved to be lots of fun for the tiny people.

The Dunce insisted on riding on top of the duck's head, and all might have gone well if the General had not asked the duck a question.

The duck shook his head so violently he shook the poor Dunce off into the water. Fortunately a feather, from the duck, happened to float within reach and the Dunce was able to drift to shore.

The duck carried the Teenie Weenies safely back home in the evening and all the little folks declared they had never spent such a lovely day.

"A picnic in the woods is certainly a healthful and lovely way to spend a day," said the General as he walked towards home that evening.

"Yes, it is!" answered the Doctor, "Especially if one has plenty of delicious Monarch Teenie Weenie food to eat."

MONARCH

TEENIE WEENIE FOODS

Toffies
Asparagus
Sweet Corn
Stringless Beans
Pickles Sardines
Wheathearts Beets
Peanut Butter
Diced Carrots
Lima Beans
Popcorn
Peas

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SUPER-QUALITY FOODS-
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New York • Boston • Pittsburgh • Wilkes-Barre • Tampa • Jacksonville **Reid, Murdoch & Co.** Chicago • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Phoenix • Kansas City • St. Louis

ABOUT THESE MYSTERY STORIES

Continued from Page 33

punch that the average detective story lacks.

It will be noted that in the above I have stuck to what I might call the Gents' Ordinary or Stock-Size detectives. Travers Jerningham, if he ever comes to fruition—if "fruition" is the word I want; a thing of which I am by no means sure—will be just one more of those curt, hawk-faced, amateur investigators. It is not merely that I cannot be bothered to vary the type; I feel that, if you are going to have an amateur investigator, this even now is still the best sort to employ.

The alternatives are, of course:

(*a*) The Dry,

(*b*) The Dull,

(*c*) The Effervescent;

and I am not very fond of any of them.

The Dry Detective is elderly. He wears pince-nez and a funny hat, and is apt to cough primly. He is fussy and old-maidish. He comes within an ace of doddering. Of course, get him in a corner and he suddenly produces a punch like a prize fighter, but out of his corner he is rather a bore.

Not such a bore, of course, as the Dull Detective. This is the one who unmasks criminals by means of his special knowledge of toxics and things, and gets on the villain's track owing to the discovery that the latter is definitely brachycephalic. This is a pest.

The Effervescent Detective is rather a new invention. He is a bright young fellow of independent means whose hobby is the solution of problems. They like him at Scotland Yard, and he chaffs them. Sometimes Inspector Faraday is a little inclined to shake his head at the young man's suggestions, but he is the first to admit that Tony Dalrymple has an uncanny knack of being right. And the dear chap is so delightfully flippant with it all. None of that "Holmes, who has done this fearful thing?" stuff about him. Violence to the person cannot damp Tony's spirits, provided it is to some other person. Viewing the body brings out all that is gayest and sprightliest in him.

The Sleuth With a Smile

"So this is the jolly old corpse, is it, inspector? Well, well, well! Bean bashed in and a bit of no-good done to the merry old jugular, what? Tut, tut, mother won't like this at all. You're on to the fact that the merchant who messed this cove up was left-handed and parted his hair in the middle, of course? And a good job he made of it, didn't he?"

Not a frightfully attractive young man. But spreading, I regret to say. You meet him everywhere nowadays.

The best detectives—Edgar Wallace's—are always Scotland Yard men. To a public surfeited with brilliant amateurs there is something very restful about the man from Scotland Yard. He has a background. You can believe in him. If I found it impossible to head my son off from writing mystery stories, I should advise him to give his heroes an official standing. Then he would have the Record and Finger-Print Department at his back and, if he wanted to stop the villain leaving London, he could tell off three thousand policemen to watch the roads.

It is true that the villain would get through just the same, but you can't say it isn't nice to have the sympathy and moral support of three thousand policemen.

I have got James—or John, as the case may be—pretty clear, then, on the detective end of the job. He has now to face a far more serious problem. What of the villain?

The Moronic Master Criminal

Villains in mystery stories may be divided broadly into three classes—all silly.

(*a*) Sinister men from China or Assam or Java or India or Tibet—for practically anywhere except Ponder's End and Peebles—who are on the track of the jewel stolen from the temple.

(*b*) Men with a grudge which has lasted as fresh as ever for thirty years.

(*c*) Master Criminals.

With regard to (*a*), I should advise James to try almost anything else first. I rather fancy that sinister jewel trackers have about reached saturation point. Besides, what I might call the villain-supplying nationalities have grown so absurdly touchy these days. Make your murderer a Chinaman now, and within a week of your story's appearance letters are pouring into the publisher's office, signed Disgusted—Peking—and Mother of Five—Hankow—protesting against the unfair libel. Go elsewhere and you run up against Paterfamilias—Java and Fair Play—Tibet. It is not worth it.

And yet the idea of falling back on (*b*) is not agreeable. The age in which we live is so practical, so matter-of-fact. We are no longer able to believe as readily as our fathers did in the man who cherishes a grudge for a quarter of a century. It was all very well in the old days, when there were fewer distractions, but what with golf and tennis and cross-word puzzles, and the flat-race season and the jumping season, and looking after the car and airing the dog and having to learn how to score at contract bridge, it seems simply incredible that a man should be able to keep his mind on some unpleasantness which happened in the early spring of 1904.

Which brings us to the last class—Master Criminals

The psychology of the Master Criminal is a thing I have never been able to understand. I can follow the reasoning of the man who, wishing to put by something for a rainy day, poisons an uncle, shoots a couple of cousins and forges a will. That is business. It is based on sound commercial principles. But the Master Criminal is simply a ditherer. He does not need money. He has got the stuff. What with the Delancy emeralds and the Stuyvesant pearls and the Montresor Holbein and the bearer bonds he stole from the bank, he must have salted away well over a million. Then what on earth does he want to go on for? Why not retire?

But do you think you could drive that into a Master Criminal's head? Not in a million years. I have just been reading the latest story about one of these poor half-wits. This one, in order to go on being a Master Criminal, was obliged to live in a broken-down cellar on a smelly wharf on the river, posing as a lodging-house keeper. All he did with his time was chop wood in the back yard. And at a conservative estimate after paying salaries to his staff of one-eyed Chinamen, pock-marked Mexicans and knife-throwing deaf mutes, he must have been worth between two and three million pounds.

He could have had a yacht, a fleet of motor cars, a house in Grosvenor Square, a nice place in the country, a bit of shooting in Scotland, a few miles of fishing on some good river, a villa on the Riviera, and a racing stable. He could have run a paper, revived British opera and put on Shakspere at popular prices. But no: he preferred to go on living in his riverside cellar, which was flooded every time there was a high tide, simply because he wanted to be a Master Criminal. One scarcely knows whether to laugh or weep.

The One Satisfactory Villain

I remember one Master Criminal, just as rich as this man, who set his whole organization at work for weeks digging a tunnel into a bank. And what do you think he got out of it? Twelve thousand pounds. Not guineas—pounds.

Twelve thousand pounds! Can you beat it! Just about what I am paid for writing this article.

Perhaps, on the whole, then, James, you had better avoid all three of the types of villain which I have mentioned and stick to the Fiend in Human Shape. This variety has the enormous advantage that he has not got to be made plausible. He is a homicidal lunatic, and, as such can get away with anything. To the man with the thirty-year-old grudge we say, "But, my dear fellow, consider. If you stick that knife into Sir George, what of the future? What will you do in the long winter evenings with no dream of vengeance to nurse?" To the Master Criminal we point out that he is giving himself a lot of trouble to add to an income which is already absurdly large. He cannot like having to put on false whiskers and stand outside the hero's bedroom on a chilly night, pumping poison gas through it, or enjoy climbing up a slippery roof to drop cobras down the chimney. But the Fiend in Human Shape we merely pat encouragingly on the back and speed on his way with a cheery "Good luck, Fiend, old man! Go as far as you like!"

And he gnashes his teeth amiably and snaps into it with an animal snarl.

Golfers!

THE KING O' THEM ALL

is now

85¢

($10 a dozen)

Little wonder that there has been rejoicing far and wide throughout golfdom at the announcement that the King is now 85c.

In its native England the Silver King has always been the top heavy favorite with amateur and "pro" alike. In America golfers have gladly paid $1 or more for the ball. Even manufacturers have conceded the palm to the Silver King as "the most carefully made ball in the world."

It's always been good psychology to play the best—with this new low price for the King it's good economy too.

THE SILVERTOWN CO.
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John Wanamaker
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Presenting Fashion's newest . . . 'Jantzen Color Harmony Sets' . . . two matched Jantzens in a choice of harmonizing colors for your type . . . blonde, brunette or titian. A choice of models, too. The new Jantzen *Sun-suit*, with low-cut back and armholes . . . ideal for sun-bathing as well as swimming! The voguish Jantzen *Twosome* . . . two piece appearance with one-piece comfort! The regulation Jantzen . . . smart in its simplicity! For those in and out of the water several times a day, these color harmony sets are indispensable. As the gift distinctive, they are inspirational.

You can depend on the Jantzen to give you smartness with its trim, graceful lines, to give you absolute comfort and freedom for swimming and to assure you perfection of fit . . . *always*. For Jantzen is tightly knitted from the strongest long-fibred wool. It fits you lightly, smoothly, *without a wrinkle*. Due to the magic of Jantzen-stitch, it has permanent elasticity. See the new Jantzen models at your local stores for men, women and children. Conveniently buttonless in sizes to 42; unbreakable button on larger sizes. Bright hues, pastel shades, stripes. Color fast. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

Name _____ Address _____

WILD IRON LIFE

(Continued from Page 25)

It was only natural, after the animals had been well grounded in the estimation of an appreciative laity, that the talents of the molders should take on greater latitude. Being true artists, intelligent and possessed of rare technical skill, they did not bridle their imaginations but made pronounced headway with their ingots. Cast-iron settees with a companion chair were fashioned in which ferns, grape clusters and morning-glories were the motifs. Lintels, verandas, fences, garden borderings and lamp-posts were cast to add charm to the landscape. Nor were exteriors considered to the neglect of interiors! Cast-iron cuspidors, the lids done in delicate leaf-and-grape designs, were supplied as highly ornamental for any home or office, and serviceable too. But the gem of the cast-iron furniture was the hall tree. This was poured out from six to eight feet in height, construction simulating the limbs of trees. There were numerous knobs and projections, a little square mirror about halfway up, and wide, curved branches to hold umbrellas that might drip into the saucerlike base. These trees were very top-heavy and not infrequently, loaded with garments on the night the IXL Club met, they crashed. Why the casualties resulting from this dainty bit of furniture were not larger is still a matter of wonderment among those familiar with the atrocity.

The public—that is, the moneybags—received the furniture with warm acclaim. The makers were spurred to far greater accomplishments. Though they did not pose as members of a classical or even so much as a pseudoclassical school, they began producing some astonishing statuary. Among their early efforts, designed with a view to practical usage, was the perfection of the colored boy—The Darky—a hitching post. Kinky-haired, barefooted and picturesquely ragged and painted, The Darky was installed by the better class of residents who kept more than one horse. He extended a welcoming hand which held an iron ring. Through this ring the gay courtier slipped and tied a line, to come down off the porch a little later with a neatly frocked daughter and her mother's advice ringing in his jaunty ears:

"Now you be careful of that sharp turn out by Cotherman's! There's been a lot of tip-overs at that corner lately!"

The Fountainhead of Art

A Chinese boy, holding an iron buckle, and a jockey were other designs in this class. But these were not common. Plain cast-iron horses' heads mounted on a piece of cast-iron pipe predominated, being cheaper. Then the wooden cigar-store Indian was copied in zinc, and a Chinese mandarin with a conical coolie hat was evolved for the coffee-and-tea stores in the cities. As an advertising medium for dentists there were huge sets of store teeth; for the feed merchant a sheaf of cast-iron wheat; a wire-and-iron hoopskirt for the dry-goods man; and four-foot pairs of spectacles for the jeweler and optician. Outclassing all other identification pieces, though, were the grand statues of Bacchus and Gambrinus, dallying with foaming flagons and smiling broadly. These were set back in niches in the brick wall over the entrances to breweries. There they turned green, but were pointed out as brilliant pieces showing unusual treatment and character.

This commercial application of cast iron and zinc deserves only a passing note. Much more important work, inspired by genuine human interest, was done to insure better backgrounds and foregrounds for more gracious living. Patrons of none of the old masters, spurning studies that had aroused the cultured workers of Greece and Rome, even forgetting that combat between man and beast was the most fertile of motifs, the molders allowed simple and original ideas to sway their creations. Their fountains, cloistered in a cast-iron trellis, were not the studied triumphs of a Lysippus or a Niccolo of Apulia, but were, regardless, exquisitely unique. In one a little barefoot boy clasped the hand of a little girl and held an umbrella over their heads. The water jettied from the tip of the "bumbershoot," as it was jokingly called. In another a Cupid rode on a pair of tandem dolphins with amazingly long flowing whiskers, the dolphins doing the spouting. A boy playing a fiddle was called Music of the Waters. He gazed steadily down into the basin where cast-iron frogs and turtles reposed far beneath the surface of the water, which was fringed with clumps of tin water lilies and buds. Quite a few of the cheaper fountains were plain three-deckers, the decks graduated in circumference. But for the most part they were clever. One classic represented a youth holding a boot over his head. The water dripped from a hole in the toe of the boot. The whole was fittingly named in the manufacturer's catalogue: The Unfortunate Boot.

Fireman, Save My Child!

Groups, for public rather than private display, were commanding. These mainly resulted from special orders. A Neptune, six feet in height and with a ten-foot trident, was done for the city of Hoboken, New Jersey, in zinc. The city of St. Paul, Minnesota, inaugurated a contest among producers for a heroic statue of a fireman. The prize was won with a design of a helmeted, mustached laddie who carried a lantern in his right hand while his left arm supported the figure of a child in a nightdress. Genius and the Lioness was a nice piece, Genius appearing in the form of a woman seated sideways on the back of the lioness, playing a harp. The heroic of George Washington depicted George with an unsheathed sword. He was standing on a pedestal and behind him, neatly piled, were four cannon balls. Probably the prize piece was done for a gentleman in Cincinnati who had made a fortune as a packer. He decided to present a fountain to the city. He insisted that the crowning feature—the finial—should be a cast-iron pig.

One of the jewels of this artistry—a matchless study—was closely associated with one of the many turning points in the life of Roy L. McCardell, of New York City. It was on the lawn in front of a mansion on Long Island. Mr. McCardell, who recently offered a reward of one hundred dollars for the discovery of the fantasy, describes it thus:

"A cast-iron Cupid, very fat, was reclining lazily on a cast-iron sea shell sprinkled with pearly drops of cast-iron dew. One cherubic arm of the Cupid was outstretched, the forefinger pointing at a cast-iron mastiff near by. On the cast-iron forefinger was a cast-iron butterfly, poised for flight."

Mr. McCardell's reason for offering the reward was purely sentimental. He was calling on the daughter of the family—this was some thirty-five years ago—against the father's consent, being at that time a newspaper reporter and, therefore, unwelcome. One night the father and his wife went downtown, probably to attend a band concert. It was supposed they would be absent for quite a while. But they returned unexpectedly. Mr. McCardell, on the front porch, made a dash for freedom. He eluded the father, dodging, leaped the steps and fled into the dark. He was getting well under way when he suddenly crashed into the cast-iron Cupid and fell headlong. Before he could recover, the father caught him and booted him the balance of the distance over the wide and spacious lawn—one of the widest and most spacious lawns on Long Island. It required several weeks for Mr. McCardell's bruises and abrasions to heal, and by that time a hated rival had picked his way successfully through the maze of cast-iron pieces and had taken the girl to wed.

Many other rare and joyous examples of the molder's technic might be recited; for, during the thirty years or more of the popularity of cast iron and cast zinc, the makers seemed to reckon no limits in creative endeavor. A further inventory is not essential. But it is essential to note that the art, as practiced and distributed, was doomed to meet the disapproval of critics. Though the manufacturers declared the idea back of their work was "to cheer and refine," which is art's noblest mission, the "arty" authorities began to cast aspersions. They said the dogs and other pieces were reflections on hand-hammered iron, held in high esteem. They declared the conceptions were crude, grotesque, ugly, irreconcilable, noisy, overdone, abominable and villainously bad.

Their one condonement was that the "atrocities" could be maintained by the relatively poor classes while real money was required for real art. Everything in cast iron and cast zinc should be abolished, they decreed, for aye, or longer.

This unrelenting sentiment was engendered in the East, but the voice of the scornful and the carping quickly penetrated to Detroit. Alert citizens of the City of the Straits heard the criticisms as early as 1880. They were alarmed. They did not want their landscape decorations to be classed as *hors de la mode*. They were proud. Yet they did not want to make any soul-searing sacrifices on rumor. So they decided to hear the damning verdict first-hand.

A committee of leading owners of the fauns was appointed. After some communication an expert landscapist from New York was engaged. He made the trip out, arrived in due course, and rode in a carriage up and down the avenues and boulevards with the concerned committeemen. He looked very grand and haughty. He did pay a modicum of credit. He said he could easily see that everyone had been industrious. Then he laughed, a low, sneering laugh.

"But this is a progressive city," he declared. "You folks don't have to guard your homes any more with those hideous dogs against the attacks of Indians. Those animals are crude! The statues are terrible! Away with everything! It's bad and it's old stuff!"

Impounding the Pets

The verdict delivered, he went away. The citizens, crestfallen as they were, were not fast to follow the order. Their thoughts lingered on the money and labor invested. But soon, wincing at the knowledge of their position, several aristocrats started the carnage. Fences, garden borderings, furniture, stags and hounds were erased. Others snapped into line. And all was desolated, except on the lawn of one man, who, swayed by sentiments of long associations, defying the decree, publicly announced that the New York expert could "go to Tophet." He kept his French bloodhound, his treasure, standing as was, right where it was destined to remain and where it stands today, an epic reminder of the owner's allegiance to cast-iron and cast-zinc significance.

The decision of the Detroiters demanded action in other of the larger cities. But the attitude did not make itself felt in the small towns until along in the 90's. Once it penetrated, the owners there, sensitive to criticism and anxious to keep pace with their proper big-town neighbors, martyred their units of the institution. The movement of destruction quickly gained fearful headway. Forgetting the long, lonely vigils the animals had kept and the pride-filled moments they had provided, orders were given. Callous junk dealers, seeking only

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sordid gain, appeared with low market quotations and egged on the owners. Gardeners who had ever crustily cursed when they tried to run a lawn mower around the pieces added their encouragement. It meant nothing that this art represented simplicity, that the cast fauna was one of the nation's first departures in landscape decoration! No. Soon stately stag and massive mastiff alike found their way into the maws of roaring furnaces, to be seen no more, alas! They, with the other specimens, became a part of the bubbling molten mass in some of the very cupolas that had given them birth, to be poured out again, all identity vanished, and fashioned into bathtubs, sash weights and the nondescript what not of unpoetic and uninspirational commerce.

A Blank in the Annals of Art

The rout was frightful. From near and far could be heard the thuds of the once-majestic creatures as they were tumbled over. Unfeeling hands laid harsh hold on horn, jowl and huckle bone. And, as this work of obliteration continued, the adverse attitude, sired by hauteur and dammed by scorn, colored the consciousness of the imperial authorities in charge of art. They nodded approval. So it is that, today, not in all the storehouses of the æsthetes and the judges of what is and what isn't, can there be found a single record of the existence of the cast-iron and cast-zinc era. In the great libraries one may examine tome after tome devoted to the sculpture of the ages without discovering a mention. He may read of the glories of many worthy pieces from The Mares of Diomedes to Thetis Thinking How She May Regain the Birthright of Her Son Achilles but he'll see no note on the cast-iron wolfhound with the spiraled tail. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art he may examine marbles of a mounted Arab spearing a lion, a python crushing a crocodile, a crocodile devouring an antelope. He may stand impressed before the Hermes of Praxiteles, of Heracles drawing a mighty bow with no bowstring. But his yearning heart will not be warmed by the sight of a cast-iron Darky hitching post. Wander where he will through the havens of art, he may strain to catch a glimpse of an expensive, bronze-coated Newfoundland or a lowly setter incrusted with the rust of years, a stag green with oxidation or the heroic fireman with the child. But he must turn away with a sigh. For his errand is fruitless. Discouraged, he might catch a flicker of hope. And, as his last resort, he might write to the School of Landscape Architecture at Harvard University for information. Then he would receive the final jolt. For he'd receive a letter from Katherine McNamara, the librarian, declaring that she could find no reference to the cast-iron animal life in her collections.

A sad picture.

But, fortunately, all the owners were not poisoned by the critics' edicts; all did not bow to the opinions of the scornful. When the tide of desolation rolled to its peak it did not engulf certain men with courage. Determined not to be influenced, these stalwarts preserved their specimens. James Mellon, of Pittsburgh, cousin of Andrew Mellon, kept his cast-iron deer on his lawn. He declared then, as he declares today: "Once art, always art." The late James Cleveland, of Watertown, New York, unmoved by the demands, stood adamant and maintained at his gates two cast-iron satyrs mounted on goats. Moreover, he directed in his will that the selections could not be moved unless claimed by a favorite daughter, Mrs. Will Roach, of Hart, Michigan. In that same city Frederick L. Jones and H. C. Van Weelden rescued a reclining French greyhound from a certain end and placed it where it will long remain, in the Black River Valley Club. Other owners stood as solidly as their pieces. And many persons, while affected, and ashamed to take a bullish position, stored their models in their barns and cellars.

And now, after all the years, comes recognition. There is a sudden realization that art is simplicity—that it is a record of human endeavor. There is a deep conviction that the pieces were symbolic of the times, regardless of how primitive or irreconcilable they may have been, and that they possessed the matchless quality of sincerity. So up from the dank, unwholesome cellars come the dog and deer. Down from the lofts of the barns surmounted by the cast-iron weather vane of the gilded racing driver in his sulky come the fawn and squirrel. Collectors, nostrils wide on the scent, attend all auction sales. Pride of display is returning. And even Henry Ford, whose appreciation of art has carried him to far more distant periods, has picked up a few odd cast-iron horse-head hitching posts for his Dearborn Museum.

Belated Appreciation

So the sentiment for the preservation, mayhap a revival, of the cast-iron and cast-zinc animal life is spreading. The cry has been taken up by those who understand the part the animals played in the lives of young and old alike. Unlabored, unspoiled, unsophisticated, even if crude, the pieces deserve this tribute. And the forces of this discovery may one day be felt by those who man the temples where art is housed. This true, the time may come when a stroll through the Metropolitan Museum will reveal the presence of a cast-iron pigeon, a cast-zinc eagle, a brewery Gambrinus or a wire-whiskered rabbit.

If the influence is strong enough and past neglect is fully atoned for, there may be a cast-iron alcove, possibly a cast-iron wing, where the cast-iron Cupid and The Unfortunate Boot will be arranged slightly beyond the gems of Donatello, Michelangelo and Botticelli.

Time alone can bring this full realization and recognition. But the start has been made. Sympathies will strengthen. The significance will be honored. More and more the æsthetes and critics will come to believe with the nation's sincere molders of those other days, and with Cowper:

Nature assumes a more lovely face
Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace.

And they will proceed to the important work of fixing up the breach in their records so that posterity won't have to hunt around in vain for some outstanding specimens of the cast-iron and cast-zinc outdoor animal life of America.

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JIG TIME

(Continued from Page 27

them forth into Harlem, Lady Luck sat, pointing the finger of fortune at the lucky ones.

"You will be rich and famous," she would say, singling out a new one. Of course, being the Ethiopic Lady Luck, she dealt in the black man's fame and wealth—a few thousand dollars, a name on a vaudeville poster or in lights before a black-and-tan cabaret.

Because Harlem is a city of luck. Even more so than in Wall Street, fortune in the black smudge of Manhattan hinges upon mere chance. Overnight, a Birmingham barber becomes a famous composer of popular songs. A New Orleans dice man become the head of the black literati A sometime Memphis bartender becomes a famous mystic, patronized alike by Harlem washerwomen and plump matrons from Park Avenue. A mammy boss becomes a famous singer of blue music.

And so Mistuh Freddy pretty soon is firmly ensconced midst Harlem's Who's Who as Dr. Zelotes Jairus, mystic healer and master of juju. I don't know where he got the name—or the idea. And who to this day does not remember the just fame of Madame Seely, silver-throated exponent of blue music, who at one time was Big Edna of Memphis?

Don't ask me how. Or why. Blame or thank the Ethiopic Lady Luck who controls the fortunes of the black smudge of Manhattan. Who am I, a mere white man, to look into the phantasmagoria of Harlem and tell you why, out of tens of thousands of whirling, fading black faces, these two find luck?

I do know that Jimmy DeWitt, a former Memphis newspaperman, gave Dr. Zelotes Jairus his start. Perhaps it was Jimmy who gave Mistuh Freddy the new name. I don't know. I do know that Jimmy was freelancing in New York and wrote a Sunday feature about Mistuh Freddy's mastery of the black art. He even went so far as to furnish the props for the story. He went to the Bronx Zoo and borrowed a toothless old snake from an attendant he knew, and from somewhere he produced a toothless old woman. He dressed Mistuh Freddy up in an outlandish outfit and took his picture with the old woman and the old snake. It made a peach of a story.

They came in droves after that—lovesick folks to buy the wise doctor's love potions; men and women with domestic troubles; folks with high ambition and little energy who craved fame; slumming parties from Park Avenue; shop girls in ridiculous furs and chorus girls and night-club wenches in sables—all asking the same fiddle-faddle of Mistuh Freddy, the toothless old woman and the toothless old snake: "When do our dreams come true?"

Mistuh Freddy moved to more pretentious quarters. Now Dr. Zelotes Jarius was a manufacturer of voodoo drugs with distributing clinics in other cities. No cocaine, of course. The power of a name is strong and the People knew of Dr. Zelotes Jairus.

And Big Edna! Deep in a Harlem cellar, where pale white faces mixed with black, Fame sought her out. Abraham Yuratovac, better known as Earl Holden, the well-known impresario of Tin Pan Alley, heard her sing one night in the black-and-tan. The rest was easy. A short vaudeville tour, a Palace opening and then the première of an all-brown revue that took Broadway by storm. She became Madame Seely. Dr. Zelotes Jairus thought up that name for her.

And then Mistuh Freddy was stung by the intellectual bee. It was the same bee that roams the hinterland in search of Iowa plowboys and Indiana stenographers, and brings them to Greenwich Village to become intellectuals. Once stung, the victim straightway loses all sense of former values. He discards the things he once cherished and takes up new fads. He reads nothing but highbrow literature. His one great fear is that he will do or say something that will cause people to remember that he once was what he was. This dread bee is no respecter of color. It bit Mistuh Freddy, and bit him hard. And thereafter, Madame Seely had a hard row to travel.

It was Mistuh Freddy's idea that Big Edna quit warbling the blues and sing nothing but spirituals—American folk songs, he had learned to call them. Mistuh Freddy was proud. Like most of his race, he was a born mimic and, easily enough, he had broken through the thin veil that separates Subterrania from Harlem society. He had carefully acquired a certain air of insouciance and an accent that came from London. In the old days he had loved Big Edna's jig songs. But after the bee stung him, it mortified him greatly to hear her sing what he termed "vulgar, back-alley songs"; especially when she insisted on performing the sinuous movements of the Shorty George dance as she sat on the piano stool, her huge shoulders weaving, her big feet patting the floor loudly.

"We is folks, Madame Seely," he had told her time and again, "an' who but us kin uphold the dignity of the People?"

And Big Edna had tried. She loved the little man with all her heart. She was proud of him, and as a dutiful wife she tried to obey him. But the bee had not stung her. It was hard not to be natural. She hated the posing of Harlem. She loved the soft music of her People, the happy-go-lucky laughter, the wise-child idiosyncrasies and mannerisms. She tried to pattern herself after the pattern he set as far as she could. But sometimes she fell far short, and at such times he was terribly mortified. More than once Big Edna had caught herself wishing for the old days—days of ease and freedom in a cheap, slip-on dress, of hilarious nights in Mistuh Freddy's Place. But she kept these wishes secret.

The break came in the Little Africa Cabaret, a black-and-tan in Harlem. Dr. Zelotes Jairus was giving a dinner party. He was proud of his guests; proud they were his guests. Big names—Laura Eason-Jones; Mrs. Fredda Wyatt, who had written several books about the People; Pierre Antonin, the artist, with several of his friends from Greenwich Village; Samuel E. F. Lyon-Thommasson, a negro editor—why is it that the People love hyphenated names among their famous?; F. Floyd Bender, a music critic, who a few years before had been Baldy-Pie Bender, Louisville dice hustler; a mixture of whites who sought out the erotic and bizarre in Harlem, and of blacks who led the list of big names in the negro world. These were Mistuh Freddy's guests. He was proud.

A sea of black and yellow faces, spotted here and there with a white one. A pale blond sipping gin with a mulatto vaudeville hoofer. Young intellectuals from the Village, bored to death. Visitors from the hinterland, shocked and very pleased about it. An orchestra playing a lazy melody on muted instruments. Everybody sober and orderly. It was early.

The noise increased as the hours wore on. The Little Africa began to take on its natural color. The orchestra began playing jig time. The Shorty George made its appearance, with dozens of couples crammed in an open space between the tables, weaving, wriggling in a dance of the jungles. A fetid breath of gin and cigarette smoke crept closely over the room. There was a strange, sweet scent—somebody smoking opium in Chandu cigarettes. Mistuh Freddy was speaking.

"Me, I writes most of Madame Seely's spirituals," he was telling his guests, his little chest thrown out. "Me, I likes classical music. Madame Seely sings nothin' but the best."

He rambled on. Somebody in the crowd spotted Big Edna, and a clapping of hands, beginning moderately, soon drowned out the orchestra. They were calling for her now. They remembered her as the Madame Seely who sang jig songs.

"Madame Seely! Sing us some hot music, big gal! Stomp music, baby!"

Big Edna rose, smiling. Mistuh Freddy rose also, and bowed with Big Edna.

"Sing Suwanee River, baby," he told her; "Suwanee River or something nice and genteel-like."

Big Edna waddled to the piano and the din quieted. The crowd sat back expectantly. But its spirits fell as Big Edna began Suwanee River in her best parlor manner. She finished amid mild clapping and started back to her table. Mistuh Freddy was smiling. Big Edna had carried herself off well. A voice from the rear halted her as she neared the table.

"Blues, yalla gal!" the loud voice yelled. "Us craves jig time!" The cry swept the cabaret: "Blue music, yalla gal! Jig music! Mess up some real, bad blues, baby!"

Big Edna hesitated and caught Mistuh Freddy's eyes. He glared at her and motioned her to her chair. She took a step forward, then hesitated. Suddenly she grinned widely. She swung back to the piano.

"Gives 'em whut dey craves," she muttered to herself.

She glanced sideways and saw Dr. Zelotes Jairus nervously drumming the table with his fingers. She threw her head back and laughed as her fingers found the keys.

"Big-headed nigger," she thought. "I learns him. Me, I sings blues."

Mistuh Freddy could go straight to Hades. She was back in Memphis; back where a girl could be herself, where People loved good music. None of the high-sounding tripe Mistuh Freddy called spirituals. No hyphenated names. No putting on dog. Forgotten were Harlem's celebrities and her promise to be good.

"Heah come ole furnace heat!" she shouted to the crowd, and broke into song. The words to the song do not matter. And then there is the censor to consider. The song was a blue tale of a trifling woman and a husband with a heavy heart.

"Went up on de mount-ing,
Looked down far as Ah could see;
'Nother man had mah woman
An' 'em dirty blues had me."

"Ev'body Shorty Gawge wid Big Edna!" she shouted, and changed her song to a rollicking tune negroes know as stomp music.

"Mamma, don' you give all yo' love away:
Save a little bit fo' a rainy day.
I'm yo' man; yo' said enough,
So shake yo'se'f, mamma; strut yo' stuff."

The music was short and jerky, and in the breaks a thousand feet stamped the floor in unison. Stomp music. Dr. Zelotes Jairus sat staring at his wife, his little face drawn with pain.

"Done disgraced us bofe," he groaned aloud.

Had he looked under the table he would have seen the feet of his celebrity guests stomping with the music. But he only knew that his newly found dignity was compromised.

"'Shorty Gawge' yo'se'f, yalla gal!" somebody yelled. The cry was taken up by the crowd: "Rock yo'se'f, baby! Shake and shiver!"

Big Edna's body stiffened, her left foot started beating a loud staccato. Her shoulders bent low over the piano and began to weave.

Big Edna finished triumphantly. Ignoring the thundering applause, she approached the table and looked for Freddy. His chair was empty.

"He taken sick," somebody explained.

Big Edna smiled ruefully. Already her brain was filling with plans to appease Mistuh Freddy's just anger. But at home she found a note. It read:

Big Fat Slob I Used to Call My Own: We is quits. I never did like fat meat. FREDDY.

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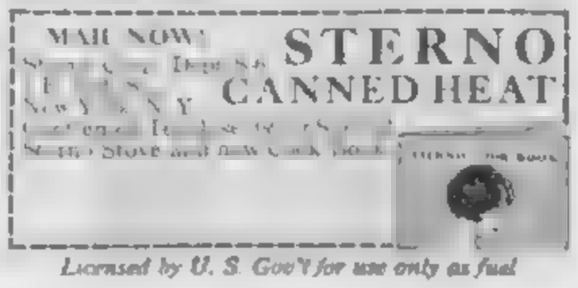

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For a long time Big Edna sat listlessly, gazing at the note. She pinched her big, fat arms.

"Fat meat," she muttered. "He don' lak fat meat no mo'."

And then she threw herself down to cry, as women will when men go away, no matter what their race or creed or color.

A big yellow woman alighted from an up-North train that had puffed its way into the big station in Memphis.

"Ah wants a taxicab," she told a red-cap wearily, "an' Ah wants to drive ovah th' rivah to Arkansaw. Git goin'."

At the edge of the bridge that crosses the Big River she called to the driver to stop. Without a word she alighted, handed the driver a ten-dollar bill and started across the bridge.

Unmindful of his curious stare, Big Edna waddled off, the bridge boards creaking under her heavy tread. She carried herself painfully, awkwardly.

In the center of the bridge she stopped and leaned over the wooden railing. A hundred feet below, a dark-silver giant crept along, snakily, ominously, noiselessly. A great Southern moon threw its brilliance on the wriggling mass of silver water.

And to Big Edna the Big River was singing one of the jig songs that it, years before, had taught old Pappy Blue Boy; silver ripples making jig music, soft and low and sadly played.

A skiff carrying two negro fishermen out for a catch of catfish and buffalo swept lazily under the bridge, drifting south with the current. They were singing:

"Ole Pharioh, he got drown-ded, drown-ded, drown-ded.
Ole Pharioh he got drown-ded
In de Red, Red Sea."

Big Edna grunted approval. "'At jig sho kin sing," she said aloud, and was startled at her own voice. "Steady, fat meat," she told herself.

She shuddered as she leaned over the railing and looked down at the dark mass of water.

"Catfeesh, git ready," she said loudly; "git ready fo' a mess o' fat meat."

She laughed and chanted, "Mistuh Freddy don' lak fat meat, but de catfeesh do," but there was little mirth in her laughter. She laughed again, shortly, bitterly. She ran her hand down her huge hip. "Fat meat! Catfeesh, git ready!"

She leaned farther over the railing, thoughtful. The boards creaked under her weight. She remembered the cotton factor who had jumped off the bridge from just about where she stood. And old Squire Donaldson, who, blind as a bat, had groped his way out on the bridge one night and jumped off, because he could not pay an election bet he had lost. She thought about the little white girl who had jumped off the bridge, holding her two babies—pretty little yellow-haired girl twins—in her arms.

"Lots bettah folks 'n you has jump' offen dis bridge," Big Edna told herself. "Git ready, big yalla gal—ole fat meat." She leaned farther over the railing and spoke again to the catfish: "Git ready, catfeesh."

She pulled off her hat and dropped it, watching it as it sailed slowly down to the wriggling silver mass below.

"De cotton man, he do it," she muttered, as though to steel herself, "an' ole Squire Donaldson, an' 'at li'l' white gal wid de two babies, an'—an' ——"

Suddenly she straightened up. A gurgling noise started in her throat. It became a heavy rumble. She threw her head back and laughed—a deep, joyous laugh of pure mirth.

"Yeah, an' po' ole Come-Along Jones!" she gurgled, holding her sides. "Po' ole Come-Along—he commit sooside too!"

She doubled up with mirth, grasping the rail to keep from falling.

She thought about poor old Come-Along, a one-legged nigger with a wooden leg and a broken heart. She had come out to this very bridge to watch Come-Along show the world just how badly his heart was broken. Come-Along had been shown the door by Sue, a wife with an earning capacity. He had promised he would kill himself to show how he felt about it.

The entire neighborhood had moved to Hanrihan Bridge to see Come-Along commit suicide. Big Edna had been there. So had Mistuh Freddy. All of the street. It was on Sunday. Thousands in Sunday clothes had come out, lining the banks of the Big River, swarming the bridge to see Come-Along make good.

He had stumped out to the center of the bridge with his peg leg and mounted the railing. Then, turning around to make a farewell speech to his eager audience, he had spied Sue. She was with the big yellow negro who had wrecked his home. And she was laughing.

It proved too much for Come-Along—that home wrecker and Sue laughing. He cut his speech short and jumped at the home wrecker, rage in his heart, a knife in his hand. But, to balance himself while he made his speech, he had wedged the tip of his peg leg in a crack on the railing. The peg leg hung, and Come-Along went hurtling backward into the river.

Big Edna shouted with mirth as she thought of it.

"He hit de watah kersplash!" she said aloud. "An' rat away he struck out fo' de bank!" She doubled up again. "Clean reach' de bank 'fo' he found out he hed broke his othah laig!" She stopped laughing. "A one-laiged nigger with a broke heart an' a broke peg laig," she muttered. "Catfeesh, Ah guess us stays frien's."

An hour later, foot-sore and weary, she entered the blind pig that had once been Mistuh Freddy's place. The bartender greeted her heartily.

"Freddy's been lookin' fo' you, Madame Seely," he told her. "Seem lak 'at nigger's 'bout crazy wid worry."

She smiled grimly. She held whispered conference with the bartender. Furtively he handed her a small, white package. She turned to the group of loungers in the pig.

"Me, Ah retires, gen'men," she said—"Ah retires to vanish dese troubles. When Ah returns us has music."

She was back in a few seconds, eyes flashing, the weariness gone. She sat down at the old piano that leaned drunkenly against the wall. She sang:

"I tore my hair, I got down on my knees.
I tore my hair, I got down on my knees.
I says to the gravedigger,
'Won't you gimme back my good man, please?'

"The gravedigger looked—he looked me right in the eye.
The gravedigger looked—he looked me right in the eye.
He says, 'Good lady,
Yo' man has said his last good-by.'"

Big Edna threw her head back and laughed. She changed her tune:

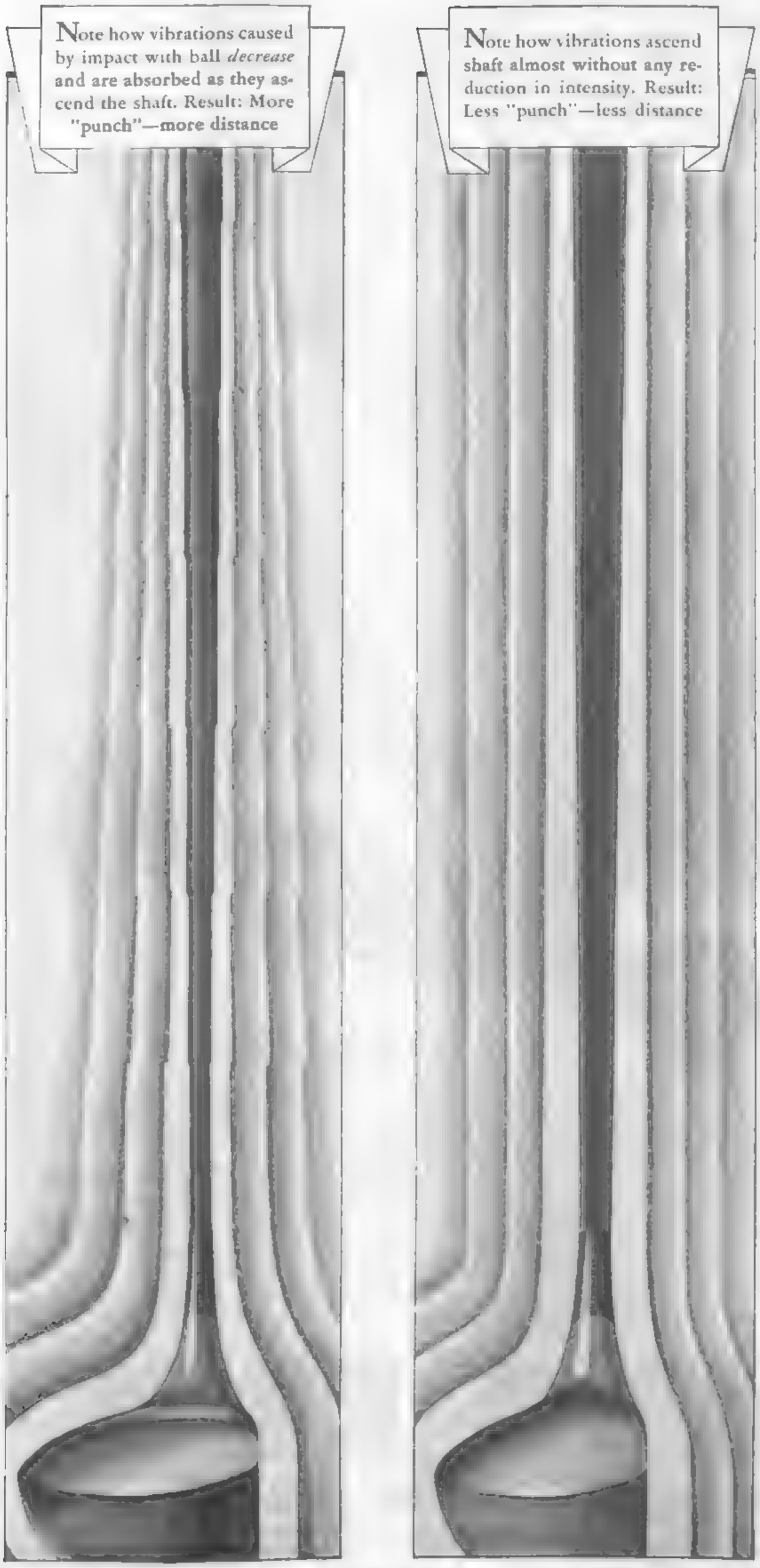
"Mistuh Freddy is a good man,
But he just won't be-have.
Mistuh Freddy is a good man,
But he just won't be-have.
Gits me a shotgun,
Sends him to his fa-tal grave."

Burke Driver, True Temper shafted

Note how vibrations caused by impact with ball *decrease* and are absorbed as they ascend the shaft. Result: More "punch"—more distance

Driver, shafted in ordinary steel

Note how vibrations ascend shaft almost without any reduction in intensity. Result: Less "punch"—less distance



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PURITAN'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 13)

bedlam of Times Square, he had still cherished inviolate his ideal of the New England Sabbath. However hectic his career in New York, he had always comforted himself with the thought that in his native state of Massachusetts he could find, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," an asylum for his declining years—Sabine Farm stuff.

Nothing had so shaken his ostrichlike concept of modernity as this unexpected experience. As a pseudo Brahman he had always secretly condescended to the tinsel glitter of the metropolis; there was a God's country elsewhere, albeit a slightly chilly one! Even Henry Adams was like that, and every man born within fifty miles of the Bulfinch Front of the Boston State House is a potential Henry Adams. The very fact that the Puritan was not a genuine Brahman—his mother had been apologetically born in South Boston—had given him a defense complex which made him all the more superior. How could he longer imitate the Adams tone of arrogant humility which affected homespun before duchesses and patronized Boston from Quincy? He had lost part of his stock in trade. This home of his ancestors—this peaceful New England village on that Sunday afternoon—was as like to the Atlantic City turnpike as two peas, and its denizens were listening in to the same sacred concert broadcast from WEAF. The universe had become standardized with a vengeance! Tranquillity was an unknown commodity, unattainable this side of the Glassy Sea, where perhaps the seraphim and cherubim were even now casting down their golden harps in favor of a celestial radio.

Nursing his distemper, the Puritan followed the procession of motors until, inadvertently raising his eyes, he caught the gleam of a white fane above the elm tops. An old-fashioned meetinghouse! Could it be? He turned off the highway and stopped the car beside the little tree-covered knoll. He had found it—his grandfather's church! Unmindful of the hurly-burly of the square, it stood there calm and unperturbed; a white evangel, pointing the eternal way to heaven.

From Stagecoach to Zeppelin

The foliage splintered the sun's last rays which dappled the old church with gold. The caw of a crow in the near-by branches belittled the honk of the motors beyond the turn. On the farther side of the knoll the ancient horse sheds still offered an unaccepted and unnecessary hospitality. I climbed out of the car, walked across the young grass to the porch and entered. The inside was almost chill in contrast to the warmth of the afternoon outside, faintly sweet with the odor of dried timber; empty save for the shadowy presences evoked by the traditions of the past, who seemed to throng the aisles and fill the pews about me. My eyes ran over the long rows to the pulpit where my grandfather had preached more than a hundred years ago, and the uncle for whom I had been named, from 1866 to 1872. Something gripped the Puritan in the throat.

Good old church! For more than a century its clanging bell had summoned its congregation to Sunday worship or tolled for the passing of the village fathers—from the days of John Quincy Adams to those of Calvin Coolidge. What incredible changes it had witnessed: The transition from the stagecoach and the chaise to the railroad, the trolley, the motor car, the aeroplane, and the Zeppelin; from the sailing ship to the fifty-thousand-ton liner and the submarine; from the weekly post to the telegraph, the telephone and the radio; from the daguerreotype and the camera obscura to the talking motion picture, color photography and television; from the flintlock musket and smooth-bore cannon to monster guns that could hurl shells forty miles and gas bullets that could be fired around corners; from the hand loom to the automatic repairing machine for silk stockings!

Suppose my grandfather should come back to the scene of his life's labors and find himself face to face with all these things—what a bewildered old gentleman he would be! What would he think of yonder village square with its bizarre activities on this busy Sabbath afternoon? Would he stride down there in his wrath and scourge the money changers from the portals of the temple? Lucky for him, perhaps, that he could not come back, and thus escape being committed to an observation ward—lucky at least that he had lived when he had, in an era when there was time to live!

Seventeen Miles to Post a Letter

As I sat in that old church a strange sensation—such as in my childhood I had been wont to call "a life-and-death feeling"—encompassed me. I felt not only a tremendous nearness to the past but as if I were actually touching the past. In that very pulpit my grandfather had faced his congregation. These very walls had echoed to his voice. His hand had swept the rail where mine now rested. And yet for all his nearness—a nearness that was almost contact—he was almost as mythical a personage, as far as I was concerned, as Prester John or the Wandering Jew. I had more knowledge of Jenghiz Khan, Saint Paul, Peter the Hermit, Paul Jones or Captain Kidd. I knew little or nothing about him beyond the bare facts that he was the son of a farmer in Weston, had worked his way through Harvard College with the intention of becoming a lawyer, but, having "experienced religion," had determined to study for the ministry; and after having been graduated in 1805, had a few years later become pastor of the First Baptist Society in Framingham.

He had been born in 1783, two weeks before the cessation of hostilities with Great Britain, six years before George Washington became President, six before the storming of the Bastille, and ten years before Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette had lost their heads upon the guillotine. He had lived through the period of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Era, was already twenty years old at the time of the Louisiana Purchase, had attained maturity before Aaron Burr shot Alexander Hamilton, and had been graduated from college the year of Nelson's Victory at Trafalgar and the Battle of Austerlitz.

When he had entered Harvard in 1801 the United States had a population of less than a million adult males; the country, except for a few miles inland along the coast, was covered with forest, while the interior was still a wilderness. Coal was unknown as fuel in New England, the sulphur match had not been invented, and he had lit his fire and his candles with flint and steel, the tinder being made from old shirts. Accounts were kept in pounds, shillings and pence, and French crowns, English guineas, Spanish milled dollars, half joes and pistareens still passed current. The currency was mixed, depreciated, mutilated by sweating, clipping and plugging, and varied in value in different localities. I still have his money scales, with their thin circular brass disks, like watch crystals, suspended by silken threads, with its accompanying tiny weights, all folding into a faded shagreen case not much larger than one now used for spectacles. In those days Timothy Sterns brought the mail on horseback once a week from Boston to Framingham. Often, if a man had an important letter destined for a distant point and requiring haste, he would walk the whole seventeen miles to Boston in order to post it there. There were no Indians left in my grandfather's day, but there were plenty of men alive who had fought with them.

Across the mountains to the west there were but three wagon roads, and stagecoaches floundered along through bogs and forests at an average rate of four miles an hour. It took twenty days for a letter to go from Maine to Georgia, two days from New York to Philadelphia, while postage was from six to twenty-five cents a written sheet, depending on the distance it was to be sent. Distances that can now be covered by motor in fifteen minutes were viewed ordinarily as prohibitive, so that members of the same families living but ten miles apart sometimes did not see one another oftener than once a year, and then usually at Thanksgiving.

Food was scarce and the cattle, as well as their owners, shivered all winter in habitations ill adapted to keep out the cold. There was no sanitation, no soil pipes; no iron wheel plows, drills or potato diggers; no paint, carpets, curtains, pictures or ornaments. Practically all clothes, including shirts, socks and straw hats, were made at home. Everybody was poor.

My grandfather's life must have been incredibly frugal. On leaving college he had first become preceptor of the village academy in Framingham, being paid a shilling a week for the tuition of each pupil, with an extra allowance from the trustees of half a dollar a week toward his board. When he began to preach, his salary was fixed at two hundred dollars for the first year, and, although it was gradually increased during his many years of service, it never exceeded five hundred dollars and was no doubt, at least in the earlier days, paid partly in corn, beans and bacon. Yet he was unquestionably among the well-to-do, and in spite of his meager salary he managed to maintain a comfortable home, send both his sons to college and give his three daughters a first-class education.

He led an austere life, his clothes were often patched, his meals scanty, but he had his reward in the love and respect of his fellow men and the consciousness of being not only a theologian but a practical and authoritative power for good in the community.

Thrills of the Past

Now, here I was, more than a hundred years later, sitting in the very church from whose pulpit he had preached and through whose elm-shaded precincts he had "musingly trod." He had seen almost as many startling changes before he died in 1849 as the old church had witnessed since then. Certainly he must have thought that the climax of scientific ingenuity had been achieved when he heard that one could travel from New York to Albany in a boat propelled by steam. I could imagine how thrilled he must have been at seeing his first velocipede in a museum in 1816, his first gas light in 1822, his first coal fire; how excited on taking his first ride behind a locomotive a year or two later! But progress? Had I learned anything about that?

It was growing dark and I tiptoed out of the old church and crossed to where my car was standing. The stream of motors was still flowing by and I joined it, thinking of my grandfather's life as compared with mine—of his early years of teaching school, living at the houses of his pupils and walking for miles each way in the rain and snow over roads that were little more than sloughs; of his cold, carpetless room, his scanty food, his patched clothes of homespun, his lack of books, of any amusement in the modern sense of the word; then of the period during which he started out upon his ministry—the ascetic young clergyman who had heard the call to labor in the vineyard and who, having answered it, had remained loyal to his flock until to the knell from his own spire he had been buried in the little graveyard beside the church to

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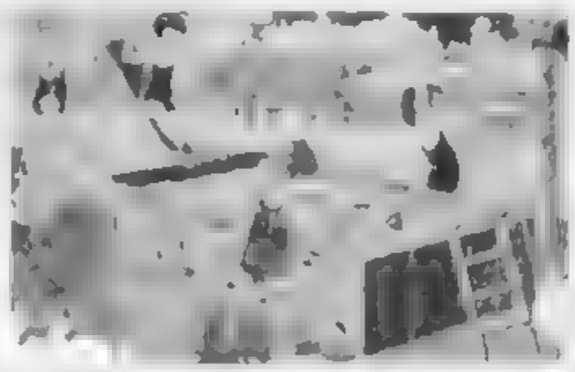

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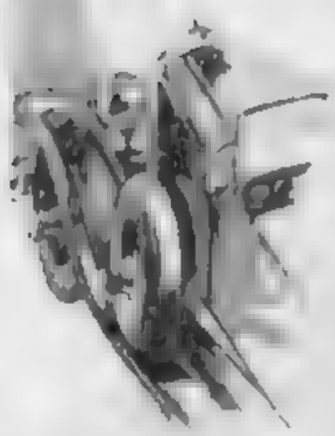

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which he had dedicated his career. What would he think of me, his grandson, in my plus-fours and high-powered car motoring in one day—and on a Sunday! -from New York to Boston? Would he regard me as a waster, a sybarite and a Sabbath breaker? A doer of iniquity with my novels and stories? I remembered that one of my recent works had been banned in Boston. A good title, I reflected—Banned in Boston!

I pressed the accelerator and my car, with a soft purr, leaped ahead toward the distant lights. The countryside was a spider's web of electricity, all its filaments converging toward Boston. And like a luminous spider I seemed to be sliding toward it down my own particular thread. Triumph of scientific ingenuity, that motor car! And yet it was nothing like as wonderful as a spider! Moreover, had it seen fit to stop I should probably have been helpless to make it go. I did not understand its machinery. I had merely bought it. I had accepted motors along with phonographs, airplanes and radios, just as I had accepted horse cars in my childhood. Somebody had invented them and they were convenient things to ride in. Most convenient! And so were airplanes! We needed them. But perhaps we needed Puritans too.

"Puritans?" As I pen the word there rises against the background of my mind a tall, sour-visaged individual, in a long cloak and high cylindrical hat, with a blunderbuss over his shoulder and an apprehensive lady in a bonnet clinging to his arm, on his way to church. Obviously there are Indians, or at least wolves, lurking hard by. The original of this cheerful picture was on a calendar I had as a child—probably a reproduction of some well-known painting. For me Puritans will always be tall, wear cylindrical hats and carry blunderbusses; they can never be short and fat, wearing straw headgear and carrying fishing rods. This same gaunt specter stalks across the cartoons of our daily papers and before the footlights of our musical shows. We all know what a Puritan must have been like.

The Trouble With History

There used to be a woodcut of an armadillo in my geography opposite the short paragraph devoted to Brazil. Today I am convinced that the swamps, pampas and forests of that country are alive with anteaters, with perhaps a few Indians peeping through giant banana leaves. And nothing will ever obliterate that belief. I cannot efface it. I can only fight it, and in fighting it I give it new vitality. My imagination is stronger than my will, for being primarily located in my subconscious brain, I cannot control it. Hence for me the map of Brazil will forever be spotted with armadillos, and an armadillo will always merge into a pink-and-yellow map of Brazil. One vivid picture is worth a page of statistics in fostering an impression.

Were I attempting to write history, which I am not, I would with one magnificent gesture sweep away every generality regarding times and peoples penned by historians since the Fall of Constantinople—and no doubt make a complete ass of myself in consequence; but this much, at least, I am willing to hazard—namely, that there is more of inaccuracy than of truth contained in all unqualified statements and that it is more dangerous to generalize about periods and nations than about individuals—which, heaven knows, is bad enough.

Were the French at any period in history "a frivolous nation addicted to dancing and light wines?" They were not. A more deadly serious nation never lived. Yet shall we ever outgrow that belief engendered in us as children by our school geographies?

Carry it further. Were even the inhabitants merely of Paris, at any period, frivolous and addicted to dancing and light wines? They were not. Most of them drank wine rather than water, it is true, but the last thing they were addicted to was frivolity. Our well-meaning geographer, with his recollection playing upon the court life of Versailles and his subconsciousness swarming with pictures of the French dancing masters and hairdressers of grand opera, imagines the entire forty millions of France pirouetting through the Palais Royal or capering around the Place Vendôme. And no doubt his unconsidered casual statement has cost the French nation billions of francs and thousands of lives. Yet this is only another way of saying that until the rise of the common man—or the decline of the uncommon man—history was made by courts, kings, emperors and popes, and no one else mattered; just as today the same thing is more or less true of actors, politicians and prize fighters. The King of Swat is our hero, instead of Le Grand Monarch.

The Garb of the Simple

We are apt to think of the events of a couple of centuries ago as almost obliterated by time, and of the people who took part in them as wholly different from ourselves, if not rather ridiculous. Our tendency is to belittle and even deride the intellectual equipment and opinions of those who have lived before, both because they did not know the extraordinary things with which we are familiar and because they wore such preposterous clothes. Anybody who wore wire bustles, hoop skirts, knee breeches or high boots must have been, we feel, more or less simple-minded.

Passing over Socrates, Shakspere, Voltaire, Sir Isaac Newton and others, it might be well to ask whether the past is really so distant after all. There are men still alive who have talked with survivors of the siege of Louisburg and the Battle of Ticonderoga, to say nothing of those who marched to Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill a quarter century thereafter. According to the government reports for 1926 there were five mothers of soldiers who had fought for the Union during the Civil War still on the pension rolls, together with a number of widows of veterans of the war with England of 1812. Hands across the sea of time!

Have not I myself talked with a lady whose husband was a friend of Louis XV, who died in 1774? I have—although at first this may seem unbelievable. Her husband, who was born in 1760, had been a page of Louis at Versailles, lived until 1850, and married for his second wife a comparatively young girl. When I knew her in 1895 she was just over sixty, hale and hearty, and it is quite possible that she is still alive. That brings Louis XV easily within the span of two lives, and anyone who is now ninety-five or over, and who, when a boy of seven or eight, talked with anyone as old as he himself is today, could easily have received first-hand information as to events which occurred shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century. The only reason that the survival of such persons is not brought more often to our attention is, I suppose, that, although there would be quite a chorus if they could be got together, they are now so few and scattered and their voices so thin, high and quavering that they are not heard.

Even more apparently surprising is the fact that my friend, Mr. Richard Hale, of Boston, once sat on the lap of a man who in turn had sat on the lap of a man who had attended the funeral of one of the passengers on the Mayflower. In other words, a man living today has seen a man who saw another man who in his turn saw one of the Pilgrim Fathers—or more properly, perhaps, one of the Pilgrim children! Yet this on analysis proves no more astonishing than my own story.

Peregrine White was born on the Mayflower in Cape Cod Harbor, Massachusetts, November 20, 1620. Even if he cannot be rated strictly as a passenger, he was at least a stowaway. He was the first white child born in New England, and lived until 1704. The person who went to his funeral—the celebrated Deacon Cobb—born before 1700

(Continued on Page 200)

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The blade, of finest Sheffield steel, is of the old straight razor type and hollow ground, with a safety guard of unique simplicity.

Stropped in its case before shaving, honed in its case when necessary, the blade kept ever keen *shaves flat to the face—not at right angles. It cuts the hairs like a barber's razor—does not hoe them out.* Properly handled it will give a lifetime of perfect shaves.

A toilet requisite that any man will take pride in possessing.

The first cost may be slightly higher—but how many blades do you purchase every year?

Imperial No. 1 Silver Plate $15.00
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We recommend Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap in hygienic indestructible bowl for a superior shave. Priced at $1.50

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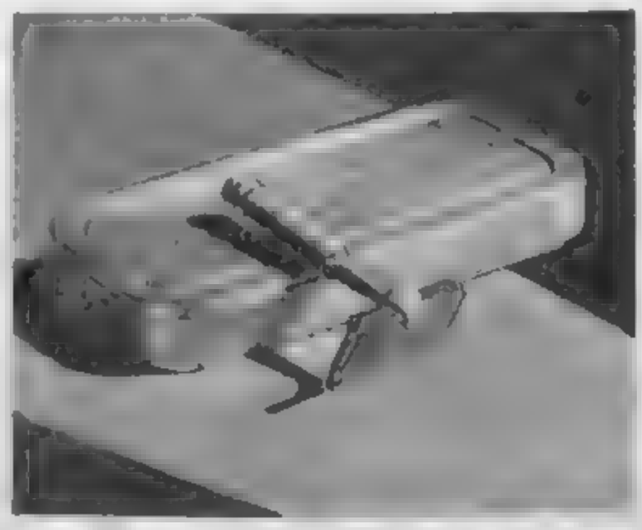
SHE: Always the happy, clean-shaved Bill.

HE: I can thank my Rolls Razor for those kind words.



Not Just Another Safety Razor
Actually Another Kind of Shave

(Continued from Page 198)

and living until after 1800—was known as "The man who lived in three centuries."

Deacon Cobb, in 1804, took upon his knee William Thomas, later the great-uncle of Mr. Hale, saying to him: "Remember, my child, that you have sat upon the lap of a man who went to the funeral of a man who came over upon the Mayflower." Mr. Thomas, who lived until about 1890, lifting in turn the youthful Richard upon his knee some sixty years later, enjoined him to remember that he had sat on the lap of one who had sat on the lap of a man who had gone to Peregrine White's funeral. Two laps, so to speak, from Peregrine White to Richard Hale! I trust the latter will, in the fullness of years, duly perform a similar ceremony with some infant scion of his family.

No, the Puritans did not live so very long ago, after all. And unless there is, so to speak, a statute of limitations of some sort applying to inheritance, a lot of us are Puritans yet. For at what point did a Puritan stop being a Puritan? When he abandoned the blunderbuss for the flintlock musket, or the cylindrical hat for the squirrel cap with ear tabs, or breeches for pantaloons, or the surtout for the Tuxedo? Or was it when he gave up singing through his nose and followed the bass viol? Or dipped furtively for the first time into Shakspere? Or went to the lodge of a Saturday night? Or stealthily bought a ticket to The Black Crook, or maybe, fifty years later, to Earl Carroll's Vanities?

What were the Puritans really like? To what extent did their religious doctrines actually affect their lives and those of their immediate descendants? How far was the common man "sober, righteous and godly"? And if so, how long did he stay that way?

His Own Physician

A friend of mine who lives in a small town in Maine recently unearthed in the hinterland of his attic a mildewed diary which had been kept by his great-uncles in the early part of the last century. That the town was a Puritan town seems to be established by the fact that, as late as 1880, my friend's sister was refused membership in the local Presbyterian Church because she declined to give up dancing. Now this diary, kept by two boys of Puritan descent in a blue Puritan town, is written partly in cipher, and since the winter evenings are long and cold in that part of the country my friend amused himself in trying to decode it—a not overdifficult task. The cryptic portions, when deciphered, shed an entirely new light upon so-called Puritan life in New England, especially the morals of the youth of that day, and from the record it might have been fairly inferred that Casanova would have found himself as much at home there as in Bologna or Milan. Yet this same town had tithing men until 1848!

My grandfather was a leader in the temperance movement in the early days of the last century. At that time almost everybody drank hard liquor—gin, whisky, rum, brandy, cider—and almost every family had at least one drunkard in it. Cold and undernourishment were largely responsible, but enhanced the quality of the results. Many of the clergy drank along with the rest. The drinking at baptisms, weddings and especially funerals was a public scandal.

One old pastor by no means shared my grandfather's views on the subject of temperance, or rather, perhaps, he differed from him as to its nature. During one of the early crusades Doctor —— was visited by some of the young women of the neighborhood with a pledge. He read it over aloud: "'—— unless under the advice of my physician.' . . . Yes, I'll sign it," he agreed readily, "but I wish it clearly understood that I'm my own physician."

This worthy minister of the gospel visited the tavern regularly every morning for his toddy, which was served to him in an upper room. One very cold day he came in and said: "Landlord, we'll have our toddy extra hot and extra strong this morning." The landlord brought the toddy with two glasses, hung around a minute, and as no invitation to drink was extended to him, withdrew. Later in the forenoon the old gentleman was picked up from the roadside by a passing Samaritan and carried home. Next morning he called at the tavern as usual.

"Landlord!" he remarked. "What ailed yesterday's toddy? Something was the matter."

The landlord grinned a little.

"Well, doctor, you said, 'We'll have our toddy extra hot and extra strong.' I thought 'we' meant you and I, so I made double the usual quantity—and you drank it all!"

"H'm! Yes!" ejaculated the doctor. "In the future I shall be more careful in the use—h'm—the use of the personal pronoun."

It is more than possible that the early colonists kissed their wives on Sunday and probably did even more reprehensible things without suffering for it. The laws governing the keeping of the Sabbath were undoubtedly those which were given fullest effect and enjoyed the widest publicity. But even these, except in certain localities, unquestionably relaxed with the passing of the years, and in any event, those laws as they existed three hundred years ago probably represented a creed rather than a code, as some of ours do today.

The fact that there are laws upon our statute books does not, as we all know, mean that they are obeyed. One cannot judge a period of history by its laws. You have got to go deeper than that. What sort of picture of the United States will the historian of 2229 A.D. who forms his conclusions solely upon the Constitution and the Volstead Act conjure out of the past as to prohibition? I have little doubt that most people base whatever idea they have of the New England Sabbath on a few items that ceased to have any trace of validity—if they ever had any at all—more than a century ago.

I do not mean that the Puritan Sabbath was a myth, by any means. On the contrary, if I may be permitted a single generality, the one commandment beyond peradventure that the Puritans kept was the fourth, and they kept it very well. They kept some of the others also, but not with the same enthusiasm. I take it that the Sabbath was a sort of penance. Even I was brought up like the old setter: "Rover! Don't bark so loud! Don't you know it's Sunday?" All I do mean is that it was local and impermanent. It varied with individuals and might be even stricter in the city than in the country.

Puritans and Not So Puritans

There was doubtless as much difference in the keeping of Sunday in New England between 1738 and 1838, for instance, as between 1838 and today—as much as there was at all times between the way it was kept in Boston and in Charleston. Individuals differed as much then as today. By the time my grandfather went to college in 1800 there had been a tremendous change in the general attitude from what had existed before the Revolution. Religious people in those days claimed, just as they do now, that the war had demoralized everybody, and particularly the young. The treaty of peace with England had hardly been signed and the British were still here, when the delegates to the General Court of Massachusetts declared that the Sabbath was too long and demanded that it be cut from thirty-six to eighteen hours. And it was!

What were the Puritans really like? Do not for a moment imagine that I am attempting to answer the question. All that can safely be said is that they were probably, as a whole, not precisely what we suppose. There were Puritans and Puritans, just as there are now.

Were they—leaving out of consideration a comparatively small body of the earlier

elect—so very different from ourselves? Has what we call progress caused any essential change between them and us? Should we not be rather slow in jumping to conclusions, in allowing our minds to be dominated by impressions, in view of what we know of human nature? And what shall we say of progress? What essential change between my grandfather, his son and his grandson has it wrought? Without making the invidious inquiry as to which of the three was the best man, were they not fundamentally the same? Did the invention of the sulphur match or the use of steam for locomotion during my grandfather's lifetime create any real difference between him and my father? Or did the fact that he died without ever having seen a bathtub make him any the less serviceable to mankind than if he had soaked himself daily in the perfumed water of a porcelain swimming pool?

Consider the bathtub for a moment. The first of these interesting contrivances to be built in America was, I am credibly informed, made of mahogany and lined with sheet lead, and exhibited by its proud owner at a Christmas party in Cincinnati in 1842. Next day it was denounced by the newspapers as a sybaritic luxury, and anathematized by the local medicos as a menace to health—as perhaps it was. In Philadelphia, in 1843, an attempt was made to prohibit bathing between November first and March first by law; and in 1845, in Boston, the city fathers promulgated an ordinance declaring bathing unlawful except when prescribed by a physician—the original dry law with the identical exception of today. In Virginia bathtubs were taxed thirty dollars a year and the first one to be installed in the White House was under President Fillmore in 1852. The Saturday-night bath was a universal institution down to 1900—"women and children first." It is still the subject of jest. And there is a recorded instance of a purchaser of a tub ordered in August, who refused to take delivery of it in October on the ground that, time being of the essence of the contract, he no longer had any use for the article "since the bathing season was over." Yet today in Berlin and Paris German and French multimillionaires are installing bathrooms in their palaces at a cost of $25,000 each! I am informed, moreover, that we of the United States have a Bath Week or, possibly, a Take-a-Bath Week. Can progress be measured by hot-water piping and is the bathtub one of its milestones? And if so, have we progressed beyond the age of Caracalla? Has the boasted bathtub, that emblem and sign manual of civilization, done much more than to decrease our powers of resistance?

A Small World, Getting Smaller

The globe has shrunk to a mere nothing, like a globule of ditch water evaporating on a lily pad in the sun. We listen in on San Francisco, Nauheim and Havana, we telephone over and cable under the Atlantic to London and Paris; the airplane zooms over the North Pole, while prehistoric dragons in the swamps of New Guinea raise their horny snouts in fear of a hitherto unknown death-dealing pterodactyl; the Arab whirls through the desert atop his autobus, his burnoose flying in the wind, covering the equivalent of a month's caravan trip by camel in a single day; we ride from Cairo to the Cape in Pullmans and motors de luxe; the Congo savage has his talking machine, and the Albanian bandit reads THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and *Ladies' Home Journal*. We are as at home in the Gobi as we are on Broadway. There are no more frontiers, no more waste places.

But suppose by the end of the next decade we have extended our vision, hearing and even other senses so that they are unhindered by space. Suppose we can transport ourselves to the bottom of the sea or the center of the earth. Suppose we can overtake the light ray of the past and film a record of the history of the world from the days of Adam to the present. Or derive our sustenance from the air as prophesied by Wynewood Reed. What will it profit us? We shall only be able to loaf around like the gods and goddesses of a very dull Olympus, just as stupidly as they did.

We have annihilated space and time, but in doing so, have we not extinguished all sense of mystery? There is no longer anything hidden behind the ranges, waiting for us. The everlasting whisper no longer summons us to the "never-never land," for there is none. We have gained the whole world, and the question is whether we are going to lose our own souls.

The River That Shrank

Do you recall, when you were a child, how the woodlot beyond the meadow seemed a vast forest in the shadows of which you were fearful of being lost? Now it is only a woodlot, and Tom Smith lives just across it. When I was a little boy visiting my uncle, he offered as a great treat, provided I was very, very good, to take me fishing. What preparations I went through! For days I dug strenuously for worms, bought hooks, cut poles—thought of nothing else. The morning came and, with my paraphernalia, I climbed up beside him into an old chaise drawn by an even older white horse and we started out at dawn. So impatient was I that it seemed as if we drove for hours into the country, until at last we came to a deep, broad river, where all day long I fished up and down the banks while my guardian dozed under an elm tree. It was a great adventure, like searching for the source of the Zambesi, and involving for me almost as great a sense of hardship and danger.

Twenty years later I was driving along the same road with my uncle, then a nonogenarian.

"Where was that river where you took me fishing when I was a kid?" I asked him.

We were at the moment crossing a culvert through which trickled a tiny brook so diminutive as to be hardly discernible amid the grass. There was a farmhouse within fifty yards, the city itself less than half a mile away.

"There it is!" he said, pointing to the brook.

"What? But it took hours to get to it! It was a great river, ten or fifteen miles away!"

He smiled.

"That is your river. It took us about ten minutes to get here that day. Nothing is changed a particle since then, except yourself."

As a youth I used to go camping every year in Northern Maine. For days and weeks I would paddle with my guide down solitary hidden streams and silent forest lakes, through the heart of an almost trackless wilderness. Today those same rivers are lined with motor highways, and the scream of the motor horn has replaced the call of the blue jay and the laughter of the loon.

We are growing up; everything is getting nearer. But do our discoveries, our familiarity with the hitherto inscrutable, our tearing aside of the veil, our progress in supplying our material needs, essentially better our condition? Does it do anything, after all, except to bring the end nearer in sight? We have eaten of the tree of knowledge, but do we know that we are naked?

Does anybody really suppose that the multiplicity of bathtubs makes us a civilized nation, any more than their absence fifty years ago made us an uncivilized one? Are bathtubs important compared to railroads? Are railroads important compared to the development of electrical communication? How important will the radio be, compared to the next step in scientific progress—whatever that may prove to be? Do we gain anything in civilization by being able to fly from place to place instead of by riding or walking?

Suppose we could simply close our eyes and say "Timbuktu, please!" to find

UNDERWEIGHT

is handicapping thousands

Gain needed weight, new energy, vitality—*this way*

THOUSANDS are "below par," nervous, unfit for sustained work, authorities now state, *simply because they are underweight*

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A few added pounds makes a world of difference! New energy, calmer nerves, sounder sleep, a happier outlook on life.

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To correct underweight conditions, a simple and pleasant method is now indicated—Horlick's Malted Milk. You drink it at home whenever you desire . . . and especially at bed time *regularly.* Thousands have found it beneficial

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Let us send you a generous sample to start with. Just mail coupon below.

Or, buy a package today. Insist upon "Horlick's," the original and genuine. It is economy to buy the best.

Prepared in a minute at home. Sold everywhere in hermetically sealed glass jars.

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Style M-346—Twelve Dollars

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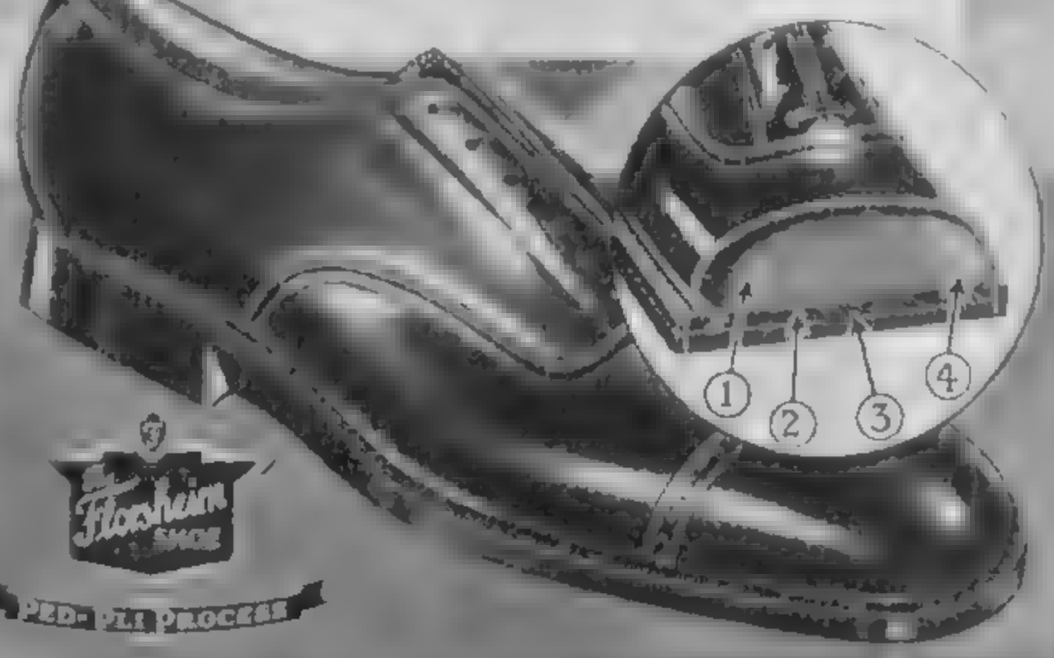
2 Innersole of extra quality and flexibility.

3 No filling between soles to become lumpy.

4 No curling at the edges of the innersole.



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Ready for Anything

The Remington Official Knife, R3333 Boy Scouts of America

WHETHER you're making a model aeroplane or opening a can of beans, you'll want a Remington Official Scout Knife. It's a boy's tool kit all in itself.

The big, sturdy blade is sharp. It's hand-honed. The long screw-driver blade is designed for practical use. The patented can-opener won't slip and it cuts easily. You'll use the punch blade a dozen times a day for making holes or scraping.

In your workshop, on a hike, or in camp—you want a Remington Official Scout Knife. Your dealer has it or can easily get it. Write for a descriptive circular.

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ourselves instantly on the main square surrounded by snake charmers and dancers, would we be any more civilized than we are today? Had my poor old grandfather been told that before his grandson would be fifty years old men would transport themselves by steam and gas combustion over the land, through the air and under the sea, communicate with one another at will throughout the globe, capture and record the tones of the human voice, and see through solids, he would have shuddered. The fate of Adam would be ours! Men would have become as gods—knowing good and evil! Aye, there's the rub! Has all this enabled us to know good from evil, even if it has made us as gods? As gods? More than gods! What Hermes, Poseidon or even Zeus could do what we do? Why, Olympus was a broken-down car barn compared to the Grand Central Terminal in New York, a traveling circus beside one of our broadcasting stations!

Forward or Back?

Where has it got us? We have made headway against yellow fever, smallpox, diphtheria and diabetes; we have reduced infant mortality; in a word, we have discovered after much searching how to prolong our useless lives; but, although we have become clairvoyant and can build ships a quarter of a mile long, have we made any real progress in the arts during the last hundred years? Is the world any richer in music, sculpture, painting, poetry or literature today than in 1829? We have enormously increased the comfort of living at the price of what threatens to be a steadily growing dependence upon material things. We have exchanged the bathtub for the unbribed soul. Have we gone forward or backward? Have we merely enabled ourselves to get a little sooner to Paris in order to stuff our bellies at high-priced restaurants and increased the skill of the gastro-intestinal specialist we afterward call in?

Is all this tremendous cerebration to result merely in a human race of bigger and better mechanical robots? Does it presage a hog wallow of materialism to be followed by a spiritual bankruptcy? Is art always to lag behind commerce and hydrosanitary engineering? Is the stock of the Puritans to be resolved into a breed of soulless demi-gods whose physical powers are limited only by the atmosphere about the earth—and perhaps not by that?

Is this the answer—that all scientific progress is a purely superficial matter? That civilization at best is but a breeze ruffling the sea of mankind and leaving its depths unstirred? The common man, and the uncommon one as well, apart from his comfort, is just where he was before. He does not bother his head about any of it. He concerns himself, as William James said, with his own house, his own affairs, his own ache and his own religion. The airplane and motor are just like any other facts in his existence, and he no more wonders about them than does the Arab herdsman.

The Same Old Meetinghouse

It makes little difference to us whether we telegraph or write letters, make use of flying machines or Shanks' mare—we are still occupied for the most part in earning a living. It is all the same whether we move at six, sixty or one hundred and twenty miles an hour. My world and your world is still the same size, quite large enough for our activities, even if the actual earth itself has lost much of its mystery. Our enjoyment of the achievements of science does not necessarily mean that we are any more materialistic than we were before, or that we shall become in the future less and less concerned with spiritual things. It may well be that it will have precisely the opposite effect. The human brain is limited in its capacity. The scientist finds equal absorption in the intricacies of a butterfly's wing and the problems of television. Either fill his mind.

As the world has grown smaller owing to the enlargement of our faculties of communication, it may well be that this will force us to a wider exploration of the spiritual universe. Science and religion are nearer today than ever before; the old distinctions between mind and matter no longer have validity. In the realm of physics everything has changed. Nobody any longer accepts Jacques Loeb's mechanistic conception of the universe. To the Victorian scientist what we call matter was a definite thing subject to certain unalterable laws; now matter has been found to be more mysterious than mind—much more vague, and subject to laws much less certainly known. The scientist is ready to accept the possibility that if by huge magnifications and delicate measurements we can attain a physical perception of things undreamed of, we may by a similar spiritual perception gain knowledge now unsuspected which may harmonize both worlds.

The old white meetinghouse still stands unperturbed upon its quiet knoll, its spire pointing toward the skies in token of man's aspiration and his belief in the ultimate wisdom of the Great Inventor. Above the noise of the phonograph and the radio its bell still calls to prayer, the honk of the motor drowned by the sound of the organ and the hymn. While from the towers of Manhattan the pale shaft of the searchlight rakes the stars—for what?

Hell Gate Bridge from New York City

The HAND which Turns the Wheels of Industry

MOTORMEN step to their controllers—a city's street car system swings into movement. A switch is thrown in a nearby dairy—milk is purified. A baker moves a small lever—great ovens bake our bread. Factory whistles blow. Hundreds of switches are thrown. Giant looms begin to weave; a myriad of machines fashion our automobiles; turn out our shoes; provide lumber for our homes and furniture.

That is Electricity at work—the hand which turns the wheels of industry. The muscles and nerves of that hand are the miles of line equipment erected to bring electrical service to the consumer. Often these lines pass through main arteries or thickly populated districts where a pole of artistic design would be greatly appreciated.

For this purpose, Union Metal developed a heavy duty Fluted Steel Pole of such strength that it carries satisfactorily not only distribution lines but also trolley span wires, traffic signals and ornamental lighting units where required. The fact that these Fluted Steel Poles have already been installed and approved in over thirty progressive cities* is an indication of how well beauty and utility have been combined.

We shall be glad to supply full information on the economies and artistic effects to be obtained from the use of Union Metal Fluted Steel Poles to business men, public utility or city officials.

**Complete details of the installations in these cities will be supplied upon request.*

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Union Pacific

"Unka-timpie Wa-Wince Pock-ich"

(Bowl shaped canyon filled with red rocks standing up like men)

BRYCE CANYON
NATIONAL PARK

LONG before white men discovered Bryce Canyon, the Indians of Southern Utah looked upon it with awe and wonder. They called it Unka-timpie Wa-Wince Pock-ich—"bowl shaped canyon filled with red rocks standing up like men."

That expression, though vivid, scarcely begins to describe it! Nowhere else in the world has Nature played so fantastically, so colorfully, with stone!

The great side walls are fluted like giant cathedral organs. Other architectural rock-forms tower upward in vast spires and minarets—marbly white and flaming pink. And high on painted pedestals stand human shapes, startlingly real. Figures of Titans, of kings and queens!

And yet, Bryce Canyon is *only one of five great wonderplaces* to be seen on this new exclusive Union Pacific tour. You see Zion Canyon, Cedar Breaks and Kaibab Forest as well — entirely different — no less thrilling! And, as a climax, the Grand Canyon itself, the most colossal, most sublime chasm in the surface of the earth!

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Please send me complete information, including cost, and booklets: Western Wonderlands (tells about *all* the West). I am also interested in

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Name

Address

City State

LOW SUMMER FARES TO ALL THE WEST *via*

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

AVIATION'S THIRD DECADE

(Continued from Page 19

1919

TOTAL WEIGHT	USEFUL LOAD	USEFUL LOAD PER CENT OF TOTAL WEIGHT
21,500	8,000	37.2
11,200	3,785	[illegible]
2,500	535	21.4

1929

TOTAL WEIGHT	USEFUL LOAD	USEFUL LOAD PER CENT OF TOTAL WEIGHT
42,300	21,800	51.5
20,000	11,700	58.5
10,000	4,000	40.0
5,200	2,630	50.5
2,470	925	37.4

The next decade will undoubtedly see advanced development along the lines indicated above. With the aid of the metallurgist, lighter, stronger metals will be produced and utilized. Further decreases in resistance obtained by eliminating external braces and by lessening other parasite—nonlifting—resistance will be achieved. One interesting method of reducing resistance is suggested in the plan to provide land planes, as well as amphibians, with retractible landing gears which will fold into the general streamlined body of the plane when it is in flight. Slower landing speeds and more stable machines will also be produced, reducing the possibility of accidents from nose dives and spins.

The slotted wing represents only one of the methods by which aeronautical engineers hope to achieve slower landing speeds. Recent developments of the helicopter idea offer great promise. True helicopters, with power-driven lifting screws, have risen from the ground and flown for short distances, but none has achieved the success of the autogyro. In the autogyro the fuselage is of normal type with small supporting wings and conventional tail surfaces. Above this fuselage is a windmill of low pitch whose plane is inclined at a small angle to the relative wind. The windmill performs the work of the wings in a plane of conventional design. In flight it is rotated by the reaction of the plane itself to the air, and thus exercises the necessary lift. The autogyro can land at a remarkably low forward speed, due to the action of its wind vane. In its present stage of development the autogyro is, however, not generally regarded as a long-range machine. To many its most interesting promise appears to lie in the fact that it can be developed into a safe and reliable plane for the private owner. Its possibilities as a common carrier have not been emphasized thus far by designers.

Power-Plant Improvements

Another experiment which seeks to assure high speed in the air, combined with low landing speed, depends on changes in the shape of the wing while the airplane is in flight. To accomplish this the swelling wing has been designed. A mechanism in the cockpit operated by the pilot permits him at will so to expand or contract the wing that it assumes the proper curve and thickness for swift flight at high altitudes or slow flight while landing. Further development of this idea may improve both the speed and the safety of the airplane.

Summarized, then, the trend of structural design is to reduce resistance by more efficient streamlining and the elimination of unnecessary strength factors; to decrease weight by improvement in design and the use of lighter metals, and to promote safety and reliability by development of the wing slot, the autogyro and the variable camber, or swelling wing. It is always possible that other principles, now unrecognized, may change present plans, but these developments represent the lines along which research is working to produce more efficient airplanes within the next ten years.

The airplane power plant, like the airplane structure, has increased greatly in efficiency during the past decade and will be further improved during the next. Significant features of its development since 1919 are the increase in reliability and endurance, and the wide adoption of the direct air-cooled radial type of motor. At the end of the World War a life between motor overhauls of fifty hours was considered excellent. Today a life of 300 hours is not unusual. The radial, direct, air-cooled engine is almost entirely a postwar development, although the first of its type was a contemporary of the original Wright brothers' water-cooled motor.

The increase in reliability and endurance of aircraft power plants cannot be attributed to any single item and should not be ascribed solely to the adoption of the air-cooled radial type. Present-day water-cooled engines are equally as reliable as their air-cooled contemporaries and require overhauling no oftener. Advancement in both types has been accomplished by the use of better materials, by efficient weight distribution, by increased knowledge of stresses, by more thorough understanding of thermodynamics, by improvements in accessories and installations and last, but not least, by better operating conditions.

Decreasing Fire Hazard

New valve and valve-seat materials have been developed which, with improvements in design resulting in better cooling conditions, have greatly lengthened the life of these parts. New light alloys of greater strength than those available at the close of the war have permitted the strengthening of parts without added weight. Duralumin forgings have replaced steel forgings in some highly stressed parts and cast aluminum in crank cases with further weight reduction. Babbit-lined bronze bearings have given way to babbit-lined steel bearings of greater rigidity and much longer life.

Major advances have been made also in increasing the reliability of ignition systems. At the close of the war both battery and magneto ignition systems were in use, and neither was particularly reliable. The magneto has been developed to the point where failure is quite infrequent and the life of the breaker mechanism has been greatly extended. The battery system is now almost obsolete.

Fuel, oil and water systems, sometimes referred to as the "plumbing" and often the cause of power-plant failures, have shared the general improvement. During the war a pressure fuel system was widely used. Its greatest disadvantage lay in the fact that it increased the fire hazard in the event of a crash, when the fuel was expelled rapidly from the tank. The air for the pressure system was in most cases obtained from small air pumps mounted on the engine.

At the present time gear and piston fuel pumps are mounted directly on the engine, and fuel and oil piping have improved in their ability to resist the strains due to vibration—the cause of many forced landings. In the case of the direct air-cooled engine the water system is of course entirely eliminated; a feature which constitutes its greatest advantage over its water-cooled competitor.

Much of the credit for increased reliability and endurance of aircraft power plants can be accorded the airplane designer and the operator. The designer, by increasing the range between stalling speed and high speed, has made it possible for the operator to throttle his engines in flight well below their maximum capacity. Reduction in parasite resistance, combined with lighter power plants, has been an important factor in the astounding performance records established in recent years.

Pilots have taken advantage of the opportunities thus offered, and the great majority of engines are now being operated

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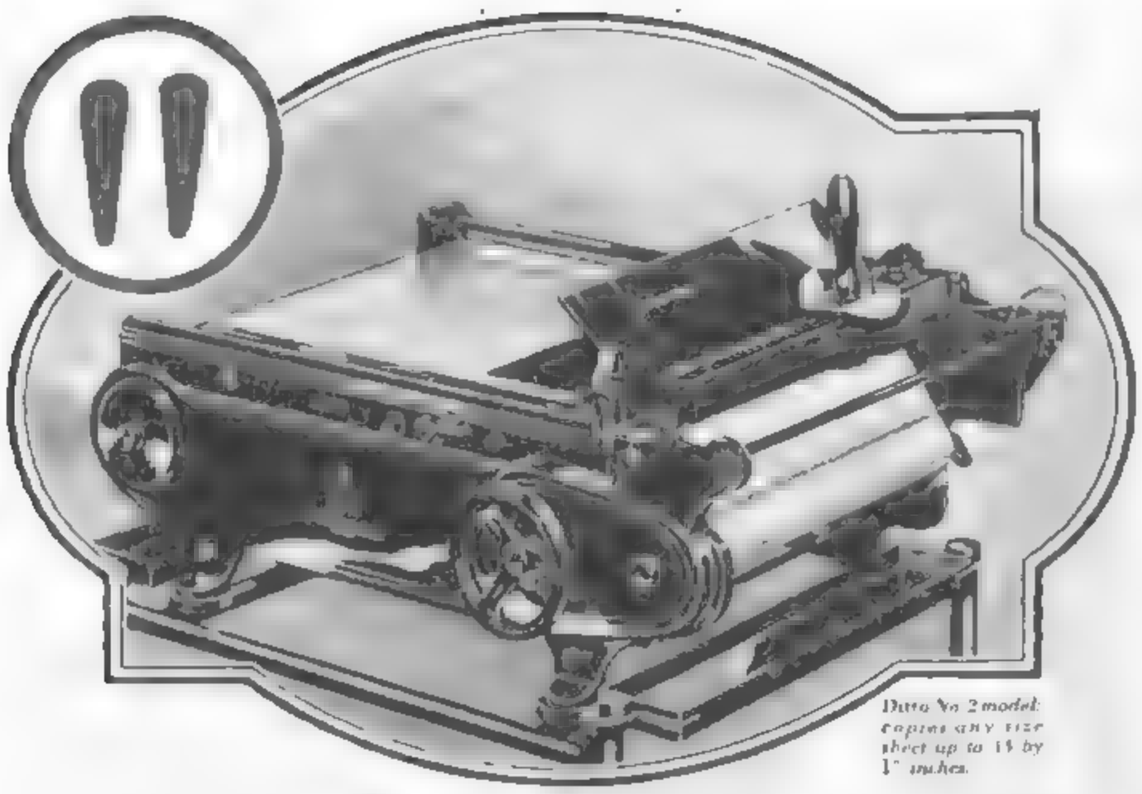

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at 75 per cent or less of their highest possible power. Only in exceptional cases has the operator sacrificed this opportunity in order to gain increase in useful load, and in such cases the life between overhauls has been materially reduced. During the war, engines were in many cases operated at full power throughout the entire flight. It was the exception rather than the rule for pilots to throttle the engine after taking off.

All improvements in material and design of aviation engines can be utilized either to increase durability or to decrease specific weight. Largely, power-plant advancement during the past ten years has been utilized to decrease engine weight. The famous Liberty motor, with a weight of slightly more than two pounds per horse power without water or radiator was typical of the best wartime engines. Our present-day, direct, air-cooled radial engines weigh from 1½ to 2 pounds per horse power, complete.

No Perfect Engine Yet

The trend of development has been very definitely toward the direct air-cooled engine, to eliminate the complication and weight of the water system. If, however, the development of the automobile is any indication of what to expect in aviation, complication in itself will be no deterrent so long as a useful end is accomplished. The choice between direct air cooling and indirect air cooling by the use of some intermediate substance such as water will then be determined by ultimate performance. A certain amount of power is required in any internal-combustion engine to dissipate the heat from the cylinder walls. To keep this at a minimum value the heat-dissipating surface should be at the highest temperature and should be streamlined in shape. The direct air-cooled cylinder scores over the water system in the point of temperature, but is inferior in the matter of streamlining. Since the resistance of the cooling system is part of the parasite resistance of the plane, it has its greater effects at the higher speeds. Thus for high-speed planes the resistance of the cooling system becomes of more importance than the weight. Since the trend of development is toward higher speeds, it is quite possible that, unless the resistance offered by the air-cooled radial engine is materially reduced, the type will be superseded by some newer development. Marked progress in reducing this resistance is now resulting from experimentation with cowling, which forces the air stream over the cylinder walls while reducing the effective frontal area.

Among the air-cooled types of engine the static radial has received the greatest attention, due to the fact that it offers less difficulty than others in cylinder cooling and permits the best utilization of crankshaft and crank-case material for minimum weight. Its disadvantages are due to the facts that it offers high resistance to the air and decreases visibility when mounted in the nose of the fuselage. For these reasons the air-cooled V type and cylinders-in-line type are being developed.

A significant trend of the present year is the increased interest in the Diesel engine as an airplane power plant. The advantages of this type have long been realized, but little has been done to develop it for use in aviation. The chief problem is found in reduction of specific weight to compete with the present type of engines, but indications are that this will be solved. High-speed Diesel engines have been characterized in the past by high cylinder pressures, necessitating heavy construction. Research work on combustion in the engines now suggests that the pressures can be held at values maintained in power plants used today.

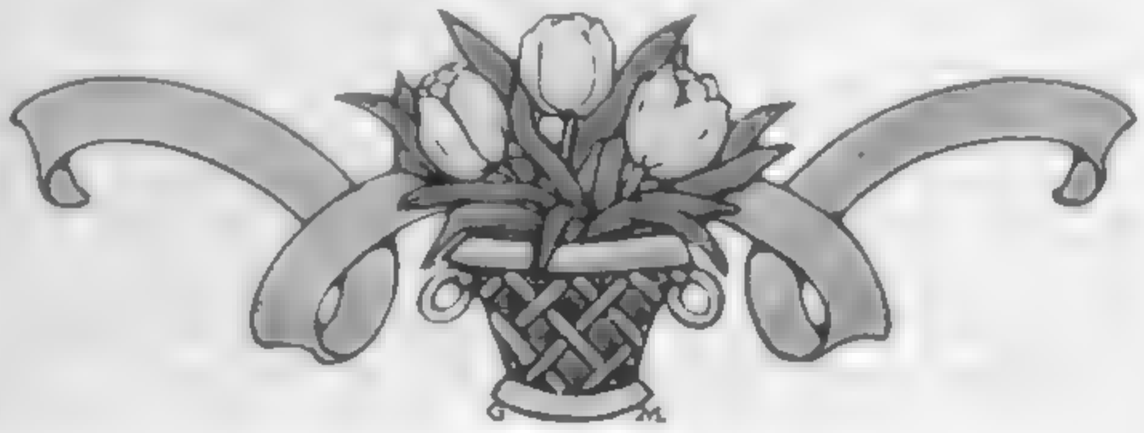
With the further refinement of power-plant design engineers now look forward to smaller cylinders and higher speeds. By adapting reduction gearing to the propeller a high degree of efficiency will be attained from such motors. It is probable that a weight of one-half pound per horse power will be thus achieved. Carburetors, too, are being improved, but manifolding must be developed to do away with abrupt turns and some method of heating the incoming charge to overcome its extreme wetness at high velocities must be utilized.

Competition in the development of engines for use in aircraft has brought forth and continues to produce some laudable designs and some amazing inventions. In the majority of freak designs the inventors have ignored the facts that an internal-combustion engine for aeronautical use is primarily a heat member, and that the problems of carburetion, ignition, lubrication and cooling must be developed to increase the adaptability, reliability and power-weight ratio of the proposed power plant. Some of the less familiar designs, such as the true rotary engine, may eventually be perfected and become practical enough for everyday use. At the present time there is not an entirely satisfactory engine. The advancement in development since 1919 indicates, however, that a far more satisfactory instrument will be produced within the present decade, making possible the establishment of new and startling records for endurance, pay-load capacity and safety.

Adjustable Propeller Blades

Along with improvements in design and power plants, marked progress has been made in propeller efficiency. As with the airplane structure, metal is supplanting wood in air-screw production. Probably the most interesting feature of propeller development, however, is the progress made in methods of varying the pitch of the blades while in the air. The advantages of this system are obvious, assuring less strain on the motor during steady and prolonged flight, and reducing the length of landing runs. Hydraulic or other mechanisms operating from the cockpit through the crank shaft now make it possible for the pilot to turn the blades to the desired position on their longitudinal axis. This idea will undoubtedly be still more highly developed within the next decade, adding new safety and reliability factors to all heavier-than-air flight.

It is on such lines that the mechanical progress of the airplane will proceed during the third decade of its practical operation. In that period aviation will undoubtedly confront the engineer with yet another problem—the development of types of aircraft construction and of machinery for fabrication that will permit mass construction and its consequent reduction in costs. Consideration of the ultimate effect of such mass production on our social and industrial development suggests yet another problem—but this will be one for the economist rather than the engineer to solve.



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FAITH IN BONANZA

Continued from Page 9

an idea of it had survived, and that had to be broken down.

Take two examples of the precept, one from Andrew Carnegie, whose career was in steel, and one from James J. Hill, the transcontinental railroad builder—both men of daring and vision.

Mr. Carnegie appeared at the conference of governors—this was in 1909—with a text near to Mr Roosevelt's heart—namely, the imminence of ironlessness. He said: "Let us begin with iron. We must in all possible ways lessen the demands upon it, for it is with iron ore we are least adequately provided. One of the chief uses of this metal is connected with transportation, mainly by rail. Moving 1000 tons of heavy freight by rail requires an eighty-ton locomotive, and twenty-five twenty-ton steel cars, or 580 tons of iron and steel, with an average of say ten miles of double track with ninety-pound rails, or 317 tons additional; so that, including switches, frogs, fishplates, spikes and other incidentals, the carriage requires the use of an equal weight of metal. The same 1000 tons of freight may be moved by water by means of 100 to 250 tons of metal, so that the substitution of water carriage for rail carriage would reduce the consumption of iron by three-quarters to seven-eighths in this department. At the same time the consumption of coal for motive power would be reduced 50 to 75 per cent, with a corresponding reduction in the coal required for smelting. No single step open to us today would do more to check the drain on iron and coal than the substitution of water carriage for rail carriage wherever practicable, and the careful adjustment of the one to the other throughout the country."

The Most Precious of All Resources

Suppose we had substituted water transportation for railroad transportation on a large scale, as suggested by Mr. Carnegie. We might have saved some minerals, that is true; but as the movement of freight is much slower by water than by rail we should have retarded all the currents of commerce. That is to say, we should have conserved iron ore and coal in the ground at the expense of passing time. And to what end? For posterity? Here already is posterity. Would it be as well off if that kind of conservation had been practiced?

One reason why, for all our shocking waste, we have been able to raise the standard of American living to the highest point in the history of the human race is that we have had a passion to save time. And in no one way have we saved more time than by speeding up transportation. This was a factor the old conservationists did not regard. They did not include time as a natural resource; though, if you think of it long enough, it will appear to be the most precious resource of all, and irreplaceable.

Mr. Hill appeared at the same conference of governors with a text on soil wastage, and said: "We shall have about 130,000,000 people in 1925 and at least 200,000,000 by the middle of the century. Where are they to go, how are they to be employed, how fed, how enabled to earn a living wage? The pressure of all the nations upon the waste places of the earth grows more intense as the last of them are occupied. . . . There is still some room in Canada, but it will soon be filled. The relief will be but temporary. Our own people, whose mineral resources will by that time have greatly diminished, must find themselves thrown back upon the soil for a living. . . . Even the unintelligent are now coming to understand that we cannot look to our foreign trade for relief from future embarrassment. . . . We shall have less and less of this agricultural wealth to part with as population increases. And as to enlarging greatly our sale of manufactured products in the world's markets, it is mostly a dream. We cannot finally compete there, except in a few selected lines, without a material lowering of the wage scale at home and a change in the national standard of living, which our people are not willing to accept without a struggle. . . . It is time to set our house in order. Not only the economic but the political future is involved. No people ever felt the want of work or the pinch of poverty for a long time without reaching out violent hands against their political institutions, believing that they might find in a change some relief from their distress. . . .

"Our agricultural lands have been abused in two principal ways—first, by single cropping, and, second, by neglect of fertilization. It is fortunate for us that Nature is slow to anger, and that we may arrest the consequence of this ruinous policy before it is too late. In all parts of the United States, with only isolated exceptions, the system of tillage has been to select the crop which would bring in most money at the current market rate, to plant that year after year, and to move on to virgin fields as soon as the old farm rebelled by lowering the quantity and quality of its return. . . . What our people have to do is to cover less ground, cultivate smaller farms, so as to make the most of them instead of getting a scant, uncertain yield from several hundred acres."

In the history of recent prophecy it would be impossible to find a worse example. Mr. Hill, like everyone else, underestimated the force of progress in science and technology. The pressure on the soil for a food supply has not increased; it has diminished in an extraordinary manner. Each year relatively fewer people are needed in agriculture, as its methods and results are revolutionized by machine power and scientific knowledge. The new agriculture requires larger farms, not smaller ones. And as to foreign trade in manufactures, wherein he said we could not hope to compete because of high American wages, we have increased it so fast that our share in the world's total now is paramount, and we have done this with wages all the time rising. We have been pursuing consciously a doctrine of high wages.

Too Cheap to Save

Yet these voices—that of Carnegie and that of Hill—were mighty in their day. Nor was there any to dispute them. The governors were tremendously impressed by what they said. Everything made sense, but it was an Old World sense that meant hoarding, limitation, safe living again, fear of want.

Another weakness of the conservation movement twenty years ago was the idea that cheapness and waste were as cause and effect. The producers said it was so; the conservationists believed it. The lumber people could not afford to take the top third of a tree and cut it into narrow boards because the finest, widest boards were already too cheap. The coal people could afford to work only the richest strata and were obliged to let all the rest go because the very best coal was too cheap. And so in everything. Cheapness was the curse. They all said the same thing. Raw materials were so cheap that there was shocking waste in both the production and use of them. If prices were higher, then producers could afford to practice conservation and make a clean recovery of the natural resources; and, on the other hand, if prices were higher consumers would be less prodigal. Thus, a little dearness in place of absurd cheapness would automatically oblige conservation at both ends.

But, assuming this to be a corrective, how were prices ever to be raised with everybody free to exploit natural resources in a competitive manner? Production was uncontrolled. That was the obvious cause of overproduction. Yet how could it be

controlled? Suppose the producers were permitted to combine in the name of conservation for the purpose of regulating output. That would give them a power of monopoly. Could they be trusted not to exploit the consumer for private profit? Here was the impasse. Fear of monopoly had been deeply implanted in the national mind, and the only defense that anybody knew was to insist upon free, unlimited competition. No administration had ever been more zealous than Roosevelt's to enforce the law forbidding restraint of production by agreement; yet here it was at the same time denouncing the waste that resulted from unrestrained production. There seemed no escape from this contradiction so long as the only use of monopoly that anybody could imagine was to squeeze the consumer by raising the price, nor so long as the fundamental notion of competition was that many could keep a few from becoming too strong.

The Rooseveltian conservationists were aware of the dilemma in which they were involved between, on one hand, a political doctrine they could not challenge—one, moreover, in which they believed—and, on the other hand, the waste of excessive production that resulted from competitive development of the natural resources. They had no solution. There was a vague notion among them that if they could create interest enough in conservation people would be willing to pay higher prices for raw materials; thus it might all happen by a kind of patriotic common consent.

Risking a Dollar to Get a Dime

President Roosevelt himself avoided direct collision with the subject of prices by speaking, instead, of shortage. He had to face what would be expected to happen if the wasteful cutting of timber were stopped. "That, of course," he said, "makes a slight shortage at the moment. To avoid that slight shortage at the moment there are certain people so foolish that they will incur absolute shortage in the future." He did not stop to inquire how the effects of a slight shortage at the moment should be assessed upon the consumers of lumber. Would the price of lumber rise? If so, how much? Or would the reduced supply be rationed out? If so, by whom?

The matter had to be handled gently, else too much would be made of the fact that conservation meant making things dearer. John Hays Hammond, a very eminent engineer, contemplated the extinction of the mining industry as inevitable in a short time; he believed, however, that a "greatly enhanced value" for mineral products would prolong its life. And J. A. Holmes, of the United States Geological Survey, setting forth a rational basis for conservation, said: "The right to profit in the mining and subsequent use of our mineral resources does not carry with it the right to destroy the birthright of generations yet unborn in order that we of today may obtain more easily and more cheaply the products we need for present use. It is, therefore, reasonable to expect that the users of mineral products will pay for them such higher prices as will make profitable their mining and preparation without serious waste."

It makes a kind of obvious sense to say people will waste what is cheap. But as a complete economic conclusion it is much too facile. There is a fallacy in it. What is cheapness?

Those who exploit the natural resources are themselves involved in a contradiction. They say that, owing to the cheapness of such things as coal and oil and lumber, there is very little profit in producing them, and for that reason they cannot afford to make an efficient recovery. It is cheaper to gut a coal mine than to exhaust it properly; cheaper to tap a new oil pool, if one can be found, than to employ the technology and capital necessary to pump an old one dry. The oil people now are saying that if by a general restriction of output they could raise the price of crude only a little, then it would be worth while so to improve the refining process as to get one-tenth more gasoline out of the oil instead of letting it go for fuel under steam boilers in place of coal.

This is reminiscent of the logic of the Irishman who was found putting a dollar bill through a crack in the boardwalk. He had lost a dime through the same crack, but that was not loss enough to move him. If he sent a dollar after it, then he would be minded to take up the board and get his dime back.

What remains always to be explained is an irrational fact. Notwithstanding the cheapness of the product and the littleness of the profit, still output and capacity go on expanding; so that no matter how fast demand increases, production runs ahead of it; and this excess production is the cause of cheapness. Crude materials already so cheap that there is almost no profit from exploiting the forests, the mines and the oil pools; nevertheless, the incentive to exploit them is so great that production increases faster than demand. How is this to be explained? And how can one suppose that to increase the price would have any other effect than to increase the incentive, with the result of greater production than before, and disastrous cheapness again as supply overwhelms demand?

Twenty years ago the National Conservation Commission wrote that although the production of oil was at the moment excessive, nevertheless, in ten years the pools then known would be unable profitably to produce enough oil to meet the demand. At that time the American oil production was less than two hundred million barrels a year and the price was seventy cents a barrel. During the war and for some time after, demand increased faster than supply, the price rose to three dollars a barrel, and the earth began to be searched for more oil. Then supply began to increase in a prodigious manner. Since 1921 it has more than doubled from new pools; again the production is for the moment excessive, and the price has fallen to two dollars a barrel.

When, in 1909, the conservationists were so worried about coal and the way it was wasting because it was so cheap, there were only six thousand bituminous mines working and the price of coal was a dollar a ton at the mine. As in oil, the demand for several years increased faster than the supply. The price of coal went to $3.75 a ton. With what result? The number of mines increased more than 3000, and now, with the price at two dollars a ton, there is a very large excess capacity.

The Velvet in Coal

Invariably a rise in price stimulates production. There is almost no evidence that higher prices improve the practice of production, nor is that likely ever to be the effect so long as there are virgin resources to be tapped. But a rise in price does of course bring in all the high-cost, inefficient producers. They are the marginal people. When prices are low they are obliged to quit; as prices rise they come into production again.

High prices do, on the other side, oblige consumers to make better use of the product. The illustration is in coal. When it was a dollar a ton propaganda for better utilization of its fuel and by-product values was largely wasted. The big consumer said coal was cheaper than stokers and technology. It did not bother him that chemical products worth ten times as much as the raw coal were passing away in smoke, nor did it interest him that these by-products were pure gain because, after they had been saved, the fuel value of the coal remained. He did not care. He was not in the chemical business. Coal was too cheap. But as the price advanced he began to listen and the practice of utilization improved very fast.

But now observe that as the consumer at his end learns how to conserve coal the

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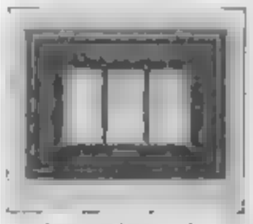

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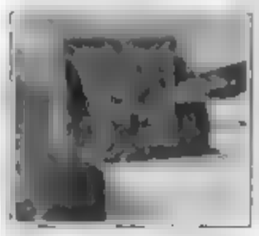

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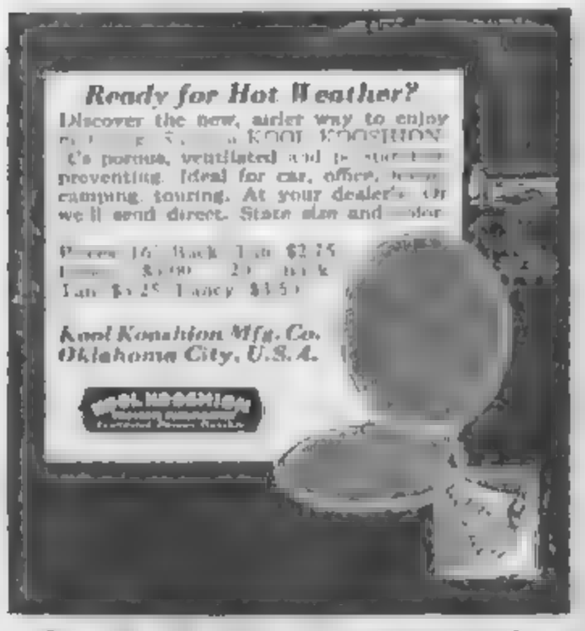
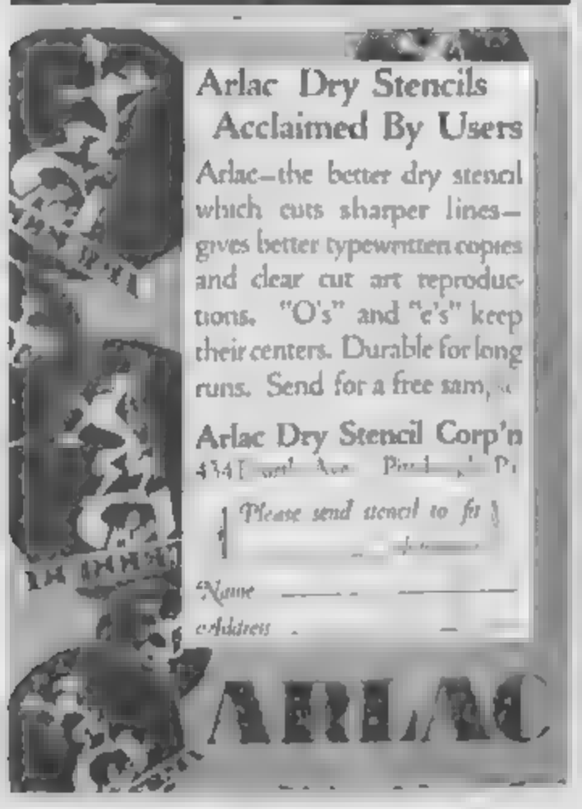


KEEP COOL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producer begins to worry. The less fuel value people waste, the less coal they will buy. The coal industry at the present time is suffering, or thinks it is, from three causes—namely, first, overdevelopment of mine capacity; second, the competition of fuel oil; and third, that the big consumers of coal make a ton of it go much further meaning that a locomotive does more work per ton of coal, the public-utility companies produce more electricity per ton of coal, and so on.

To the coal producers this may appear a vicious circle. A price high enough to make them happy is defeated by an uncontrollable increase of production, and at the same time demand declines, both relatively and actually, as consumers make better use of coal or substitute oil. On the other hand, a price low enough to limit production leaves a profit only for the big, efficient producers who can afford to improve their technology and so reduce their costs. The oil people are in a somewhat similar dilemma. Any rise in prices tends to increase production and at the same time to send people back to coal as fuel; a considerable rise might cause the automotive people to redesign their engines and double the motor car's mileage per gallon of gasoline. That would be conservation in sound character; yet, if it should happen suddenly, it would be ruinous to the oil industry.

But is it a vicious circle? Suppose it were the point of view that was vicious. Given the conditions under which the production of foodstuffs, raw materials and manufactures all three may at any moment be enormously increased—then what will determine prices? Demand will do that. The price, that is to say, will be determined by forces over which the producer has very little control, if actually any. Well, then, if he looks to the price for his profit he will be leaving it to external circumstances. But if he accepts the price to begin with, and then for his profit looks to his costs, his case will be different. He can control his costs. And until he has exhausted the possibilities of increasing his margin of profit by reducing his costs he need not mind the price.

Demand Up and Prices Down

This is a principle now acting at the center of industry. There the method of mass production has made the output indefinitely expansible, and mass production, therefore, has two necessities. From its nature it has the internal necessity to increase the output progressively. It follows that progressive consumption is an external necessity. No mass production without mass consumption. In that case it is demand that determines price. The price must be one that will permit demand to expand continuously. A price that hinders demand is wrong in principle, and there is nothing else to be said about it.

The highest illustration of the principle is in the motor-car industry. Consider, first, that the motor car is relatively the cheapest thing in the world. It is cheap not because it exists in natural plenty, like timber, coal and oil; it is cheap because cost reduction has been the motor industry's ruling passion. Instead of calculating first the cost of making an automobile and then naming a price for it by a cost-plus-profit rule, it has accepted, first, any price that was necessary to move each year a greater product, and has undertaken, then, within that price to find its profit by reducing costs. And how has it reduced costs? By the scientific conservation of time, energy and materials.

There is no profit in a motor car as such. You might produce a very good car and go bankrupt with it. Many have had that experience. The profit is in making a very good car at a very low cost. Hence the present way of saying the profit is in the cost. Profit, therefore, is not the natural reward of production. There is no such thing as a natural profit, no such thing as a natural or feudal right to profit, as from the possession of land or tools or capital or the preemption of natural resources.

Profit in this scheme is a direct function of efficiency.

Such a truth is hard to learn. It crosses the human idea that effort and industry are in their own right entitled to reward; and so they were as long as the world's anxiety was how to produce enough and there was no such phenomenon as surplus. It crosses also very deeply the pioneer American tradition that every individual shall have free access to the country's natural resources, including land, water holes and power sites, and is entitled to a profit from having discovered, developed and preëmpted them. Manufacturing industry had no such tradition. Therefore, it came more easily to embrace the fact that in the modern case profit is a function of efficiency.

A Profit if You Make It

In mining, lumbering and farming the pioneer tradition has survived. That is why the producers of coal and oil and lumber make a sound so much like that of farmers. The farmer thinks there ought to be a profit in wheat as wheat, simply because he has exerted himself to grow it. If there isn't, he denounces the price. So the others seem to think there ought to be a profit in coal as coal, in oil as oil, in lumber as such, and, like the farmer, look for their profit to the price—price of product and price of land.

The analogies are very interesting. Agriculture is anything from a little hill-top farm that barely sustains one inefficient farmer and his family to a highly developed operation in the hands of a man who understands, besides husbandry, such things as the use of machine power, cost accounting, chemistry, biology and scientific management. The bushel of corn is in both cases alike. The coal industry is anything from a wagon mine on the outcrop, worked by three or four men who barely make wages, to one that has millions invested in power and machine equipment. Lumber is anything from a man with a solitary portable saw rig to an operation that involves engineering, town building, private railways and maybe fifty millions of capital. The products are all alike, ton for ton, board for board; the difference is in the cost. One economic curse is horizontal upon mining, lumbering and farming. It is the curse of the small irresponsible producer, called the marginal man, who is always much more numerous than the efficient producer.

And then again, just as the farmer is continually talking of agriculture as a whole and saying there is no profit in it, so do the coal and oil and lumber people speak of their industries each as a whole and prove in the same way that on the capital invested the profit is ridiculous or nil. Yet there is profit making in any of them, and a great deal of it. It is not in the product as such: it is in the cost.

The oil people prove that at the present price of oil there is no profit in it, taking the industry as a whole and dividing its capitalization into its net income. Figures have recently been made to show—accurately, no doubt—that in the great Seminole field from its discovery to date expenditures have exceeded income. That is to say, the cost of the ground—the development of it, drilling, pumping, and so forth—has been some millions more than the producers' total income from the sales of oil. That may be true of any field, and almost certainly of a new one. Los Angeles made that discovery a few years ago and wondered greatly at seeming to grow rich from putting more money into the ground than was taken out of it. Nevertheless, oil stocks rise, dividends are paid and capital continues to go into the business. There is profit for profit makers and loss for loss makers, and that is all there is to it.

With the oil industry as a whole showing very little profit, the forty-four leading oil companies have reported for the year 1928 an aggregate net income nearly $200,000,000

Continued on Page 212

MONEY *and* PRIZES For Mary Ellen —And For You!

POPULAR Mary Ellen Barbour, above, earns *her own money* for expenses and a goodtimes fund. A single hour of spare time spent in introducing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* to her friends brought her almost $1.00. And she is proud to wear the blue-and-gold honor pin that she won for her continued good work.

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(Continued from Page 210)

greater than for the year before, notwithstanding low prices and overproduction. These profit-making companies were the low-cost producers, and generally such as combined storage, transportation and refining with the business of pumping crude oil out of the ground. And that is only another way of saying what has been said before. The profit came not from oil as oil; it was from efficiency of production and process.

If the ideal aim of conservation is that we shall take from the ground no more mineral wealth, from the forests no more lumber, and from the soil no more of its products than we need and can properly utilize, then efficient, low-cost production makes straight for it. The efficient producers can make a profit at a price that obliges the marginal and inefficient producers to stop. And if the efficient producers can at that price supply the demand, you have both conservation and cheapness.

To let the law of survival run with full benefit to the efficient producers is bound, of course, to work a hardship upon the less efficient who are thereby eliminated. But is conservation concerned with these? Logically it should be concerned only with the oil they do not pump, the coal they do not mine, the timber they do not cut. Else what do we mean by conservation at all?

Well, its own history in witness, what it means at a given moment is always somewhat in doubt. This is so for the reason among others that it must continually compromise with political and emotional forces tending to defeat it. For example, the thought of letting resources fall naturally into the hands of efficient, low-cost producers only, since these are relatively few and may easily combine, raises at once the old fear of monopoly. Much competition would be eliminated. But in the past twenty years our ideas of both monopoly and competition have changed. It is no longer true that the only use of monopoly anybody can imagine is to squeeze the consumer. It has evolved other uses, one of which is to rationalize production, which is what the conservationist wants, and another is to squeeze the cost. In the same time much has been learned about the power of intelligent regulation.

Competition of Whole Industries

As for competition, what now appears is that whole industries must compete with one another, and that is very different from anarchic competition within an industry, leading always to overproduction. An oil monopoly, for instance, could not raise the price of oil without causing coal to displace oil as fuel; and on the other side, a coal monopoly could not afford to make coal dear, for that would cause more and more fuel oil to be substituted for coal. On this plane of competition you will find such interesting facts as that since 1918 the use of coal as a source of energy has declined 14 per cent while the use of fuel oil for the same purpose has increased 115 per cent, the use of natural gas 65 per cent and the use of water power 54 per cent. It is, of course, absurd and contrary to the first principles of conservation that the use of coal should have declined while the use of oil for fuel purposes in ten years has doubled. It is not only that oil has essential uses for which coal cannot be substituted; the reserves of oil are undoubtedly very much less than those of coal.

Then there has been always the necessity for the logic of conservation to compromise with political realities. The collective power of the individual has never been overcome. "In the past," said Theodore Roosevelt to the governors in 1909, "we have admitted the right of the individual to injure the future of the Republic for his own present profit. In fact, there has been a good deal of a demand for unrestricted individualism, for the right of the individual to injure the future of us all for his own temporary and immediate profit. The time has come for a change."

All he could have meant was that it was time that time had come. Twenty years have passed and it has not yet come. Holding to the American tradition of the pioneer's right to possess what he finds and to exploit it as he privately pleases, wastefully or efficiently, the individual is still a powerful political influence. It is not only that he has the sympathy of Congress. Some of that is fictitious. Behind him is the will of states and communities to exploit the land and all natural resources within their reach. It is their shortest way to self-aggrandizement.

Land, forests and minerals are national assets, but farming, lumbering and mining are regional activities on which to build vital statistics, taxable wealth, concrete roads, cities, commerce, banking, state power. The nation's agriculture may be already overexpanded; for that reason a state will not forbear to water a desert if it has one, and plant irrigated farming upon it. The lumber industry at large may be suffering from overproduction; a state will not for that reason prefer the soughing of the wind in a primeval forest to the sound of a band saw. If the lumber has no market within the country, it may be exported, and that means ships in the harbor, port development, benefit of foreign commerce.

The Two Kinds of Waste

Here is conflict between the will of states and communities for rapid self-development and the will of a nation to conserve its natural resources. It is a problem that belongs to statesmanship. However, that was to have been said twenty years ago. It is no clearer now than it was then. The original approach to conservation was through statesmanship only, and that is why so much of the case was lost.

Conservation has two aspects. One is that aspect in which statesmanship properly sees it—thinking of natural resources in terms of national welfare and of waste at the source. The other is that aspect in which the engineer sees it—thinking of waste in use. He talks not of conservation but of utilization for greater profit. Conservation may or may not pay; utilization will. Looking at the coal industry, the statesman thinks of the rate at which we are exhausting the mines for immediate profit and may even suggest that for the sake of posterity we should all be willing to pay a little more for our coal and use it sparingly. The engineer, looking at the coal industry, sees too many mines, uneconomic operation, no storage, backward technology, great loss in hauling the raw product long distances, almost total disregard of its precious commodity values beyond fuel, and says: "In all that waste lies the opportunity for great profit."

The statesman, looking at the lumber industry, sees a third of the tree trunk left to rot in the forest. The engineer sees that, too, and may think of ways to utilize the cast-away part, but he sees also a nearer thing, which is the thickness of the band saw. If the saw is half an inch thick the mill gets only eight one-inch boards out of a twelve by twelve square timber; that means two-thirds lumber and one-third waste. But if the saw is 1/64 of an inch thick there will be ten one-inch boards out of that same piece; in that case five-sixths lumber and one-sixth waste. Tell the lumberman he ought not to discard the top third of the tree; he will agree with you and go on doing it. Show him how to get two more boards out of a log, and he will do something about it at once. In milling there may be more waste than in logging, wasteful as logging is.

One kind of waste is waste in utilization; the other is waste at the source. Against waste at the source the headway in the past twenty years has been unreasonably slow. With waste in use, it is different. But for amazing progress in the field of utilization the state of our natural resources would be much lower than it is. And that has been the engineer's contribution.

(Continued on Page 215)

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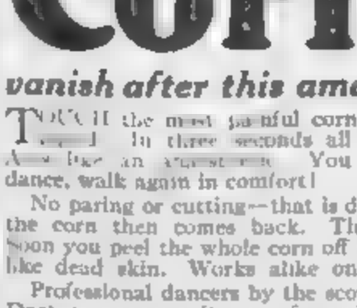

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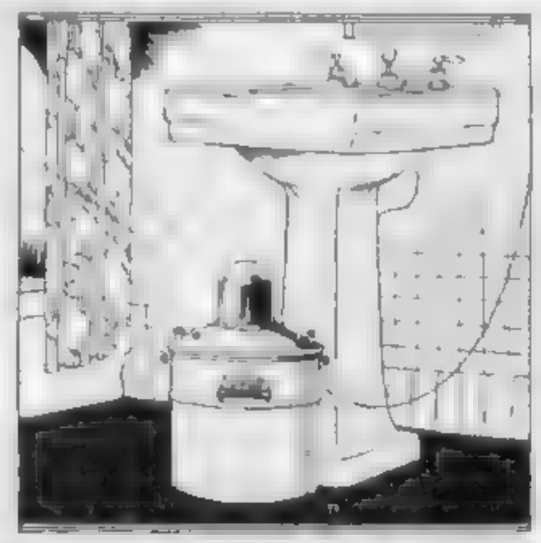

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(Continued from Page 212)

It was the final misfortune of the Roosevelt conservation movement that it came to a head just at a time when we were finding our way to a new economic philosophy. We had not yet been able to formulate it. Nevertheless, an intuition of it was acting, and that is why so many people talked as if they believed in conservation and then behaved as if they did not. What distinguishes the new economics from any former doctrine of wealth is that it puts first emphasis on use and consumption. You might take the familiar expression of it to be: "Of no value until used." It is the use of things that has made the country rich, not the hoarding or saving of them, no virtue of thrift or self-denial. Wealth as we think is not in possessions; it is in satisfactions.

Always Another Barrel

That way of thinking, however, may easily take a reckless direction, as in fact it did. Certainly, in view of the phenomena of mass production and mass consumption and of the rate at which we have learned to multiply present satisfactions, conservation is many times more important than it was twenty years ago; we are living very much faster toward all sequels. Much of the thought with which it was clothed in Roosevelt's time has been modified or made obsolete by experience and new knowledge. We may have become more callous toward certain forms of waste, especially the waste of materials in the taking of them at the source, and that is sheer folly; on the other hand, we are much more mindful of waste in other forms, notably waste of time, waste of human energy in tasks of drudgery that machines can be made to do, waste of anarchic competition and overproduction.

As a vital subject conservation needs to be reexamined. It may be that for reasons concealed in our destiny the faster we convert our natural resources into means of power and things of use the better. It may be that as one source of energy is exhausted another will be found. Even grain dust will run an engine. None of that is any argument for waste. It is certain that we shall come at last to the end of our irreplaceable resources, such as mineral fuel and metal. It will be one thing to be able to look back, saying, "We used them to the utmost advantage," and another to be obliged to say, "Alas! We have wasted them."

Particularly is it necessary that the conflicting thoughts of the Government itself shall be reconciled. A department of conservation to organize the view might save the Government from the kind of awkwardness in which it found itself involved when it began to think of conserving the oil supply.

What happened was as follows: The President appoints a board to consider from the point of view of national welfare how oil is wasting because the production of it is temporarily excessive. The board urges upon the oil people the necessity to restrict production. The oil people come to the board with a plan, to which they will agree, for holding production down. The Department of Justice tells the board it will be dangerous for it to listen and that it cannot in any case sanction such a plan because the law forbids the production of anything to be limited by agreement. Meanwhile the Department of the Interior says that so long as the production of oil is excessive and wasteful it will issue no more permits to wild-cat prospectors wishing to search the public domain for oil. In this position, however, it must face a law passed by Congress in 1920, entitled, "An act to promote the mining of coal, phosphate, oil, oil shale, gas and sodium in the public domain," which law was supposed to have made it mandatory upon the Department of the Interior first to give the prospector his permit and then to lease him the land under which he had found oil or other substance of value.

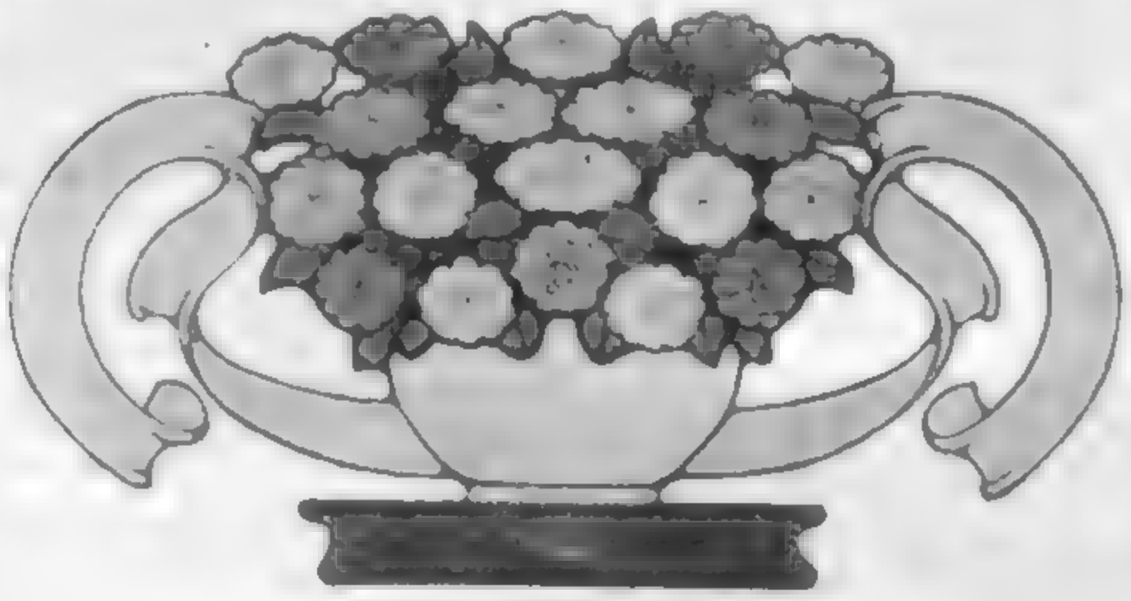
Oil happens to be the dramatic present case. Consider first the extent of our internal-combustion-engine scheme and the necessity for it to grow. Motor cars, trucks, tractors, planes and ships, all requiring not only gasoline but also, from the same source, lubrication. Consider, then, that nobody knows how much crude oil remains to be pumped out of the sand. Some geologists think we have yet a six years' supply of our own. Others are more or less optimistic. It is partly opinion and partly temperament. One veteran oil producer will say it was a fatal mistake to force oil into uses for which coal would do, as under boilers. Another will say, "Don't worry. We shall always be able to find another barrel of oil." There is no more certainty than that. The supply, whatever it may turn out to be, has its finality. Everyone knows that. No matter. At the moment we are producing seven-tenths of the world's total output and exporting great quantities of it.

The Place to Store Oil

The ideal storage for oil reserve is in the sand. Yet, because the oil-bearing sands have been exploited too fast, much more oil is pumping than the internal-combustion engines immediately need, and for that reason one-third of the total output is sold for fuel in competition with coal. Using it ourselves and selling it out to the world as a fuel cheaper than coal, merely to get rid of a pumped-up surplus. Natural gas in hundreds of millions of cubic feet still going to waste, not because we do not know what to do with it but because oil is too plentiful. Every cubic foot of gas permitted to escape not only is lost forever as a source of energy in itself; as it escapes the pressure in the oil pool falls and the ultimate recovery will be so much less.

Twenty years ago the power of science and technology to effect higher utilization of natural products and so reduce waste at the point of use was underestimated. The case today is that we take this power to be a source of magic. Ask a man joy-riding in his motor car or one plowing his field with a tractor what will happen when the oil gives out. He answers: "Oh, by that time we can turn a switch and get our juice from the radio, or something else."

Faith in bonanza still, though it may be bonanza of science. Luck so far. Conservation at the source foolishly bankrupt and nobody to blame.



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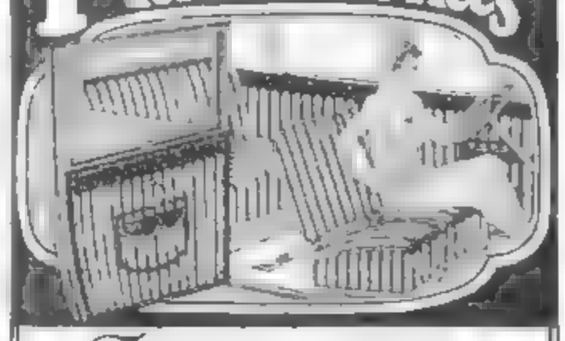

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ANACONDA

ANACONDA BRASS PIPE

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New "Van Dorn" No. 1 ELECTRIC TOOL KIT

With tools for drilling in wood or metal, and for light grinding, polishing and buffing.

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This kit contains a powerful Van Dorn ¼" Electric Drill, a set of drill bits, wire brushes, grinding wheel, rotary file, buffer, sand paper disc, stand for converting drill to bench grinder, etc.

The tools are neatly packed in separated compartments which have ample space for additional tools of your own.

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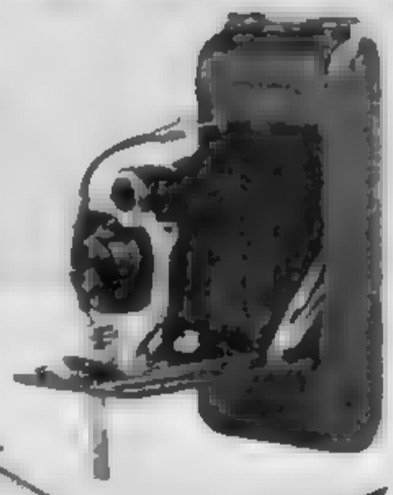

Agfa PRODUCTS

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 76)

a few years on this job I got into a disagreement with my firm on a policy question, resigned and secured a job on the road. After a time the house decided that I could be more useful to them teaching other men to sell, and that is what I am still doing.

I tell our men to call on a lot of dealers and ask 'em to buy our stuff. In the main, the men who follow this advice are doing pretty well for us and themselves. And in making this statement I do not wish to make the boastful claim that I have discovered the whole secret of successful selling. Far from it. But I do think that the other secrets of successful selling are just as simple as the ones I have tried to explain here. They are probably a long list of obvious things, buffeting around in the dust unnoticed at our feet because so plain and easy to apply. These things will be discovered, clothed in simple language and applied before long, and then we shall all marvel at the ingenuity of the men responsible and at the unbelievable increase in selling efficiency that will have been secured by such ordinary means.

An exactly comparable process has taken place in our methods of production in the last quarter century, and if we were not all familiar with what has happened in that line of endeavor, we would take a week off to wonder at it. This increase in industrial efficiency has just been a simple matter of taking the straight line between two points. It will be the same thing in selling. Men with an engineering type of mind will conduct extensive research work first. Then they will reduce the apparently complicated processes of selling to a list of absurdly simple and easily understood steps. They will then train ordinary men to take these steps in sequence and supervise them intelligently, with as much recognition of human values as of mechanical operations. And the miracle of mass distribution will come to pass in much the same fashion as did the miracle of mass production.

—GEORGE BIGGS.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly

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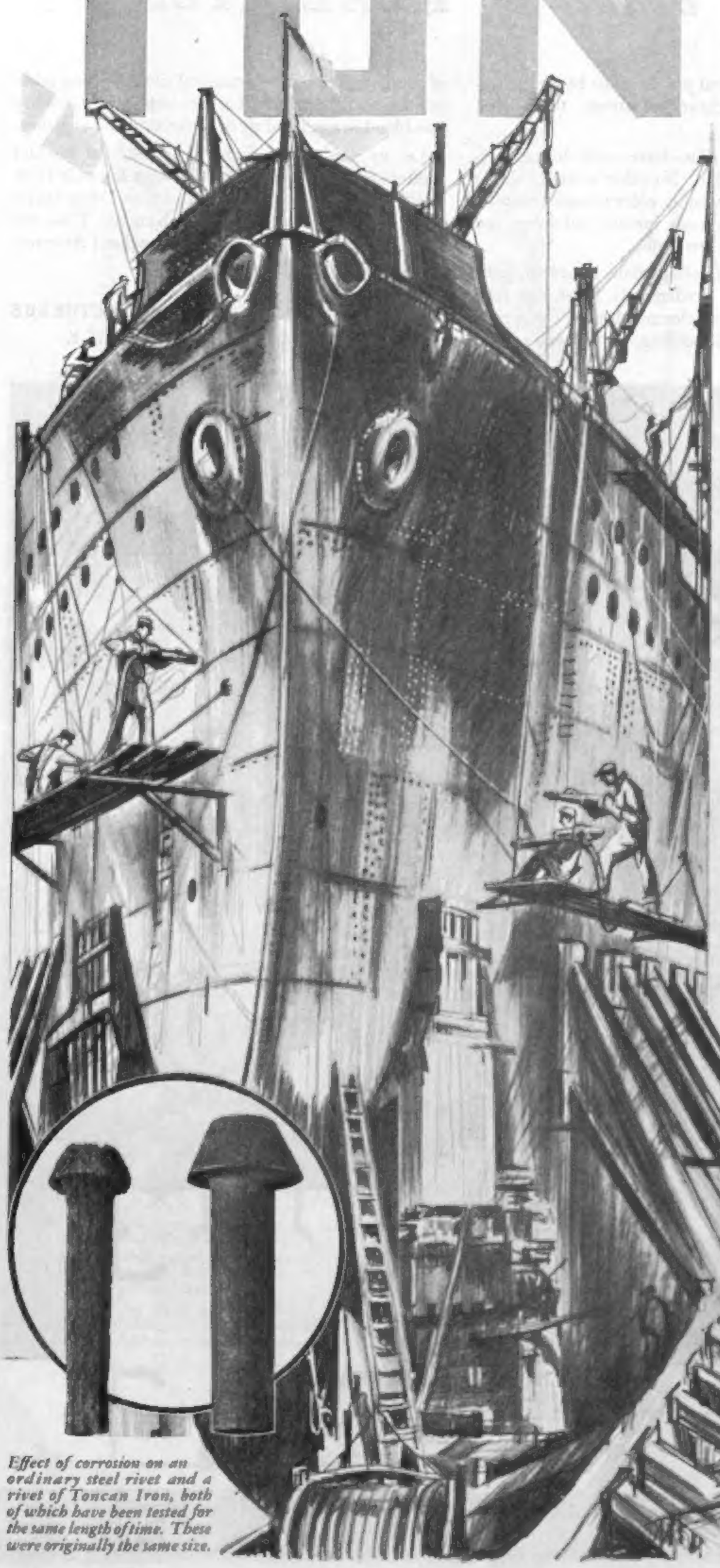
KERAMIC TILES

TONCAN



Plates *and* Rivets *of* Toncan Iron *defeat* *Rust and Salt Corrosion*

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